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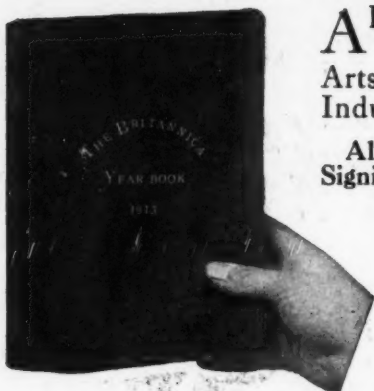
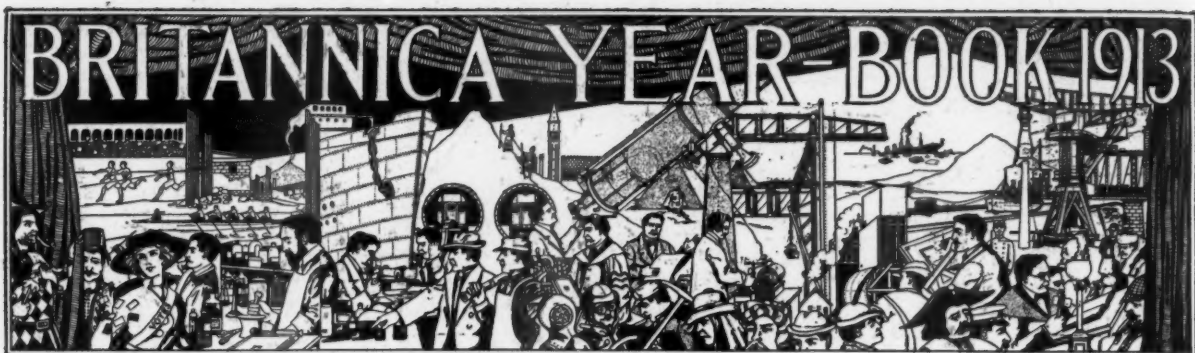


EDITED BY
EDWARD J.
WHEELER

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CURRENT OPINION



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No. 3

A Review of the World

As Woodrow Wilson Enters
the White House.

IN entering the White House this month, Woodrow Wilson finds himself assured of a Democratic majority of two in the Senate and of about 150 in the House of Representatives. He finds the opposition divided and his own party better united than it has been before in a generation. He finds a clear surplus in the treasury of \$40,000,000 predicted for the year ending June 30 next, and, with the ratification of the income-tax amendment, he finds an additional means of revenue, if it becomes necessary, of probably \$100,000,000 a year. Since he was born, in the closing days of 1856, there has been but one other Democrat elected to the Presidency and no other Southern-born Democrat. But he will find no partisan bitterness at Washington such as confronted Cleveland after one of the bitterest campaigns of our history. He has every chance of handling successfully the two issues brought out most prominently in his campaign. A reduction in the tariff is something for which the manufacturers themselves are now calling and for which the country is generally prepared. The problem of the trusts is being rapidly cleared up by the successive decisions of the Supreme Court. President Wilson can look all around the political horizon and find a remarkably clear sky, except for the trouble down in Mexico.

The One Menace Now Visible to President Wilson.

THE only dangers to Wilson now visible," so Mark Sullivan wrote a week or two ago in *Collier's*, "are connected with the filling of the

thousands of offices at the Democrats' disposal." He elaborates this point:

"Few Presidents have entered office backed by so much good-will. On his two main issues, tariff reduction and the restoring of competition, he is backed not merely by his own six million voters but by a large share of the Progressives as well. In the present atmosphere of Washington there is no hint of trouble for Wilson except in the really menacing matter of patronage: the time it will take

from his busy days; the wear and tear of it, physical and mental; and the embarrassments and enmities it will engender."

This peril is one to which others are calling attention in more or less apprehensive tones. Commenting on the battle in the Senate over the confirmation of more than one thousand nominations made by President Taft since the election, the *N. Y. Evening Post* says: "It is evident that the Democratic ranks in the Senate continue to present an unbroken front to the enemy. Probably there is a feeling among the Senators that the bagging of all the offices possible is the one thing to which they can devote themselves without raising complicated questions, and in which they can find all the pleasure of successful sport." The *Springfield Republican*, another independent paper that supported Wilson, notes with misgivings that the Democratic Congress put into the postal appropriation bill a few days ago a clause revoking President Taft's executive orders putting fourth-class postmasters and assistant postmasters—35,000 offices in all—under civil service rules. The clause was afterward eliminated, but, says the *Republican*, "the country notes that what they did jubilantly they undid reluctantly and that many Republican votes were needed to accomplish the final result. . . . What the pressure is from 'back home' needs no explanation."



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A KILLER OF GROUCHES

Joseph P. Tumulty, who will be President Wilson's private secretary, is described as an irrepressible humorist before whose Irish wit no grouch can last more than two minutes. For two years he has been Governor Wilson's secretary and his political advice at the time of the Baltimore convention is thought by some to have been a big factor in securing Wilson's nomination.

Will the Spoils System Be Restored?

WHATEVER that pressure is from "back home," there is no doubt it will not grow any less when a Democratic President as well as a Democratic Congress assumes



THE PUBLIC SERVANT PROBLEM
—Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

power. The Indianapolis *News* notes with regret that Mr. Bryan has expressed the view that after a presidential election the victorious party, if it has not its fair share of offices, should increase the number according to its ratio of the vote. This, says the *News*, is exactly the way in which the spoils system was first begun under Jefferson. "We have never," it says, "been taught that the army and navy shall be spoils. We have been taught that the civil service shall be. Until we get the notion out of us we shall never be able to see clearly. When we can conceive of public service of every kind as service and not as political opportunity we shall begin to make an end of one of the most ex-

case as far back as Garfield, the spoils system to-day would be far more of a menace. There were, perhaps, 100,000 federal office-holders and employees then. There are 391,350 now!

Is Wilson to be President
for Four or Six Years?

NOW that Woodrow Wilson is about to don the presidential toga, the interesting question arises, is he to wear it for six years or four? By a vote of 47 to 23—one more than the requisite two-thirds majority—the Senate last month passed the Works' resolution proposing a constitutional amendment lengthening the presidential term to six years and making any

pensive and inefficient governments in the world." That Mr. Wilson is himself awake to the perils of the spoils system has been made evident over and over again in his writings. For instance, in his "History of the American People," he says, speaking of the quarrel between Garfield and Conkling: "The use of appointments as rewards for party services did not, it seemed, bind partisans together, after all, as the advocates of the spoils system claimed, or compact and discipline parties for aggressive and successful action. Worked out through its detail of local bosses, senatorial and congressional 'influence,' personal favors, the placating of enemies and the full satisfaction of friends, it must always menace the successful party itself with factional disruption." If that was the

one who has fulfilled the duties of the office even for a day ineligible for a second term. That the lower house will pass the resolution either in this or the extra session to be called next month seems assured. If three-fourths of the State legislatures ratify the amendment, it means that neither Taft, Roosevelt nor Wilson can serve again. Whether it also means that Wilson's term shall be six years is a matter of doubt which, unless the resolution is made more explicit, the courts may have to determine. The resolution proposes to substitute the following words in place of the first paragraph of Article Two:

"The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. The term of office of President shall be six years and no person who has held the office by election or discharged its powers or duties or acted as President under the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof shall be eligible to hold again the office by election."

Tinkering with the Federal
Constitution.

ACCORDING to Senator Cummins, of the judiciary committee, the extension of the presidential term will act automatically as soon as the change is ratified by the State legislatures. All efforts to prevent the application of the amendment until President Wilson's first term is ended were defeated. Senator Sutherland proposed to add the sentence: "Provided that the foregoing shall not operate to extend the term of the President in office at the time this amendment is adopted." This was defeated by a vote of 38 to 29. Senator Root's proposal to make the amendment take effect after March 4, 1917, was also defeated, as was Senator Hitchcock's proposal to make it apply to those persons only who hold the office by election after that date. By a close vote—35 to 32—Senator Owens' proposal to abolish the electoral college and elect the president by direct popular vote, was also defeated. On the final vote for the Works' resolution, all the Democrats but one voted in favor. The Republican vote was evenly divided, 19 and 19. The three Progressive Senators—Clapp, Dixon and Poindexter—voted no. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sees in this action the beginning of a series of changes in the federal Constitution. "The direct election of Senators," it remarks, "the abolition of the electoral college, the limitation of the presidency to one term, the popular nomination of presidential candidates—all are parts of one program for bringing the national government into closer touch with those to whom it belongs. A lot of progress along these lines will be written into the laws during the life of the sixty-third congress." In addition to these changes, Senator Root suggests two other changes, a later date than March 4 for future in-



SLAMMING THE DOOR IN HIS FACE
Another reckless conspiracy in restraint of his trade.
—Hy. Mayer in N. Y. Times.



THE LAME DUCKS' MARCHING CLUB

—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

augurations and an earlier date for the first Monday in December for the assembling of Congress.

The Changeless Constitution Begins to Change.

WITH the income-tax amendment ratified last month, with the amendment providing for the direct election of Senators being rapidly endorsed by State legislatures, and with this third amendment well on the way to such endorsement, it is evident that the Constitution has lost something of its sacred, touch-me-not character. With the exception of the three amendments growing out of the Civil War, the Constitution has not been changed since 1804—that is, in 109 years. There were then but seventeen States, Ohio being the most westerly. The whole system of modern industry has grown up since that time. The population has increased from about six millions to nearly one hundred millions, the area from less than 900,000 square miles to over three millions, not counting Alaska and our colonial possessions. That in all these years of unforeseen development, the changes wrought by railroads, steamships, telegraphs and other inventions, the rise of the corporation, the influx of immigrants from all parts of the world, the fundamental law of the land should have been so little changed is an astonishing comment on the wisdom of its makers and the conservatism of their successors. One would have to go to Thibet or some such country to find less fundamental change during that period. Certainly one would not find it in England, France, Germany or Italy, nor even in Turkey, Japan or China.

Trying to Block Roosevelt's Way Forever.

EVEN now the reason for the adoption of the change forbidding a second presidential term seems to be chiefly a political one. This at least appears to be the general impression. The Works' resolution, according to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, looks directly at Theodore Roosevelt. "There was no concealment about this. It was freely revealed in the debate. It stood out in the actual vote." And the *Post*, tho invariably hostile to Mr. Roosevelt, finds in the resolution "an air of sharp practice" and an unfairness that leaves

"small chance" of the ratification of the amendment. "The plan," it says, "whatever its speculative merits, will not appeal to the rough sense of justice." Mark Sullivan, of *Collier's*, goes a step farther. "The one-term resolution," he says, "is directed less at Roosevelt than at the Progressive party. The Republicans believe that with Mr. Roosevelt out of the way as a Presidential possibility, the Progressive party would disintegrate and the Republican party would be the second party once more." This is frankly avowed by the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "Without the Bull Moose," it exclaims jubilantly, "there could be no Bull Moose party. Such an amendment to the Constitution would be the ruination of the whole bunch. For if Teddy could not be President, he would see them all further before he would bother his head any more. And without Teddy the Bull Moosers would be nowhere." The debate in the Senate showed that this application was in all minds more or less. Senator Cummins stoutly denied that there was any truth in the reports that the amendment was designed to sidetrack Roosevelt, and Senator Poindexter denied that the opposition to it was pitched on that "low plane"; but Senator Crawford called attention to the fact that the discussion of such an amendment did not begin until after the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt and the birth of the Progressive party on August 5, and Senator Williams, in

trying to modify the resolution so that it would not apply to any one elected President before 1917, said:

"I do not want him [Roosevelt] to die believing that he could have been elected President of the United States if he had not been prevented by a constitutional amendment. I want him to run again; I want him to run twice more if he wants to, and to be beaten both times, and then he will probably be satisfied. But when I fight men I fight them fairly. I would not take advantage of a man by making a provision retroactive so as to keep him from having a free field and a fair opportunity."

Pros and Cons of the Six-Year Term.

ASIDE from the political reasons thus involved, Senator Lodge saw other reasons for opposing the amendment. He as well as Senator Bristow and others referred to the fact that the party to which the President belongs frequently loses control of Congress in the middle of the presidential term. Grant, Hayes, Harrison, Cleveland, Taft, all had this experience. The result is, in such a case, a sort of deadlock for two years. To increase the presidential term to six years makes it probable that we shall frequently have a deadlock of that kind that will last for four years instead of two. Said Senator Lodge of such a situation:

"It is a false position and an unnatural situation, one which is not consonant with our system of government. It arrests the



FOUR YEARS OF COLD WEATHER?

—Darling in N. Y. Globe.

work of carrying out the will of the people as expressed at the polls. Under the six-year term, I think that that defect of the system, if you choose to call it such—and it is a defect, as it seems to me—would be enhanced and not diminished.”

Senator Root, on the other hand, favored the amendment because it makes, in his judgment, for efficiency of government. He put the case thus:

“I think the possibility of renomination and reelection of a President who is in office seriously interferes with the working of our governmental machinery during the last two years of his term; and just about the time he gets to the point of highest efficiency, people in the Senate and in the House begin to figure to try to beat him. You cannot separate the attempt to beat an individual from the attempt to make ineffective the operations of government which that individual is carrying on in accordance with his duty. Legislation in this Congress has been largely dominated for two years past by considerations of that sort; and I should like to see those considerations exiled from these halls.

A Hurry Call for Uncle Sam's Warships.

DOWN to the South last month, steaming in hot haste, went a long line of American battleships, cruisers and gunboats, to protect American citizens. The year 1913 starts out to break all records for disturbances in Latin-American countries. The first hurry-call last month came not from Mexico but from Central America. A plot, it seems, is under headway there to bring on a revolution in every one of the Central American republics, with a view to uniting them all in one grand revolution, under the strongest leader that develops, and the subsequent creation of a Central American federation strong enough to cope with the United States and forbid future interference. The recent attack on the life of the president of Salvador was a part of the plot, which is timed to take place as we are changing our President, and, as Central America fondly hopes, changing our foreign policy also. That these reports are taken seriously at Washington was indicated by the quick despatch of the cruiser *Denver* to Acapulco, the cruiser *Des Moines* to Bluefields, the gunboat *Annapolis* to Amapala, and the gunboat *Nashville* to Puerto Cortez.

Madero Surprised by a Diaz in Arms.

HARDLY had these warships started when there came the sensational news from Mexico City that at last the troubles of Mexico had reached a crisis. With revolutions already going on in half a dozen States, a new one had broken out in the capital itself. Felix Diaz, nephew of the

famous Porfirio Diaz, imprisoned a few weeks ago for starting a revolution in Vera Cruz, had broken out of the prison in Mexico City, placed himself at the head of 1,500 soldiers of the regular army, seized the arsenal with all its arms and ammunition, released the inmates of the prison, and was demanding the resignation of Madero and all his cabinet officials. Madero was caught unawares. His most loyal commander was twenty miles from the city, pursuing Zapata, or else, as one account has it, negotiating terms with that revolutionist. The flower of the federal troops had been entrained for the north to take advantage of the temporary indisposition of Orozco, whose rising, nevertheless, was not languishing. Madero disappeared from view for a time and, it was reported, had taken refuge in flight. A few hours later, however, he appeared on horseback, in the main plaza, urging on the troops, few in number, whom he had managed to rally for the emergency. For nine days the beautiful capital of Mexico, with its fine cathedral, its splendid national theater, its lovely parks, was the victim of almost ceaseless bombardment. Diaz, entrenched in the arsenal, Madero, entrenched in the national palace, hurled shells at each other that ravaged the city indiscriminately and terminated all commercial operations. After a fortnight of this, Madero's own generals demanded a cessation, arrested him and forced his resignation. General Huerta was placed at the head of the provisional government and a breathing spell has ensued. The tension, it is evident, is not ended but merely relaxed.

What Intervention in Mexico Means.

THIS news made the last days of Taft's administration busy and anxious days. At once three battleships were ordered with all haste to Vera Cruz and another ordered to proceed to Tampico and wait for further developments. Day after day, the question of military intervention by the United States came up for discussion, and day after day came the announcement that President Taft was determined not to intervene unless Mexico reverted to general anarchy, or unless Congress took the responsibility of ordering him to do so. But four transports were hurriedly provisioned at Newport News and made ready to carry troops at a moment's notice, in case of a general assault upon foreign residents in Mexico. The belief in Washington is general, according to the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, that, as an army officer puts it, intervention in Mexico now would “be the beginning of a hundred-years' war.”

“If we put our hands to this thing, it will be impossible to draw back. We

could march with ease to the city of Mexico, and for a few months win an unbroken series of minor victories. Then we should have to settle down to a long and exhausting campaign against guerilla warfare, which would go on for years, for decades. The appearance of an American armed force in Mexico would cement all classes against us.”

Opposition to Intervention.

TAFT'S opposition to anything that might lead to a war in the last weeks of his term of office seems to be matched by the same feeling on the part of men in control of Congress. Senator Bacon, who after March 4 will be chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, declares himself “unalterably opposed” to armed intervention. He is reported to have said:

“The greatest calamity that could befall us in this connection would be for a condition to arise that would require or provoke us to intervene and endeavor to take charge of affairs in Mexico. It would absolutely revolutionize this Government. The Spanish-American War did more to overturn and revolutionize our institutions than did the civil war.

“The greatest danger to a Republican form of government comes from foreign wars, which subordinate the civil to military influences and power, and exalt the executive power over the legislative and judicial power of the country. If we went into Mexico it is very doubtful if we should ever come out of it. If we were to attempt thereafter to hold Mexico and govern that country, it could only be by making it a subject colony, as it could never become a part of our representative Government.”

To the same effect speaks Mark O. Prentiss, vice-president of the Pan-American States Association. He has no doubt that intervention would be legally and morally justified, but, he says, “if we sent soldiers into Mexico, not only Mexico but every Latin-American country would immediately have a bitter resentment toward us. It would result in a commercial boycott. The word ‘annexation’ would suffice to bring all the Latin-Americans, through a mere campaign of emotionalism, under one head.” The general view of those who have studied Mexico at close range seems to be that there is more hatred of Americans there than in any other country on earth, and that intervention would not only unite all factions at once but would result in the wholesale killing of Americans now in Mexico and unable to defend themselves successfully. Nevertheless, says the *London Daily Graphic*, “American intervention is unavoidable.” And the *N. Y. World* warns those in Mexico “not wholly bereft of reason” that “the existing era of rapine must close” and that “if we are compelled to act in behalf of civilization, the flag of the United States once raised south of the Rio Grande will never come down.”

Character of the Latest Mexican Rising.

FOUR separate and distinct revolutions now seem to be in progress against the Madero government in Mexico. Zapata, aided by a brother, as the *Heraldo Independiente* tells us, is the leader of the agrarian communist insurrection. Orozco is nominally in control of a northern rising. Radillo heads a movement of disaffection in Guerrero. There are outbreaks of a sporadic, wild nature elsewhere, these having in common the detail that they exploit grievances of an economic or political order. The upheaval under Diaz, if we may trust the comment of the foreign dailies, is essentially military. The military magnates who thrive under Porfirio Diaz loathe the civilian supremacy of the clique about Madero. They hate, as one of their number says, to have to obey the orders of lawyers. Felix Diaz, himself a soldier to the finger tips, incarnates this spirit. Under the

government of his uncle Porfirio he had risen to the rank of Brigadier in the Mexican army. He was to have become Minister of Communications had General Trevino been made President under the conditions of the pacification suggested by Orozco lately.

Madero and His Indomitable Spirit.

HOW very unexpectedly the Diaz adventure must have disturbed Madero's dream becomes apparent from the comment of his paper, the *Nueva Era*. That organ of the administration had felicitated itself upon coming wholesale surrenders of rebel chiefs. "These occurrences and these probabilities," it remarks, "have been hailed with noisy and discordant croaking in the terrified ranks of a rabid opposition. Surrender? Surrender without enjoying the barbarous pleasure of overthrowing a legal government, popularly elected? Surrender without giving the vultures the chance of glutting their appetites on the frozen corpse of their native land? What an enormity!" It ridiculed all suggestions that the Zapatist chief would not lay down his arms. It derided hints of a concentration of rebels



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HE'S THE NEPHEW, NOT THE UNCLE

Felix Diaz, who got up the shooting-match in the Mexican capital, is a son of the favorite brother of the old General Porfirio Diaz.

in the north for the purpose of taking Ciudad Juarez. The administration organ made merry at suggestions that the situation was grave over two-thirds of the soil of the republic—"a tranquilizing and patriotic message for Washington," it remarked. "In a word," concluded Madero's organ, barely a week before Diaz was bombarding him, "the plan is to create a bad atmosphere for everything that signifies normality, order, decency. War on peace—behold the program of the government's adversaries." Nor does the indignation of the inspired organ exhaust itself until it discloses more of the revolutionary psychology:

"War on peace. This war is waged with those too familiar weapons, the false telegram, the apocryphal interview, the subversive insinuation, the whole armory of impotent spite. Granted that the negotiations for peace now proceeding should fail, why create a prejudice in advance? Why look for disaster? Why strive to defeat a plan that may be practicable? If agreement in itself be difficult, why pronounce it theoretically impossible? That, too, without knowing what may be under way, what may even have been accomplished? Oh! how these men, incapacitated for freedom,

abominate peace and how they lie in wait for every favorable opportunity to fan the fires of revolt. Incredible it must seem that such things can be. Nor has a course of mere obstruction gratified the instincts of these calculating foes of the legal government. They must likewise play the part of barrier across the path of peace. They must wage war upon the land that is theirs. This, only this, is bread and meat and wine for the sometime lackeys of the dead and gone period of dictatorship, for the renegades to the republican cause."

Prosperity of Mexico Under Madero.

WITH rebellion now stalking and all the vested interests subtly conspiring to destroy him, Madero has brought an era of prosperity to Mexico. The world is reminded of that again and again by the inspired *Diario* (Mexico City). It is the most faithful of Maderist sheets. It gives clouds of figures to support its contention. "This prosperity," it says, "has been at-

tained in the midst of fields laid waste, of many towns sacked, mining camps plundered and farms in ruin. Nay, it has been won in the clamor of strife, Byzantine but perturbing." The disturbances, it complains, spring too often from trifles like the election of a petty village mayor, of machinations against the legal order of things. For this point of legality is made much of in every Mexican paper supporting Madero. He is the duly elected head of the only constitutional government in the land, the choice of his unforced countrymen. Yet he has to contend against "the most unbridled license of the press" and "cabals of politicians, pothouse statesmen, rebels and mere bandits." The *Diario* is lost in admiration for Madero's "vitality despite so many wounds, so much vigor despite so much loss of blood."

Opposition Views of the Madero System in Mexico.

ALL that Mexico now endures is the logical consequence of the orgy of republicanism, the wild dissemination of theories of equality and of freedom that Madero inaugurated in the capital when he estab-

lished his government there. Such is the impression of the conservative *Nación*, organ of the clerical element in Mexico. "The revolution," it avers, "eager to attain its ends, unfortunately scattered broadcast and without scruple false and dissolving ideas. These have not been long in yielding their bitter and poisonous fruits!" All classes of society, the clerical paper proceeds, were shaken by the irresistible impact of the recent revolution. "The disturbance has been deepest, most lamentable, among the lowest classes." They are not intellectually strong enough to withstand the rush of a revolutionary brain storm. "The reason is obvious. The lower the intellectual and moral level of an individual, the weaker the antidote provided by his mentality to the virus of erroneous thought." The proletariat of Mexico were made drunk with pledges of an economic Paradise—"promises based on false theories as to the origin of property, on the alleged injustice of the existing social system, on Utopian aspirations for an impossible equality of men." And the clerical daily sees reasons to fear that Madero himself is the worst offender.

What "Maderismo" Has
Done to Injure Mex-
ico.

PRONE to the formulation of his dreams of a perfected humanity in the sphere of politics, Madero, explains the *Mañana*, an organ in the Mexican capital of sundry opposition parties, is the philosopher rather than the statesman. He arrives nowhere except at impotence. "Maderism—leaving out of account its international aspect—is a movement philosophical in character but destitute of fixed purpose. Its program of San Luis Potosi was a kind of Paradise offered by Mahomet to the faithful. It was a Koran of felicity interpreted by the various social levels each after its own fashion—land for the landless, concessions for the eager plutocrats, contracts for moneyed corporations, honors and offices for lawyers without clients, a place of hope for aspiring but unsuccessful incompetents, a free



MADERO THE MELANCHOLY MEXICAN

When the occupant of the national palace in the land of Montezuma learned that a fresh revolt had arisen under his nose he blew it defiantly.

stage for Utopian dreamers, a mask and a disguise for scoundrels." The Mexican nation was rocked to its foundations by this upheaval. The man who figured as the leader of these irresponsible and unsteady factions and elements scaled the heights of power. "This act of passion, of hallucination, of blind and stumbling fanaticism received in the official world the name of legality. In the domain of ideas it has been the unshakable rock of Gibraltar on which the constituted government sought to lay its foundations."

Indictment of Madero's Rule
as "Legality without Govern-
ment."

LEGALITY, the characteristic of his system upon which Madero lays such stress, receives short shrift from the *Pais*, another opposition organ with decided clerical sympathies. Madero's rule, it admits, may have "legality," but it is not government. There has been for months past no government in Mexico worthy of the name. Madero's failure it describes as "colossal." There is not in the republic, even in Coahuila and Monterey, where the Maderos were born, nor in Puebla, the cradle of the revolution, nor in Yucatan, the native state of

Pino Suarez, nor in Guerrero and Morelos, the home of Figuerola's colorados and Zapata's vandals, a city, a town, a cluster of houses in which the Madero administration has sympathizers and friends. So runs the indictment of the clerical organ. All, it declares, whether rich or poor, Porfiristas or anti-Porfiristas, great and small, regard with hatred or with derision "these new men" who, with every circumstance of barbarity, have come to perpetrate old abuses:

"For this reason, the Maderistas, not being able to allege in their defence the favor of public opinion, which is wholly adverse to them, shield themselves behind a mere obstruction, behind a metaphysical category—as a positivist philosopher would contemptuously put it—behind a chimera, behind the fabric of a dream, behind legality. You, say the Maderistas to the people, are bound to respect the legitimate government, not for the reason that it is a good, upright, just and patriotic government, but because

it emanated from the will of an unquestionable majority and represents the principle of legality.

"However, the Mexican people, among whom illiteracy reaches the terrifying proportions of ninety-five per cent., retort: 'What do we know about legality?' They say: 'We need work, peace, order, harmony, in a word, material welfare and tranquility. All the rest is for us a fraud and a myth, a fable, a thing we do not understand and which does us no good. For of what use is legality to us tho we have bushels of it, if we live in anarchy, in the cult of incompetence, in the bacchanalia of the horde, in the most dire poverty? Better a government without legality than legality without government.'"

The Latest Tragedy of
Polar Exploration.

IN A sitting posture, with his back supported by the tent-pole, with his diary between his head and the pole, the dead body of Captain Robert F. Scott was found on the tenth of last November. In the tent were two companions, also dead—Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson and Lieutenant Henry Robertson Bowers. All the bodies were protected by sleeping-bags and by the double tent. A little tea and sugar were left, but no fuel.



"TO STRIVE, TO SEEK, TO FIND, AND NOT TO YIELD"

Over the grave of Captain Robert F. Scott, in the Antarctic snows, is erected a cross with the above words painted on it. He reached the South Pole; but on the return trip, eleven miles from safety, he and his companions were overtaken by a blizzard, which lasted nine days. At the end of that time starvation and cold had completed their tragic work.

Scott's diary, telling the whole story of the tragedy up to March 29, 1912, when the last words were written, was recovered, and with it his final message to the public, his scientific records, and about thirty-five pounds of geological specimens, some of them containing fossil remains that may prove to be of great scientific value. Two other members of the party, Captain R. E. G. Oates and seaman Evans, had succumbed earlier, and their bodies were not found. Eleven miles away—about one day's journey—was a camp supplied with a ton of provisions and fuel. Scott and his companions had come 728 miles from the South Pole. Eleven more miles meant to them safety and life, a return to home and country, reunion with wife and child. They had provisions for two days more, fuel for one more hot meal. But there they were overtaken by a blizzard that lasted nine days. Before that time had elapsed the end had come. The rescuing party that found them eight months afterward buried the bodies, placed over their grave a cairn of rocks, and erected near by a cross of hard jarrah wood on which were painted the names of the three men and the last line of "Ulysses," Alfred Tennyson's noble poem: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



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SHE IS ON THE WAY TO NEW ZEALAND TO GREET HER HUSBAND!

While all the world was ringing last month with the news of her husband's heroic death, Mrs. Scott was sailing beyond the reach of the wireless, carrying photographs of the boy to show his father how he had been growing! She is a sculptor of talent, and it is hoped that she will immortalize her husband in bronze.

Other Dramas of the
British Antarctic
Expedition.

AT LEAST three vivid dramas were enacted in connection with this expedition into the Antarctic Circle, but only one of the three developed into a tragedy. When Scott and his party went south to reach the Pole, Lieutenant Campbell headed another party that went north to make scientific observations. Before they returned to headquarters they were forced to make camp in the interior of a snow-drift, living there six and a half months, with nothing to eat after the first few weeks but seal-meat, and with no light but that from an improvised lamp made of seal-blubber and rope-fiber. The details of that drama are yet to come; but we know that all the party eventually reached headquarters and recovered perfect health. The second drama was the return of Lieutenant Evans and two companions, who formed Scott's last supporting party. They went within 156 miles of the Pole with Scott, leaving him on January 7 in latitude 87 degrees 35 minutes. On the way back, Evans was attacked by scurvy, more dreaded than blizzards or cold. By the time he reached One-Ton Camp he could not stand without support. Finally his two companions had to put him on the sled with the provisions. They

dragged their heavy load day after day until they no longer had strength to move it. Then, making a camp, one man stayed to nurse the sick man and the other went on seeking and finding a rescue party thirty miles farther on. This entire party was also saved and restored to health.

Scott Reaches the South
Pole and Finds Amundsen's Records.

AFTER Scott had sent back his last supporting party, he pushed blithely on at the average rate of twelve miles a day. On the thirteenth day he saw something on the snow that must have sent a sob of disappointment to his heart. He saw the tracks of Norwegian dogs, and he must have known that the great prize for which he was struggling had been already gained by Amundsen. Following these dog-tracks, made one month before, Scott and his men, on January 17, 1912, came to the tent left by the Norwegians and containing copies of their records and part of their gear. Scott and Amundsen, reckoning the location of the Pole by two diverse methods, differed by but half a mile. Taking a dozen photographs, the party started back. It is surmized that the disappointment at finding that Amundsen had been before them may have taken



Photo by Paul Thompson

THE PRACTICE OF CREMATION IN IRELAND

The victim is the Home Rule bill and the men who do the burning are Ulster heroes. On the night the bill passed the Commons the Orangemen cremated it in the public square at Belfast.

some of the spirit out of the party and had something to do with the final disaster. The muse of tragedy soon put in an appearance. Evans, the strong man of the party, became insane according to one story. Instead of doing his share of the hard work, he was a drain on the nerves and strength of the others. Later he fell and injured his head and not long after succumbed entirely. The rest of the party pushed on after his death, having been perilously delayed. Instead of the fine weather which Amundsen had found, the weather proved phenomenally bad, and another member of the party, Captain Oates, suffered frightfully from chilblains and frostbite. He beseeched the rest of the party to leave him, knowing that every hour was precious. As they refused, finally, on March 16, he arose and, remarking that he was going out and would be "gone for some time," he staggered through the door-flap of the tent into the teeth of a raging blizzard and was never seen again. "We knew Oates was walking to his death," Scott wrote in his diary, "but tho' we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an Englishman."

A Fatal Series of Misfortunes.

THE cause of the final tragedy was a series of misfortunes and, perhaps, a mistake of judgment. To begin with, Scott, on his final dash, had no dogs. Amundsen as well as Peary relied largely upon dogs and upon their skill in driving them. Scott put his faith in motor sleds and Siberian ponies. Most of his ponies were drowned before he began his trip, thus delaying his start and limiting the amount of provisions taken. At least one motor sled seems to have been taken to the Pole, but apparently it was useless in the "frightfully rough ice"

encountered on the return. The failure of Evans, the seaman, on whose strength they most relied, was the second severe misfortune. The "sudden advent of severe weather," with continuous headwinds and with a temperature of 47 degrees below zero night after night, was the third misfortune, resulting in the crippling of Captain Oates and further disastrous delays. "I do not think," says Captain Scott, "human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Capt. Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and, finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot in which we hoped to secure the final supplies." There were no signs of scurvy on any of the bodies when they were found. Starvation and exposure tell between them the whole fateful story.

The Relief Party That Failed.

SCOTT'S reference to a shortage of fuel at the depots, for which he could not account, has not been satisfactorily explained, and there is apprehension that to the tale of heroism there is yet to be added one that may cast a shadow over the record of the expedition as a whole. There is a disconcerting reticence on this point and there is a report of ill-will between Lieutenant Evans, who led the last supporting party, and Surgeon Atkinson, who headed one of the relief parties. The tragedy is deepened by the fact that this relief party got as far as One-Ton Camp when Scott and his companions were struggling a few days' march away. The rescuers went no farther. Had they done so, they must have met Scott before the blizzard set in. But, running short of dog-meat, they began

their return March 10. It was just seven days later that Captain Oates, of Scott's party, marched out of the tent to his death. Whether there was remissness here and whether there was wastefulness of stores by the several supporting parties on their return trips is likely to be the subject of another of those unpleasant disputes which have marred many a chapter of Polar exploration.

Heroism That is an Inspiration to the World.

BUT whatever unedifying wrangle may follow among the survivors, the heroic valor and loyalty of those who perished after reaching their goal will remain unquestioned. "There was hot-blooded valor enough," says the N. Y. *Tribune*, "in the charge of Balaklava. But even that must give place to the courage of the man who, sick and helpless and unwilling to be a burden to his three comrades who were fighting for their lives, simply said: 'I am going outside for some time,' and went into the darkness of the polar tempest." Commenting on the same incident, the N. Y. *Evening Post* says: "Eternity is 'some time.' But if Englishmen are what they think they are, these words will find their way into Westminster Abbey." Referring to Captain Scott's "Message to the Public," the same paper says: "One may search the literature of daring and achievement for a document so thrilling, or one so pathetic. Certainly every one must feel the noble and heroic character of the man who penned those lines with death staring him in the face, knowing that on top of his disappointment in arriving second at the South Pole was to be added complete disaster; that 'these rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale.'" "There are few men," says the *Tribune* in like vein, "temperamentally capable of thus writing with death impatiently fluttering the tent-flap. . . . 'We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us; and we have no cause for complaint; but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last.' Those are golden words, worthy of record with the best. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and this posthumous message from the Antarctic solitudes reminds us that the breed is not extinct, and will not be while man inhabits this world." The *Baltimore Sun* speaks in the same key: "Aside from the fact that it is as impossible to chain the human spirit of adventure as it is to discourage the eagle from flying, there is a moral value of inestimable worth in exhibitions of manhood and self-sacrifice such as these explorations have called forth. The blood of these martyrs is the seed of heroism, and they speak the language of inspiration in every quarter of the earth."

The First Shadow of the
Coming Irish Civil War.

BARRING accidents neither foreseen nor anticipated by Prime Minister Asquith, the bill granting Home Rule to Ireland becomes a law by May of next year. The measure has been before the Lords for some weeks and no concealment is made of the purpose of the upper house to effect delays until the last possible minute. There is a definite expectation in the mind of Bonar Law, leader of the opposition, that Great Britain will have held a general election before the fatal date. Indeed, an appeal to the people must be forced, insists the *London Times*. The alternative is civil war. Sir Edward Carson, that champion of Ulster whose wife's illness kept him from the Commons in the closing days of the great debate, is affirmed to have laid all his schemes for the bloodshed he deems inevitable. The north of Ireland rings with vague alarms. Importations of weapons are said to have taken place on a large scale. Regimental drills of patriots who expect to be shot down by the armed forces of the crown take place in secret. The Orangemen are declared to have honeycombed Ulster with the lodges of a mysterious but patriotic society sworn to endure the worst. "Ulster will resist," to quote the solemn words of Bonar Law in the Commons recently. "The government know she will resist. I challenge the Secretary of State, who ought to know, to say on his honor that this bill can be imposed upon Ulster without bloodshed." Mr. Augustine Birrell, the brilliant statesman thus appealed to, did not take up the challenge. "If you shoot down a hundred of them in Belfast," pursued the leader of the opposition, "a thousand would be ready the next day to share the same fate." He spoke truly, according to the conservative *Post*, of London, and its opposition contemporaries. The coming civil war in Ireland is already taken for granted.

The Possible Effect in
England of Civil War
in Ireland.

ASQUITH and his supporters—any Prime Minister, indeed—would be driven from office were the blood of Ulstermen ever shed by British troops. That is the standpoint taken by the leaders of the movement in Belfast, where, it is said, fifteen thousand men are under arms. Bonar Law predicts, when the clash comes, such an explosion throughout the length and breadth of England as will strangle "the Home Rule serpent" at its birth. The theory is ridiculed by the followers of John Redmond. He has just declared that he and his supporters regard the men of Ulster as brethren. "We invite them to join with us," he told the Commons, "in emanci-

pating and in governing our common country. But there is one thing we decline to do and that is to permit any section, any small minority of the people of Ireland, to overawe the overwhelming majority of the people of that country." If the men of Ulster rise in bloody insurrection, they are to be put down relentlessly. The issue has been taken up in a spirit of defiance at Belfast. Bloodshed may be averted by a general election, argues *The Irish Times* (Dublin), but the Liberal press of London generally doubts if Mr. Asquith will consent to what he deems a useless test of opinion.

The New System of Gov-
ernment for Ireland.

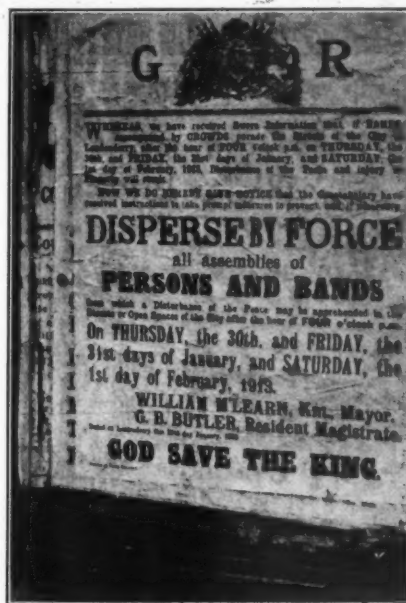
ULSTERMEN sit at this day, of course, in the Commons at London, a fact of which the conservative *Mail* has just taken advantage. "Would you advise Ulster to submit if the Home Rule bill were approved by the country after a general election?" The question was submitted to every unionist from Ulster. All replied: "No." The word of command has been given in this sense by Sir Edward Carson. Whatever the result of any future general election may be, unless Home Rule goes by the board, Ireland must face civil war. The men of light and leading in the great province are committed to the rising. Funds aggregating five million dollars, if we may trust London dailies, have been pledged for the finances of the "war." Belfast expects to have to stand a siege. There will be an "army" and "a theater of operations." The belligerents have more than a year for

preparations which have thus ambitiously begun. "It is useless," comments the *London Post*, "to lecture Ulster people on the wickedness of resisting the decrees of the House of Commons. The fact remains that they do not recognize the right of the present parliament to dispose of them as mere pawns in the party game and that they will go all lengths in resisting the imposition of the Nationalist yoke." The great organ of British conservatism does not conceal its sympathy with the Ulstermen in the crisis. Neither, for that matter, does the *London Times*. In short, the two leading journals in the capital of Great Britain watch the rise and progress of armed insurrection against the government with admiration and with sympathy.

Refusal to Exclude Ulster
from the Scope of the
Home Rule Bill.

REDMOND and his followers reject with indignation an appeal to exclude Ulster from the scope of the new government in Ireland. "Nothing would compensate us for the mutilation of our country." That is his ultimatum. Not that the men of Ulster would be content with any such arrangement. They refuse to tolerate Home Rule in any part of Ireland. They make their own the objections of such opposition organs as the *London Mail*. "Tho Ireland is to govern itself," that paper tells us, "Great Britain is to find the money which her parliament spends. Great Britain is to pay without exercising any sort of control." Not one farthing, for instance, will Ireland contribute to the navy, to the army, to the interest of at least a share of the national debt. She will actually draw from the British taxpayer a "tribute" of millions for her own domestic expenses. The conservative daily goes further:

"In the case of Ulster, we are to take a great, loyal, and prosperous community, which passionately protests its desire to remain in the United Kingdom, and to force it against its will to become part of another nation. We are to betray our kinsmen and fellow-citizens. Their industries are to be placed at the mercy of some 400,000 peasants and laborers, differing from Ulster in race, religion, and political ideals. Government without the consent of the governed, it has been said, is the very definition of slavery. This principle has been invoked by Mr. Asquith in favor of Ireland as against Great Britain. It must, then, apply with equal force in the case of Ulster as against the rest of Ireland. The Ministry has been warned in the most solemn and emphatic terms that 'Ulster will not accept and will resist' this form of government. The terms of the Ulster Covenant stand on record, and we do not doubt that the province is preparing to make them good. Mr. Asquith has himself admitted that Ulster's opposition to the Bill is 'one of the gravest factors in the case, which it is no use to ignore.'



GOVERNMENT BY PASTED POSTER

The Derry election in the north of Ireland awoke every fury in the bosom of Orangemen and Home Ruler. The Ulster forces sustained a temporary check at the hands of the Nationalists and, in dread of riot, every constable had his truncheon out and all the bill-posters used up their paste.

But he has ignored it. He has refused to exclude Ulster from the scope of the Bill. By thus closing his eyes and hardening his heart he has brought his country perceptibly nearer to the greatest of all calamities—civil war."

Pooh-poohing the Civil War Crisis in Ireland.

CARSON, heroic champion of Ulster tho he be, and Bonar Law, anticipating blood—even the civil war for which Orangemen drill nightly—are dismissed airily by the *Liberal Manchester Guardian* as "heroic melodrama" and "a box of puppets." That is the impression of Prime Minister Asquith, too, it seems. He has been said to break into paroxysms of laughter each time he hears civil war mentioned. He realizes, according to the organ just named, that Carson, Bonar Law and the rest "must liquidate their disreputable liabilities to the rowdies of the Orange slums of Belfast." Those gentlemen, moreover, "may as well dismiss the hope of arousing English sympathy by rhetoric about a possible shooting down of their dupes." There will be no English sympathy for the "dupes," our contemporary feels convinced. Bonar Law, it declares, has simply risen to the height of melodrama, altho his histrionic gifts are inferior to those of Sir Edward Carson. Both actors have no faith in their own "civil war." They are playing a game. These impressions reflect those of ministerial organs generally.

Will the Home Rule Bill Fail to Become a Law?

FEW there are who believe and fewer still who hope that the Home Rule bill will ever take its place among the statutes, in the opinion of the *London Telegraph*, fiercest of all Asquith's foes. A general election will be forced long before the stage of enactment. No doubts on this head trouble the *London Times* either. The impressions of the Home Rule press in Ireland are totally different. "Mr. Redmond is confident in his belief that the will of the democracy will prevail here and now," asserts the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, in support of its own view to that effect. "His followers are equally resolved that nothing but a malignant destiny can now reopen the quarrel whose story is a tragedy in the annals of the Christian nations of the world." The prospects

of the achievement of Home Rule in fact are bright and cheering, adds *The Irish Independent* (Dublin). But civil war looms redly to the vision of the Unionist papers of Ireland. Mr. Asquith and his cabinet, *The Irish Times* of Dublin says, are cherishing their delusions to the end. "The curtain has fallen on the first act of what may prove to be one of the great tragedies of modern history." It is an impression that gains strength in Eng-



A SHOW OF BALKAN KINGS

Suggested memorial window for the Cathedral of St. Sophia when Constantinople is taken from the Turks. St. Nicholas, St. Peter, St. Ferdinand and St. George can do vaudeville acts in the next world as in this.

—Munich Jugend.

land as well, despite the attitude of Prime Minister Asquith's followers, and finds expression in comment of which this, from the opposition *London Standard*, is typical:

"It is on Ulster that the Bill must be wrecked, even if it were not waterlogged and riddled by its many other defects of structure. It might be patched up to float in spite of these; but the attitude of Ulster is fatal. The whole country has been made to realize that Home Rule cannot be put into operation without driving to revolt a million of the most loyal and law-abiding subjects of the British Crown. The Protestants of North-Eastern Ireland, through the lips of some of the most respected public men in the United Kingdom, have openly, solemnly, and unequivocally declared that they will not submit to the rule of a Dublin executive save under actual compulsion."

Enver Bey Tears up the Treaty of Peace at Constantinople.

ENVER BEY, hero of Young Turkey, broke open the door of the grand council room in Constantinople while that august body was discussing a reply to the collective note of the European powers. It was a peaceful reply. It accepted the end of war in the Balkans. Sword in hand, Enver Bey bluntly told the aged Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, to resign. Bowed down with the weight of his eighty-four years, the statesman signed his own deposition. Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, commander of the army that dethroned Abdul Hamid, had become Grand Vizier by the following evening. The sensational reports of these doings made it appear that the venerable Sultan himself had fallen, that Turkey was a republic. Enver Bey and the men about him did not go so far as that. Mahmoud V. reigns over a government resulting from a combination of the army with that committee of union and progress which expresses the policy of the Young Turks. They clamor for the retention of Adrianople. They announce their readiness to go on with the war. Surrounding Mahmoud Shevket Pasha is a cabinet of irreconcilables, hurling defiance. In the background stands the empire of the Czar in St. Petersburg. Should Turkey refuse to cede Adrianople, Russia will not be able to maintain her present neutral attitude. In

that eventuality she will support her sister Slav state, Bulgaria, by all the means in her power. Thus runs the official statement of foreign minister Sazanoff himself, in the capital of Nicholas II. The continued armaments of Russia and the counter preparations of Austria-Hungary are felt to indicate, says the *London Times*, an "impending dangerous development."

Europe's Impression That the Young Turks Have Blundered Again.

UNDER Kiamil Pasha it seemed that the friendly counsel of the European powers would be heeded at Constantinople. "It was thought," says the *London Standard*, "Turkey had bowed to the inevitable and that the assembly of notables and the cabinet had come to the only sensible or tolerable conclusion." As

Turkey can not make war, in the opinion of the well-informed British daily, she is bound to make peace. Yet peace she can not have until she brings her haughty spirit to the surrender of Adrianople. That was the impression of Kiamil Pasha. Great were the ensuing rejoicings in the press of all Europe. "Then, just as this settlement is to be arranged, the underground conspirators of the Committee of Union and Progress and their favorite military commander contrive the plot by which everything is thrown into the direst confusion again." The allied governments did not take the revolution in Constantinople quite so seriously. They actually directed their plenipotentiaries at the big peace conference to remain in London pending the reply of the new Grand Vizier to the note which Enver Bey treated so cavalierly in the council room.

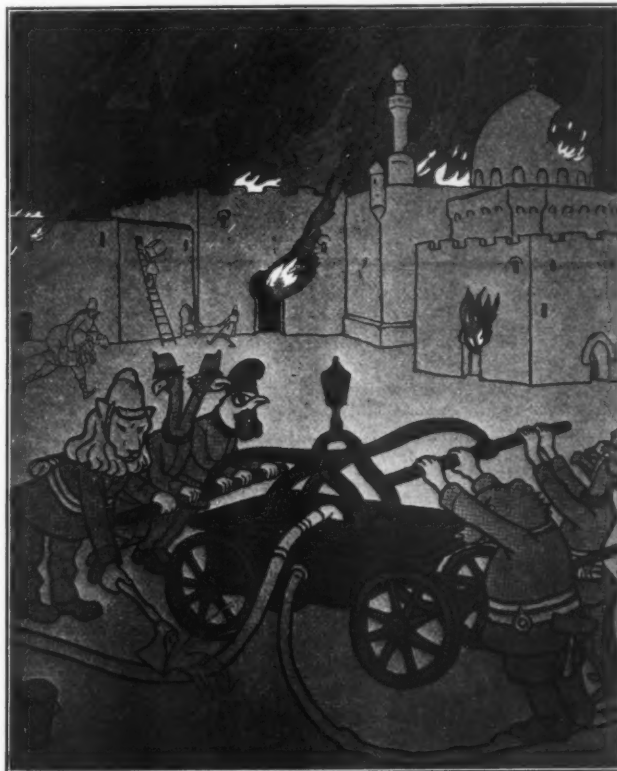
The Secret Power in Turkey's Government.

ONCE more the supreme power in Turkey has been seized by what the London *Mail* describes as "the secret society" which has proved "a government of ambitious failures." The origin and the aims of this secret society are involved in impenetrable mystery. It arose into the light of day when it broke the tyranny of Abdul Hamid. Its operations are all underground. "It was the despotism of Abdul Hamid and the fear of the partition of the misgoverned Turkish Empire that brought the committee into existence. It emerged at Paris, comprising the exiled liberal and progressive elements whom the Sultan at Yildiz Kiosk had proscribed. It spread to Turkey itself, a league of secret societies. Abdul Hamid could not ferret out its secrets with his spies. The committee had a system of counter espionage more perfect than the tyrant's. Its basis was secrecy. No member knew more than three others personally. The initiation of a new member was conducted by masked men with awful oaths on the Koran. It was strong enough to gather an army.

Pan-Islamism to the Fore in Constantinople.

BEHIND the new Grand Vizier in the Sultan's capital is a nest of free-thinking Jacobins sworn to membership in a band of religious fanatics. Their inspiration comes from the African deserts, in the scattered

oases of which dwell the Senussi. These monks are committed to a holy war against the infidel. Enver Bey has been among them. The Young Turks are their disciples. This is the analysis of the Vienna *Zeit*. It hints at sources of financial strength at the disposal of the fanatics. Part of the plan at Constantinople is to make a bold dash against the foe. If the chances of victory in a new campaign were only even, there are men of power on the exchanges who would finance a



A FIRE BEYOND CONTROL

Europe has some fine fire-fighters, but the Balkan conflagration can't be put out. —Munich *Simplicissimus*.

new war. The possibility is hinted with varying degrees of definiteness in such continental dailies as the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. These organs were affirming Turkey's position hopeless when the lines at Chatalja were first drawn. They all appear within the past month to have seen a new light. Not that Mahmoud Shevket Pasha and the men about him want war at all costs. They merely insist upon the retention of Adrianople. Hence the reply to the collective note of the powers will be "correct."

Young Turks Without the Sympathies of Western Europe.

RAPTUROUSLY as the Young Turks were hailed in western Europe when they first emerged to dethrone Abdul Hamid, their reappearance now in the place of power affords only evidence of their lost pres-

tige. It is impossible to regard their rising as the supreme effort of a really national sentiment, says the Rome *Tribuna*. That daily echoes Italian press comment generally in denouncing the men about Enver Bey as a nest of brigands. Paris organs hold the Young Turks responsible for all the disasters that have befallen their native land. The first duty of the powers is to refuse Mahmoud Shevket Pasha's government financial aid of any kind, declares the Paris *Débats*. "France, for her part,

ought to be careful not to disperse her forces," it urges. "She should not find herself unexpectedly engaged in Africa at a time when she may have to defend her vital interests in Europe." In Germany the more or less inspired organs and even the independent Berlin *Tageblatt* show a tendency to interpret the Young Turks with sympathy. The Socialist *Vorwärts* is most conspicuous among the advocates of peace which, it argues, should not be sacrificed to the disorganization of Turkey.

Russia's Fury at the Turn of Affairs.

RUSSIA is, known to be gravely alarmed by the coup d'état in the Balkans. Sensational despatches are affirmed to be coming to the Quai d'Orsay from the French ambassador in St. Petersburg. There seems to have been a "leak" from the Paris foreign office into the Vienna dailies, according to which the Czar's Prime Minister fears that his sovereign's honor is involved in the crisis. Nicholas II. is first and foremost a religious potentate. The struggle with the Turk is developing along religious lines. If the Muscovite holds aloof much longer, the position of the dynasty would become precarious. The piety of the reactionary Grand Dukes might precipitate a surprise at any moment. The situation from this standpoint places France, as Russia's ally, in a delicate position. That is supposed to account for the alarmist tone of the Paris *Temps*. It reminds the world constantly that Russia is placed in a completely false position by the prolongation of the peace conference beyond all reasonable limits. However, the London *Times* feels justified in putting the prospect for the immediate future more hopefully:

"The new Government will do well to note how from the chief capitals of the Continent comes the same cry which is



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THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE

Although cholera and want of supplies have reduced the effectiveness of the Turks, they maintain a fanatical spirit of resistance to the infidel. The troops here have been brought over from Africa by way of Asia Minor and are Moorish tribesmen. The man on the summit is placing "cover."

clearly heard in England—the cry that the peace of Europe must not be sacrificed to the ambitions of the Committee of Union and Progress. That demand is raised as loudly and as firmly in Germany as it is in France. Everywhere the necessity of union amongst the Great Powers is realized, and in no quarter do we detect any hint which could tend to impair it. The Allies must be congratulating themselves on the wisdom which has prevented them from taking any sudden step that might tend to disturb this concord. They were strongly advised to put a curb upon their not unnatural impatience, and to await developments. Apparently they are acting upon that advice. So far at least the developments have but shown the utter weakness of the Committee movement and the indignation and

scorn with which it is looked upon in all countries. With continued patience on the part of the Allies, and continued unity amongst the Powers, we believe that the new Turkish Government will either have to submit to the same conditions as the old, or will have to retire, discredited and disgraced, from the functions which it has so recklessly usurped."

Can Turkey Continue the War in the Balkans?

IF ANYONE outside the theater of war in the Balkans knew exactly what has been happening there in the past month, it would be possible for the military experts of Europe to comment intelligently upon the prospect of a reopening of the cam-

paign. There have been sanguinary encounters before besieged Adrianople. Reports of the fall of Scutari pour in one day to be contradicted the next. The struggles before Yanina fill many a despatch without throwing light upon the fortunes of war. The long lines at Chatalja are held on both sides by determined troops engaged from time to time in fierce affrays. There are stories of regiments on both sides succumbing to dysentery and the plague. Reinforcements are said to have been hurried up on the Bulgarian side to the number of fifty thousand men. Yet these reports are fragmentary and, as the *Paris Temps* concedes, unreliable. The truth is that no censorship in all history is now so drastic and complete as that which yet drops a veil over the whole Balkans. The allegation in certain French dailies that the Turks are unable to advance a force to the relief of a single besieged town is contradicted in certain Austrian papers. Only the *London Times* ventures upon an estimate—received, it thinks, from accurate sources—of the military resources of the Sultan, leaving out of account his garrisons at Adrianople, at Scutari and at Yanina. Between Constantinople and Chatalja there are 210,000 men. At the Dardanelles are 50,000. In the Ismid district are 10,000, in the Panderma district 8,000, and at Smyrna 12,000. Of the total of nearly 300,000, some three-fifths are well armed. The rest are raw recruits. There is enough ammunition, but the forces lack field guns and horses. Facilities for transport are "contemptible."

Horrors in the Theater of the Balkan War.

AN ORGANIZED and cruel slaughter of non-combatants has been going on in the whole theater of operations in the Balkans, according to reports sent to Marmaduke Pickthall. He says that men, women and children on the Turkish side have been victims of a policy of extermination adopted by the Balkan allies. The victims, his reports declare—and he has access to sources of reliable information—exceed a total of half a million. "The most awful massacre of modern times is being perpetrated in the name of Christianity." Torture of the Jews is no small item in the indictment. The Bulgarian authorities on the spot are accused of connivance in these deeds. What the English publicist says is confirmed by various Hungarian and Austrian journals, which give details respecting wholesale atrocities charged upon the Bulgars. The *Vienna Reichspost*, organ of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, gives conspicuous place to its compilation of the horrors alleged. This tends to prove that the Bulgars have been exceeded by the Servians in the art of wholesale murder. There are demands for a system-



MOVING-DAY IN THE BALKANS

The medley of household goods here on its way to the refugees in Macedonia and Thrace is protected by the Red Cross emblem. They are intended to render less miserable the condition of the fugitives from the horrors of war in the vicinity of Stara Zagora.

atic inquiry into these innumerable and detailed reports.

Have the Balkan Horrors
Been Imaginary?

ABOMINABLE excesses have been committed since the beginning of the war by Bulgars, Servians, Greeks and Turks, admits the *London Times*. It hints that they have been the work of irregulars mainly. Yet it admits the possibility that these horrors have been perpetrated at times of stress by the regular troops on both sides. "Trustworthy European witnesses have recorded the regrettable fact that the defeated Turkish troops massacred the Christian inhabitants of many villages on their flight towards the Southeast. It is credible that Bulgar and Serb peasants, whether belonging or not to organized military bodies, have used their weapons to wreak vengeance upon the races under whose blood-lust and rapine they and their fathers have suffered." An impartial European inquiry would be able, it concedes, to compile a terrible record of horror and woe. "But its investigation would need to be extended to the methods by which the press-campaign for the political exploitation of atrocities has been organized in Austria-Hungary and even in England." It might then be discovered that the press-campaign had been timed to coincide with the peace conference and designed to compromise the Balkan allies in public opinion.

Accusations Against the
Bulgars.

CHAPTER and verse are given with a wealth of detail in various German and Austrian dailies when they indict the Bulgarians in the theater of war. It is a common practice, according to the *Reichspost* (Vienna), to use fleeing Turkish women with babes in their arms as moving targets. The field after what is really but a skirmish is often covered with the bodies of slain little ones, fallen from the hands of their mothers. Young girls, regardless of their nationality, are dragged off to captivity as the prey of the troops. Aged men are mutilated. Houses are set afire from the sheer delight of witnessing the destruction of a captured village. If the place be of any considerable size, the supply of liquor is consumed until the troops, out of all control, are mad with drink. Then fights ensue between the intoxicated victors for possession of the booty. There are stories to the effect that the line of march is strewn with portions of the bodies of little children as well as of their parents. Finally corpses are piled high and given over to the flames that by this time are leaving the scene a ruin. Whole families are wandering without food or shelter in the hills and perishing slowly from starvation there.



Photo by Paul Thompson

WHAT THE CROSS WRESTED FROM THE CRESCENT

The captures of Turkish artillery by the Bulgars were on so colossal a scale that the Balkan armies have been provided with park after park of the Krupp pattern. The captured guns were not always utilized owing to the superabundance of artillery for a time.

DESIROUS as their commanders may be of waging war upon a civilized basis, the Bulgars, Servians and Greeks in the ranks consider themselves engaged in a plundering expedition. Thus runs the stream of comment in the Austrian press. Even in places of the importance of Salonika, civilization goes down before the rule of bandits. Troops break into houses in broad daylight. Men wearing the uniform of Czar Ferdinand stop pedestrians in the street, demanding the surrender of money and valuables at the pistol's point. The Bulgarians have not hesitated to place questionable characters in command of irregular forces. These, upon pretext of exercising police functions, start frays on the highway. Thus a system of anarchy has been set up, the bandits maintaining it beyond all control. Much of the disorder is due to the inadequacy of the Bulgarian forces in the regions they profess to be holding. A good deal of it is ascribed to the material in the ranks of the Bulgarian

army—illiterate peasants and the scum of the population. They think nothing of slaughtering prisoners wholesale, in flat violation of the laws of civilized warfare. Discipline is hopelessly relaxed.

What May Happen If the
War in The Balkans
Goes On.

GREEKS, Servians and Bulgarians at the front are in a state of such demoralization, through relaxed discipline, that some military experts doubt if they would prove reliable in a renewed campaign. They have for weeks been drinking, quarreling and plundering. There is, according to the *London Telegraph*, blunt refusal to obey orders now and then, even if the orders come from a brigade commander and the troops concerned are mere privates in the ranks. The Bulgarians may attack the Chatalja lines, opines the military expert of the *London Mail*. They may assault Adrianople. The plan at headquarters, where Czar Ferdinand remains, is to "contain" Adrianople, drawing the cir-



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BEHIND THE QUICKFIRERS OFF CHATALJA

The Turkish rifle fire from their trenches is very rapid, according to the correspondents. The Sultan's troops seem to be firing almost simultaneously, reloading as fast as they can and "sweeping the enemy's line with a perfect hurricane of lead."

cle about it more tightly. The place seems never to have been seriously assaulted. There may be an advance against the Dardanelles. The theory most favored is that the Bulgarians must concentrate chiefly about the Chatalja lines. They are expected to prove successful at a terrible cost in human lives. Meanwhile Russia and Austria-Hungary remain mobilized. The complication between Roumania and Bulgaria is taken less seriously than it was. "If strife recommences, no man can foresee where it will end."

The Japanese Emperor
Faced by His
Angered People.

YOSHIHITO has just sustained a serious check in his effort to impart a Bourbon divinity to the power he has inherited as Emperor of Japan. His Bismarck, the energetic and militarized Prince Katsura, was forced to abandon the post of Premier a few weeks since at the behest of the popular elements in the diet at Tokyo. There was instant talk in official circles of a dissolution and a new election throughout the realm. Such a step, as the well-informed Paris *Débats* suggests, implies an imperial purpose to "make" the next elections in a style suggestive of the tactics of the Russian Czar throughout the evolution of the fourth Duma. The appearance of Count Yamamoto in the capacity of Prime Minister is interpreted as a concession to the more democratic spirit that inflames the diet. Yamamoto is a pupil of that Count Saion-ji whose liberal ideas seem like rank Jacobinism to the present sovereign. He is not expected to last long. Meanwhile the five surviving elder statesmen have the crisis in hand. They defer for the moment to the only one among them who is supposed to sympathize with democracy in a Jeffersonian sense—Count Itagaki. The venerable old man is a "samurai," yet he founded a people's rights party when the mere suggestion of such a thing entailed disgrace at court. He strove to mitigate the displeasure of his sovereign, the late Mutsuhito, by calling his group a constitutional liberal party. Itagaki even held a portfolio under Ito. Nevertheless he went into complete obscurity, though an elder statesman, when Yoshihito became lord of the thousand isles. The crisis precipitated by the new sovereign's policies has brought the illustrious Japanese democrat back to the councils of the land.

The Elder Statesmen of
Japan and the People.

ITAGAKI will not long retain the influence in the imperial palace which the peril of the hour has thrust upon him. The most competent students of Japanese politics in the European press agree upon that. Of



THE DIGNIFIED GRAND VIZIER OF AN
UNDIGNIFIED CROWD

Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, in the seat of power at Constantinople, is an honest soldier in a nest of lagers.

those surviving elder statesmen who wield influence with the crown, three have little sympathy with the democratic ideal as that is understood among western nations. The Marquis Inouye, for example, a samurai, an art collector of renown and taste, is instinctively aristocratic. Prince Oyama, hero of the war with Russia and son of a samurai, looks at political life from the born soldier's point of view. Prince Yamagata, also of samurai origin and believed to enjoy greater personal influence with the sovereign than any man alive, is credited with the political ideals of a Louis XIV. and the Prussianizing spirit of a Hohenzollern. The Japanese emperor, consequently, breathes an atmosphere of robust reaction, unless accident gives a fleeting influence to the democratic Itagaki, as it happens to do for the moment. Understanding these things, the rank and file of the diet revolted against Katsura, while the mobs in the streets broke windows.

The Japanese Emperor's
Side of the Story.

UNLESS the democratic elements in the Japanese diet can be made to realize the critical nature of the naval situation in the far East, according to a student of things political

at Tokyo, writing in the Berlin *Vossische*, there will be friction between the sovereign and his people. Yamamoto, altho democratic, understands the naval situation. That is one of the reasons for his selection as Premier the other day. His influence may secure legislative endorsement for a great naval expansion. Emperor Yoshihito has set his mind like a vice upon a big navy. He is upheld in this by the elder statesmen, including even the democratic Itagaki. The big navy is the sole instrument of that "firm foreign policy" upon which Tokyo papers like the *Kokumin Shimbun* insist. But the building of Dreadnoughts and the addition of two army divisions to the forces in Korea have increased taxation. The politicians in the Diet make a grievance of this. They complain that they can not find out how money is spent. The ministerial retort reminds the malcontents of the dilemma in China and of new and menacing moves from the direction of Russia. Saion-ji, who was Premier the other day, made light of the peril. He was summarily turned out.

A Conspiracy Against
Japan's Constitution.

SAION-JI, who gets his political theories from republican France, gloried in being a constitutional Premier, depending upon a party in the Diet. His dismissal, according to the Paris *Matin*, was dictated by the emperor with the approval of the reactionaries among the elder statesmen, especially the Bismarckian Yamagata. Katsura was made head of a ministry in defiance of the parliamentary groups. All this, we are told, proves how imperially German is the theory of the new sovereign. He takes William II. for a model still. Were he to adopt a more popular line, the empire would be left without adequate naval defenses, perhaps with a weakened army. "The circumstances all go to prove," remarks the London *Post*, "that as the elder statesmen alone seem to have a full grasp of the situation, and know with unerring judgment what the nation needs, they may have been justified in taking matters into their own hands as they did." The elder statesmen, too, we are reminded, not the Diet, have made Japan what she is. "The Genro are to-day what Togo was to the naval encounter with Russia and what Nogi and Oyama were to the campaign in Manchuria." To regard them as meddlers, striving for the satisfaction of clan prejudices, is the "fatal mistake" of the leaders of the groups in the Diet. These leaders are journalist politicians, it is further charged, commanding the columns of many irresponsible sheets which have had to be censored for utterances perilously like sedition. The old Japan is, indeed, no more!

The Japanese Desire to
Throw Out the Elder
Statesmen.

CURIOS as were the riots in Tokyo last month by way of protest against the imperialism of the elder statesmen, their course is upheld by the solidly respectable elements in Japanese society. Saion-ji defied the venerable sages. He had to go. The pride of the Genro had not been hurt. A departure from their policy was imperiling the land. Thus is the crisis interpreted by our British authority. "The general inability of so large a proportion of the Japanese proletariat to understand the attitude of the Genro is the best proof that Japan is not yet ready for a more democratic interpretation of the constitution." Even were Yoshihito willing to undertake the exclusion of the Genro from his counsels, and yield to a ministry representing a parliamentary majority, he would be hurling himself into a void. The Diet of Tokyo is described by most observers on the spot as a pandemonium of mercenary groups led by predatory adventurers who have climbed by means of a general suffrage to an exaggerated sense of their own importance. In the upper chamber no less than six distinct parties make confusion. The popular branch of the legislative body is rent by the dissensions of six groups irresponsibly led by men who talk socialism or Jeffersonian democracy or the rights of the masses with no adequate conception of the relation of these things to an island realm threatened by a continental despotism. They are asked for Dreadnoughts and they retort with memorials upon the rights of man. Yoshihito, the Hohenzollern of the far East, will make an end of all this. The Diet must yield or suffer dissolution.

Victory in Japan for the
Democratic Idea.

HAD the popular factions in the Diet failed last month in their concerted efforts to drive Katsura from office, the cause of representative government at Tokyo would be in bad shape. The fact that the Bismarckian statesmen had to go suggests that Yoshihito has begun his reign with a tremendous loss of prestige. The idea is confirmed by the month's despatches, which reveal the populace in anything but a reverent attitude to his majesty. That religious



HOW FRANCE CAME BACK FROM VERSAILLES

—Paris Gaulois

awe of Mutsuhito which made him divine to the proletariat, does not extend to his successor. Yoshihito proves too modern in his development, too western in his culture, for a son of heaven. He can not, as the *Paris Figaro* tells us, have his cake and eat it too. He may not live in the white light of the twentieth century and retain the halo of his medieval ancestors. Even Prince Katsura, just driven from the post of Prime Minister, has hinted so much to his sovereign. "His experience as Prime Minister," as the *London Times* observes, "has convinced him that Japan is ripe for a more popular form of government than that which she has hitherto possessed." The Prince saw this great light just too late. He aspired to popular government by degrees. The leaders of the many groups in the Diet preferred not to wait.

Katsura's Plan to Save the
Japanese Situation.

NOW that he is expelled from power, Prince Katsura announces his purpose to create a constitutional political party. He hopes to recruit it, says the *London Times*, both from elements that now exist and from others new to parliamentary life. It will be based upon principles, although what those principles may be has not transpired. Upon the success of the undertaking depends, it is inferred, the

fate of Yoshihito as a dynast. The accuracy with which our British contemporary elucidates all phases of things Japanese and the position it has attained as the spokesman of the official mind of Tokyo in western Europe, render its further comment prophetic:

"That he [Katsura] has long realized the extreme difficulty of carrying on the Emperor's Government under the present system is likely enough. The overthrow of his predecessor and the obstacles with which he now finds himself confronted can hardly have failed to deepen his perception of it. Whether the remedy which he proposes is at present practicable and whether it would prove efficient are matters on which opinions may perhaps differ. Prince Katsura, we need hardly remind our readers, owes his emergence from the honorable retirement of a great post about the person of the Emperor and his unexpected return to the head of the Administration, to extra-Parliamentary causes. When the Marquis Saion-ji was compelled to resign, he was defending a policy which had the hearty support of both the great parties in the House—of the Kokumi-to as well as of the Seiyu-kai. But Ministers and majority, large as that majority was, and strong as was the support which it commanded out of doors, were powerless against the Minister for War, supported by the Elder Statesmen. The outcome demonstrated that the Genro, and the military party whose leader is the Elder Statesman, the Marquis Yamagata, could override the Cabinet and the Chamber."

Appearance of a New
President in France.

WITH the assumption of the post of President by Raymond Nicolas Landry Poincaré the other day, the third French Republic enters a period which even the cautious *London Times* foresees as disastrous and fraught with peril to the form of government itself. No secret is made by those who supported the candidacy of the gifted Poincaré of the fact that he will be no puppet executive. The constitution gives him prerogatives which are, to be sure, in abeyance, but in the revival of which he most firmly believes. That explains the reluctance of the great anticlerical and republican groups to support him. He was hotly opposed by the sarcastic Clemenceau, by the extremist foe of the church, Combes, by the emotional Socialist, Jaurès. Poincaré, to use the phraseology of the

Paris *Matin*, is the President of the "right"—the conservatives—rather than of the "left"—made up of the element which separated church and state, which clamors for a confiscatory income tax, which seeks a detachment from Russia in world politics. It is well understood that no opportunity will be lost to precipitate in the Chamber or in the Senate just such a presidential crisis as in time past drove more than one chief magistrate from the Elysée. Raymond Poincaré, explains the *Temps*, understands the situation perfectly. He has the constitutional right to dismiss the members of the cabinet, whether they command a majority in the Chamber or not. He can, with the consent of the Senate, dissolve the Chamber. Not that this exhausts the list of his constitutional powers. Loubet, Fallières and others were afraid to do these things. Poincaré means to inaugurate a new era in this respect. He will be a strong President.

Will the New French President be Ousted?

LEADERS of those radical groups upon which the actual government of France to-day is pillared regard the administration of Poincaré as a menace to the sort of republic they understand. Hence the warning in the Socialist Paris *Humanité*, organ of Jaurès, to the effect that the spirit of those who would insidiously develop the President's powers of interference is really, whether they appreciate it or not, working along Bonapartist lines. "Neither the experiment of an authoritarian first consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1799, nor that of a Prince President, Napoleon III, in 1848, ended in a way that would encourage a constitutional development on the lines of increasing

the influence of the occupant of the Elysée." A President who interfered too much with the policy of ministries and of majorities in the Chamber, admits the London *Times*, friendly as it is to the new chief magistrate, "might easily throw the country into violent agitation and bring about a perilous crisis." If presidential interference succeeded, it adds, it might develop, especially in Paris, what are called "authoritarian tendencies," which could only promote the aims of Bonapartists and other reactionaries.

Why Poincaré Will Be a Strong President.

FROM the standpoint of those who sympathize with President Poincaré, it is pointed out that France has too often been a mere cipher in the concert of Europe, that she is exercising at this moment far less influence in international affairs than her responsibilities and her interests entitle her to. The complaint appears in one form or another in the half-inspired organ of the Paris foreign office, the *Temps*. It is echoed in the monarchical *Gaulois*, a daily which champions an overthrow of republican institutions in the land. There is now no executive in France at all. Thus contend these and other papers wedded to what the radicals call reaction. If a nation is to act with energy and effect in international relations, say these sheets, there must be a powerful and efficient head of the state. Even so constitutional and so parliamentary a land as Great Britain, it is urged, leaves foreign affairs under the guidance of the sovereign. The late Edward VII., like his mother before him, was his country's minister of foreign affairs. George V. plays the same part. In the United States, as the *Figaro* suggests, the

strength of the executive power, its comparative independence of legislative majorities, gives the American republic an influence in international relations which can never be attained under the French system of puppet presidents.

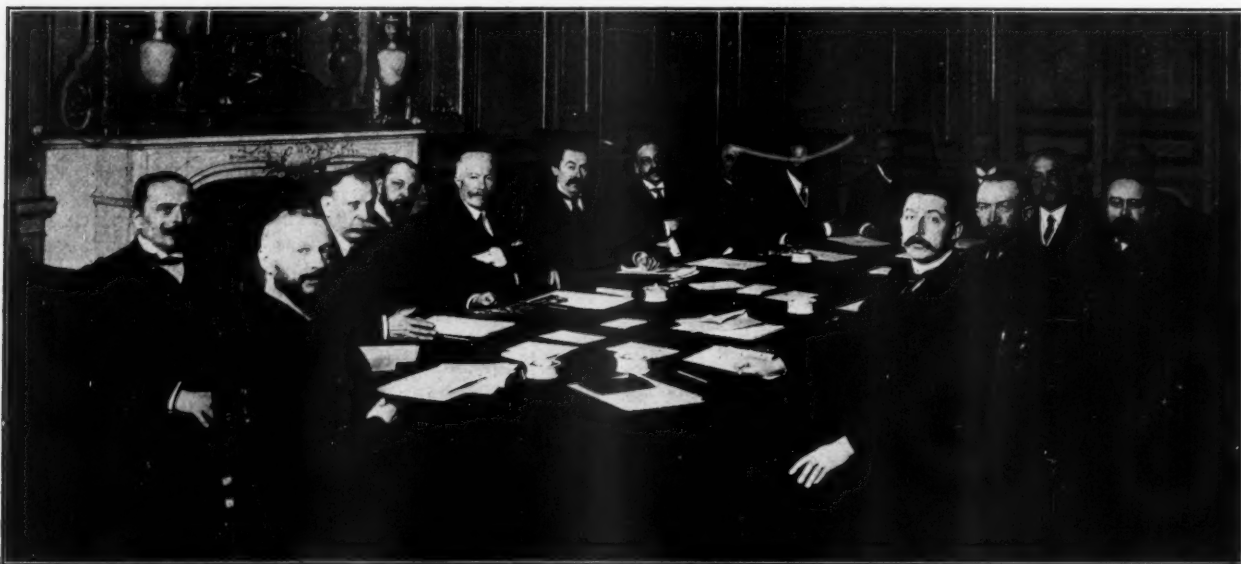
No Napoleon for France in Poincaré.

ALL over the world, in Morocco, in China and in Africa, the third French republic is pushed and jostled by a land that boasts a strong executive. In the midst of critical negotiations, there is a crisis in the Chamber at Paris, a ministry falls, and there remains a phantom of executive power to face a world in arms—more especially, according to the daily last named, a Germany in arms. Poincaré will mend matters. He will not go too far either and his very intimate friend, Laurence Jerrold, tells us why in *The Contemporary*:

"He is a man of very clear and precise views of what he does want, an ambitious man, but a sensibly ambitious man; a man, that is to say, with a practical and realistic ambition, not with that poetry of ambition which leads men sometimes to do great things and sometimes to try great things and fail."

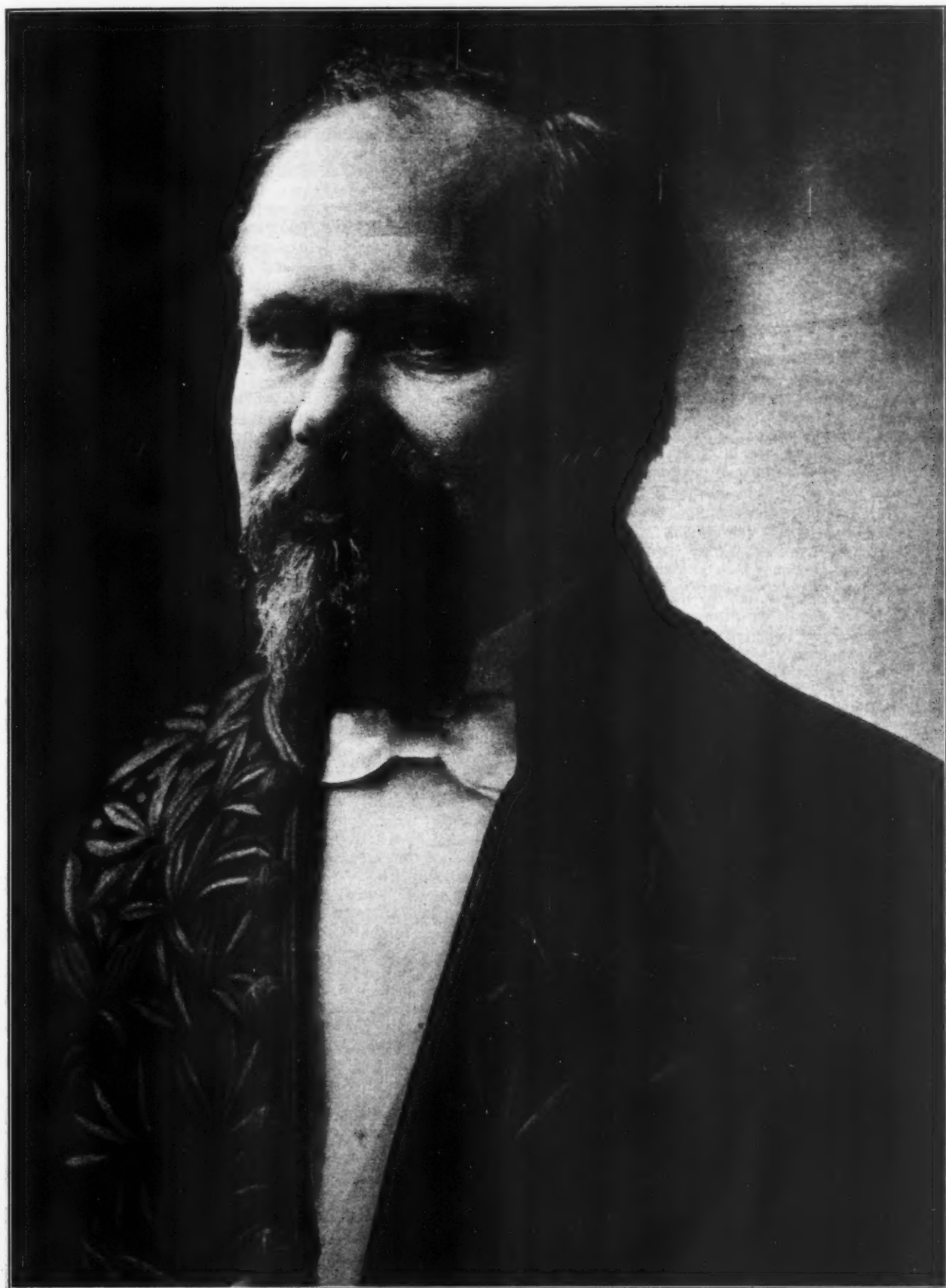
President Poincaré and the Russian Czar.

GREAT is the chagrin of the French radicals at the cordiality of the telegrams exchanged between President Poincaré and Nicholas II. Everyone in Paris seems to understand that the new President was the Czar's candidate. Poincaré, as the less radical organs at Paris interpret him, is showing his country, through the instrumentality of the Dual Alliance, what his conception of the presidential office leads to. It means



PREMIER BRIAND AND HIS COLLECTION OF CURIOSITIES

Thus do the anti-ministerial dailies of Paris refer to the new cabinet formed upon the elevation of the former Premier to the presidency of the republic. Aristide Briand faces the reader in the center of the table, one hand resting upon it. His swarthy features alone are very familiar to the general public, for he is the one man of international reputation in the ministry. The others, while not new to public life, are for the most part men of local reputation.



THE PROPHET OF A NEW FRENCH CAESARISM

In this way do the critics of Raymond Nicolas Landry Poincaré, recently elected President of the French Republic, and here portrayed in his Academician's costume, hint that he may be a foe to the liberties of his country. He will, at any rate, be less of a figurehead than have his immediate predecessors.

that the executive should regain for itself a force and an initiative residing at present in no organ of the state. In the domain of foreign affairs, Poincaré will remind the world of diplomacy that France has recovered a sense of her own importance. There is to be no more sending out of despatches from the foreign office without any form of consultation with the head of the state. The practice of signing decrees with the President's name—decrees of which he had often never even heard until he saw them in the newspapers—is henceforth to cease. The President himself will select the ambassadors. If he objects to a line of negotiation with a foreign power, he means to forbid its continuance. He will go the length of removing an ambassador who fails to act in accordance with this policy. The mere suggestion of these things, to say nothing of points of detail less important, has created a panic among the radical groups. There are hints in the *Aurore* of a presidential crisis. Poincaré must be subdued or he must be got rid of. Predictions that he will not serve out his term are general among the extremists.

How Poincaré Hopes to Escape Being a Figurehead.

ONLY a man of the extraordinary capacity of Poincaré could have the slightest prospect of success in the fierce contest before him, according to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*. The new President comes of a family in which genius is hereditary and conspicuous. He has been a Prime Minister, a leader of his group, a member of the cabinet in subordinate posts. He has eloquence. He is in the Academy. His moral qualities can not be questioned. Were he a Loubet or a Fallières, his policy would be one of madness. In him, however, the Clemenceau and the Combes have a foeman who may prove their superior. He will be strengthened by a sentiment in France generally to which the London *Post* calls attention—"that it might be well to have in office a President who would be something more than a mere figurehead." The crisis of last year, it reminds us, impressed on public opinion the need for a strong government. "It was the menace from without that stimulated the national feeling and led to the formation of the powerful ministry led by M. Poincaré." Among the groups of the "left" in the chamber, indeed, the very capacity of the new chief of state is unpalatable.

The Weapon in the Hands of the New President in France.

POINCARÉ has had the ill luck, or the good luck—depending upon the point of view—to associate his name with a burning issue in France. He stands for the idea of proportional representation. Now, as our

British contemporary explains, the radical groups in the Chamber are built up on a system of small constituencies. "They have a firm hold of their small constituencies, where they can rely on the loyalty of the electors through a judicious use of patronage and personal influence." The radical elements do not know what might become of them politically if little constituencies were lost in one big one, if proportional representation gave a member of the chamber to minorities whose votes are overwhelmed at the polls. It is insisted in the radical organs that proportional representation might endanger republican institutions in France. It would give representation on a larger scale to the clericals and the monarchists. Nevertheless, Poincaré is accused in the *Action* of a purpose to have the principle of proportional representation carried into effect without delay. The bill was voted down in the Senate. It is to be revived in the Chamber. The first skirmish is to come on that issue.

Poincaré Plays a Trick Upon His Enemies.

INTENSE and unconcealed was the chagrin of the enemies of Poincaré when he celebrated his election to the Presidency by resigning the post of Premier. His foes, according to the despatches of the month, had laid a trap for him. His ministry was to be overturned in the Chamber by a vote of want of confidence. The radical groups have a majority in that body. He was made President only by a conservative rally with the support of the Senate, or rather the moderates of the Senate. The plot was laid by Clemenceau and Combes. At least that is the gossip. Poincaré had planned a little holiday, leaving Aristide Briand, the sometime Socialist, as acting Prime Minister. The new President received a timely warning. "Nobody could say whether, in the present temper of the opponents of M. Poincaré, the ministry would survive the attacks made on it in the Chamber. What more malicious satisfaction than to strike a blow at the prestige of the new President by overthrowing a ministry bearing his name?" Then came the resignation which infuriated the journalist politicians. The *Aurore* and the *Intransigeant* and the *Lanterne* are overwhelmed at the spectacle of a President of the French Republic signaling his accession to the supreme dignity by a display of cowardice!

Aristide Briand Becomes a Premier Once More.

ON THE eve of the appearance of Aristide Briand before the Chamber to announce his policy as Premier, the Vatican indulged, through its organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, in a eulogy of the personal qualities of Poincaré. At once the rumor flew that the new President

would establish afresh those diplomatic relations with the Holy See which were severed by the radical groups led by Combes. Briand had to face the fury of the storm. He was denounced by the Socialists as a renegade from their camp. He was held up to scorn by the radicals as a creature of a new Caesarism. M. Briand is one of the most skilled debaters in French parliamentary life. Yet there were moments when he seemed cowed by the storm of jeers that greeted a declaration of his devotion to the new President. The charge circulated at once that the Premier was a creature of Poincaré's, not of the Chamber's. The impression was not dissipated by Briand's assurance that international relations were the supreme concern of France just now. He dwelt upon the necessity of fidelity to the alliance with Russia, much to the disgust of the Socialists. Their organs behold in him a creature of the Poincaré "Caesarism." What that Caesarism amounts to is set forth from another standpoint by René Doumic, the first publicist of France.

Powers of the New French President.

M. DOUMIC speaks with almost the voice of Poincaré himself when he says in a declaration to the London *Mail*:

"It is absolutely inexact to suppose that the President of the Republic is disarmed in presence of Parliament. He has a right to choose his Ministers, he presides over the Cabinet Council, he can send a message to the Chamber, and he can dissolve the Lower House. He has more right than a constitutional Sovereign, and France hopes that, without going beyond his attributes, without trespassing on the other powers in the State, the new President will make use of his rights.

"From another point of view his action may be most efficacious. He comes into power at a moment when all Europe is in a state of effervescence, when the Balkan War has brought up anew a whole series of problems which place the equilibrium of Europe once more in jeopardy. M. Poincaré is one of the statesmen of France who know best these diplomatic questions. He has proved this during the year which he has just passed at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Now it is especially in foreign affairs that ministerial instability is a cause of inferiority. It is necessary that one and the same man should be in a position to follow these questions. He must also have time at his disposal. M. Poincaré can dispose of seven years.

"As soon as the election of M. Poincaré was known the word went round in the Press, 'There is something changed in France.' This is the expression of a truth which everybody in France and out of France felt more or less conclusively. There is something changed at the Elysée. The occupant of the Presidential palace has been called upon to abandon the inertia of his predecessors."

Persons *in the* Foreground

THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

IF THE President's task is a difficult one, that of his wife is in many respects more difficult. The President is expected to make enemies. His wife is not expected to make any. He can choose his own advisers and surround himself with those who are presumably loyal to him and animated by the same aims and purposes. Her choice is limited by many considerations. The wives of the cabinet officials, for instance, may not be at all to her liking, but she has to keep on good terms with them or a scandal starts. She can't ask any of those wives for a resignation. Her social functions must be planned with political considerations always uppermost. She cannot pick and choose the guests even at her private dinner parties without considering what the result may be upon Senator this-or-that, on Ambassador so-and-so or on Congressman such-and-such. The President can "blow up" half a dozen times a day if things go wrong; but the mistress of the White House must never do so. She must be very sweet and gracious to everybody—to men who are bores and to women who are cats. The President can say damn! if worst comes to worst. Even Woodrow Wilson has been known to say it. But there is no such a relief for the mistress of the White House—especially if she is the mother of three daughters.

But it is safe to say that the lady who married "Tom" Wilson twenty-eight years ago and who has seen him develop since then into Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States—losing the front part of his name in the struggle, but getting eight LL.D.'s tacked on to the other end—is not too greatly daunted by the new situation. For years she filled a position requiring more tact and self-re-

straint than are demanded of the mistress of the White House. She was wife of a University president! Mr. Wilson himself has remarked to the effect that there is more politics in a university faculty in one week than there is in a whole presidential campaign. After eight years of experience as wife of the President of Princeton University, Mrs. Wilson need not quail before the difficulties she confronts this month.

Like her distinguished husband, Mrs. Wilson is a native Southerner. She

hails from the State of Georgia and was living in Savannah when married. She had a preacher for a father—Rev. Dr. Axson—and two preachers for grandfathers. Her first meeting with "Tommy" Wilson affected her so deeply that she shed tears. It was in Rome, Ga. Tommy was trundling a hoop and little Ellen Louise Axson was walking meekly at the side of her black mammy. Tommy, running at full speed, with his eyes on the hoop, ran into the little maiden, knocking her off her feet. He picked her up and would have

kissed away her tears, but mammy interfered with some asperity. Tommy had to wait twenty years before he got another chance to kiss away those tears. He didn't lose out the second time. The tears were not there then, but the eyes were. Also the mouth. Two weeks after the second meeting the two were engaged to be married. But it was two years before the wedding-bells rang. In the meantime, Tom Wilson had abandoned the law and gone to Johns Hopkins to specialize on the science of government and had written his book on "Congressional Government." He was marked as a rising young man and had a professorship at Bryn Mawr waiting for him. Ellen Louise Axson, on her part, had gone to New York City to study art. She became an active member of the Art Students' League and was even elected president, thus beating young Wilson to the presidential title by a score of years or more.

Mrs. Wilson's tastes have remained decidedly artistic. Her friends who have been permitted to see some of her portraits and landscapes are sure that she would have had a successful career as an artist. But she gave all that up in 1885 to wed the young professor of history and political economy in Bryn



Photograph by Davis and Sanford

THE FIRST SOUTHERN LADY TO PRESIDE OVER THE WHITE HOUSE IN HALF A CENTURY

Ellen Louise Axson was a resident of Savannah when young "Tom" Woodrow Wilson came a-courting. She consented to change her name, and he was so pleased with the result that he changed his own, dropping the "Tom." Mrs. Wilson took a course in painting before marriage, and it was predicted at one time that she would win fame as an artist.



SHE HAS SEEN A REAL REVOLUTION

Miss Eleanor Wilson, youngest of the white House trio, was in Mexico when the fighting took place at Juarez last year. For several weeks her family could get no word from her and they made quite a heroine of her when she finally emerged. She has her mother's love for painting and has been studying at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

Mawr. She has always kept in touch with artistic matters, however, and her successive homes have shown the effect of her trained hand as well as her trained eye. The Princeton house was built, it is said, according to her own plans, and she attended to every detail of the decorations and furnishings. She has the Southern woman's love of domesticity, and from the first her duties as home-maker have come ahead of all other considerations. She has excellent health and, as one writer puts it, "takes deep pleasure just in the joy of living." She looks it. Tho a woman of over fifty, she looks like a woman of forty or less, and her face easily breaks into a radiant smile. She has the natural dignity of the matron, but none of the constrained dignity that is apt to mark many domestic women suddenly thrust into social prominence. She has entertained much, she has traveled considerably, she has kept up with the times, and even among strangers she moves and speaks and acts with the quiet ease of one who is sure of herself. She is interested not only in pictorial art but in music and poetry and landscape gardening.

The three Misses Wilson will be effective auxiliaries in the White House. They also are free from self-consciousness, quick to see and understand, each with a nimble wit and accustomed to

meeting men and women of note without being overcome with awe. Says a writer in the *N. Y. Sun*: "Clever, talented, each with some vocation in life, fond of entertaining and of entertainments, without being absorbed in society, they will add another four years of rational hospitality to that which will have ended then. There will be nothing superserious in all this, it may be said. There will be plenty of good humor, plenty of fun, and those who will have the privilege of attending a White House reception will have to burnish up their wits if they would keep up with the party." Miss Mar-



SHE WAS AMBITIOUS TO BE A FOREIGN MISSIONARY

But she compromised on a national directorship in the Y. W. C. A. Besides, Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson is too fond of dancing to become a missionary, and too much interested in American politics to become foreign.

garet is devoted to music and has a very promising soprano voice, which has been under training all winter in New York City. Miss Jessie, the beauty of the family, is a Phi Beta Kappa and wanted to become a foreign missionary. She has compromised instead on social settlement work and is a member of the national board of the Young Womens' Christian Association. She as well as Margaret is fond of tennis, riding, swimming and dancing. Eleanor, the youngest of the three, takes to painting and has been a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. All three followed the political campaign last fall with alert interest, keeping tab on developments

at the Baltimore convention and afterwards in a way that would have done credit to a skilled politician. One of them—Miss Eleanor—is a more or less active adherent of the Woman Suffrage movement. Mrs. Wilson has never committed herself, openly at least, in behalf of that movement. Presumably she views it with the distrust with which most Southern women view it. Even Bryn Mawr, which is reputed to be quite a center of woman suffrage propaganda, failed to bring her out as an advocate of the cause.

Mrs. Wilson's advent as the "first lady of the land" is a notable event for the reason that she will be the first typical Southern woman to hold that position in more than sixty years. Andrew Johnson was from a Southern State, and so, we believe, was his wife; but neither could be called typically Southern, Johnson, indeed, being in decided antipathy to the dominant sentiment of the South both socially and politically. One must go back to the days before the war to find such a woman in the White House. By birth, breeding, education and personal characteristics Mrs. Wilson is Southern. Tho practically all of her married life has been passed in the North, she has kept in touch with Southern people, and her sense of loyalty to Dixie has survived through all the years of absence.



THE SINGER OF THE FAMILY

Miss Margaret Wilson has a fine soprano voice which is undergoing careful training in New York. It is hard to name any sport she is not interested in. Tennis, golf, baseball, basketball, swimming—she is fond of them all. She also loves to dance and ride horseback, and we suspect she would like to see a prize-fight.

THE HERO OF ULSTER WHO LEADS THE FIGHT AGAINST HOME RULE

BLOODY insurrection is preached in Ulster against Home Rule by that greatest of all figures at the Irish bar, Sir Edward Carson. For the moment he eclipses John Redmond himself as the most conspicuous of living Irishmen. He is hailed as the hero of Ulster. He has deliberately placed himself outside the pale of the law itself in his passionate crusade for an Ulster separate and distinct from the rest of Ireland where Home Rule is concerned. He has pledged thousands of Orangemen to resist, if necessary, by force of arms, all application of the Home Rule bill to the province of which he is champion. There will be, he avers loudly, civil war, armed insurrection. The Prime Minister has felt bound to remind Sir Edward Carson of the statute against treason. The leading lawyer of Ireland is technically at least liable to imprisonment for crime. Sir Edward Carson retorts with a ringing defiance. He will take refuge in Ulster itself if he must, and defy the forces of the crown to touch him. Nor is the man who thus defies the law outside the pale of it. He has long been a pillar of the Tory party, long a conspicuous figure in the House of Commons, long the most successful practicing barrister in England and in Ireland. "He leads the Ulstermen," says the *London World*, "because he is the embodiment of the Ulster temperament." It is a fighting temperament, even a naturally violent temperament. Sir Edward Carson has caught its spirit. In a literal sense, this great lawyer is "out for blood" and he has all Ulster behind him.

No head around which an aureole would look more ridiculous is conceivable to that able journalist, A. G. G., who studies the man of Ulster at length in the *London News*. Sir Edward, we read, is the very perfect knight, not of the Round Table, but of the bar mess—"learned in the crooked ways of men, cynical, abounding in animal spirits, loving equally a joke or a row, with something of the gay swagger as well as the brogue of the squireen of the west." Sir Edward, we are assured, is a man of the type who takes his meat red and his wine without water. "An ideal would wither in his presence." Even Joseph Surface, the man of sentiment in Sheridan's play, would not have tried a "sentiment" upon Sir Edward Carson. A poet before him would be dumb—"hypnotized like a rabbit before a python." For there is something in the mere presence of the man that is shattering and masterful. The retreating forehead, with the black, well-oiled hair brushed close to the crown, the long-

hatchet face, the heavy-lidded eyes, at once dreamy and merciless, the droop of the mouth, the challenging thrust of the under-lip, the heavy jaw—these combine, it seems, to proclaim the man capable of anything—and then some.

There is in the noble savagery of Sir Edward Carson, as regards his manner no less than his aspect, a suggestion of the Sioux chief who had left his scalps at home. Or one might take him for the sort of actor with lungs of brass who plays the bold, bad baron. He is, to our authority, the most formidable blunderbuss to be found in the Temple practicing. The allusion is intelligible because Carlyle has defined a barrister as a loaded blunderbuss. "If you hire it, you blow out the other man's brains. If he hires it, he blows out yours." Sir Edward Carson, therefore, always finds his cases easy. "With a weak man on the bench, he simply walks over the course." It is so much easier for a judge to agree with him than to differ. In these circumstances, a startling change comes over Sir Edward Carson. The great advocate becomes graciousness itself. "He is sweet and kindly even to the poor plaintiff who sees all his hopes vanishing before some magic solvent." Vainly his counsel wrestles with this intangible influence. He advances his most powerful line of attack. Sir Edward gently drums his fingers on the table, murmuring: "My Lord, I must object." The judge wilts at once—if he be weak.

If the judge be of sterner stuff, the note of Sir Edward Carson can be modified to suit. He must blow the plaintiff to pieces himself. He must overawe the jury himself. "Then who so ruthless as he, who so artless in playing upon the political string, who so subtle in suggesting hidden motives?" The heavy, vibrant voice fills the court, the blows fall with a ruthless crash, all the resources of his dominating personality are brought into play to stampede the men in the box. For Sir Edward has the gaiety of high animal spirits and the rough wit of the streets. "Ar-re ye a tay-taller?" he roars in his rich brogue, seeing that the man in the witness box is bottle-nosed. No answer. "Ar-re ye a modherate dhrinker?" "That's my business," replies the bottle-nosed mortal. "An-ny other business?" The question comes swiftly—the knock-out blow of the sparrer, we read, who plays lightly with a poor antagonist and sends him spinning with a scornful flick of the finger. But when at grips with a more formidable foe, the methods of Sir Edward Carson become coarser.

No one in the whole domain of contemporary British politics, it seems, has a rougher tongue than Sir Edward Carson's or uses it more recklessly. "I am not paid five thousand pounds a year for spitting out dirt," he says, referring to the literary and genial Augustine Birrell, who has "spit out less dirt," our authority avers, "in a lifetime than is contained in that one jer." To a calm statement of fact, Sir Edward Carson says: "I have taken the opportunity of congratulating Sir John Benn that Ananias is still flourishing." And he says elsewhere: "There is nothing but a farce going on at the House of Commons. It is called 'The Gamblers, or come and get nine pence for four pence.' Come and see Lloyd George, the magician. He must be inspired, you know, for he preaches in tabernacles." Now all this, agrees our British contemporary, is crude stuff. But it "goes." The men of Ulster roar their delight at it. You will search the speeches of Sir Edward Carson in vain for a noble thought or for a flash of genial humor. It is all hard and grinding. "But in that is the true note of Ulster." Not that this man of Ulster is a native there. He is an adopted child and but for him Ulster now might be dumb.

Yet with all the defects of Sir Edward Carson, defects pointed out continually by the Liberal London dailies, all agree that he possesses one supreme quality for a leader. He is a first-class fighting man. "He would be magnificent at Donnybrook Fair, and the blackthorn, presented to him by admiring men of Ulster, is the perfect symbol of their spokesman." He is always, apparently, for the blackthorn argument. When a certain constitutional measure rent the Tory party in twain he was the most daring of "die hards" and gave his leader of to-day, Lord Londonderry, no quarter. "We are told that if we run away to-day," he said, "we will fight hereafter. I prefer to fight to-day and to-morrow and the day after." That, says the *London News*, is the man. "His blackthorn is never idle." Nevertheless—such is the perversity of popularity—he is the most popular of men—with even the men at whom he roars his loudest. It is an open question whether he is not to-day the most popular figure in the whole House of Commons. It takes kindly to the man who has no reserves, no affectations and who rushes pell-mell, madly, unthinkingly, into the smoke of battle,—often, it is true, to be laughed at.

What is the motive that converts this masterful man of the world into the passionate crusader? The question is asked again and again by the Liberal

London organ. Why does he shed tears, it inquires, in the presence of his vast audiences? It is not, we are told, for the sake of expediency. It is not patriotism, nor love of the political union in one parliament for its own dear sake. The motive of Sir Edward Carson, we read, is the ascendancy of his own caste, established and maintained by the Union. For a century and more the Orangemen have had Ireland under their heels. With the castle of the Lord-Lieutenant at their back, men of the breed of Sir Edward Carson have had Ireland as if it were a conquered province. They have planted their men in every fat office. They have controlled the administration. The police have been instruments in their hands. The law has been of their fashioning. The judges have been of their making. The career of Sir Edward Carson has been built up gloriously upon this foundation almost from the hour of his birth nearly sixty years ago in Dublin. Trinity College confirmed him as an Orangeman in spirit. He "took silk" as they say over there, at the Irish bar with the Orange atmosphere in his nostrils. He thrived at the English bar upon the strength of the ascendancy of his caste in Ireland. He was a creature of the same ascendancy when he became solicitor-general for Ireland. During the twenty years he has sat in the Commons as a member for Dublin University, he has acted like an Orangeman of the Oranges, thinking their thoughts and fighting their cause.

Without him, avers our contemporary, the cause of Ulster would seem contemptible. With him it is almost formidable. "His figure emerges from the battle with a certain sinister distinction and loneliness. He is fighting for a bad cause that is in full flight; but he is fighting as men fight who count nothing of the cost." He will not yield.

No one who does not understand the temperament of Sir Edward, therefore, can understand the Irish crisis in its present form. Yet few Englishmen understand him. He is dismissed, we are told, under one of two categories. In one he is simply an Old Bailey lawyer

with a brief. In the other he is a patriot ready to die in the last ditch for his country. He is neither. His sincerity is that of the fanatic. But his passion is not—to the Liberal dailies at any rate—the passion of the patriot, for he has no country. He has only a caste. He fights not for Ireland, not even for Ulster, but for a kind of Manchu dynasty. Not that he should be deemed mercenary. He is the aristocrat to the finger-tips, hurling defiance at the oncoming mob. He is the Bourbon in every drop of his blood.



THE MAN WITH THE ULSTER TEMPERAMENT

Sir Edward Carson, who leads the rebellion of the north of Ireland against the Home Rule bill, is not a native of Ulster, but he has the temperament. It is a violent temperament, symbolized by the blackthorn stick presented to him lately by the Orangemen. He is a great lawyer, shown here in the most characteristic of his attitudes as a ranter.

He showed that temper when he swept through Ireland as prosecutor for the crown, imprisoning a score or more of Irish Home Rulers for daring to address their constituents. Despite all this it is not true, we are invited to believe, that he adopted the cause of Ulster as a matter of expediency. Ulster is the breath of his nostrils, the fire in his blood. It makes him shed tears—real tears—on the platform. It makes him talk treason, set up a provisional government and utter wild threats about marching from Belfast to Cork. It makes him put himself deliberately out of the running for the highest offices in the state to which he might have

aspired. It is not expediency which works this miracle of God, laments the British daily, but the ultimate passion in his soul roused and transfiguring him. But let us take leave of the man in the kindlier glow diffused over his personality by that most sympathetic of all his interpreters, the *London World*:

"He comes to the Table a severe and somewhat prim figure. He makes play with his glasses in professional fashion. He lectures. His arguments are marshalled as tho for a mathematical demonstration. The class is by no means tranquil, but he takes no notice of its noise. He is there to demonstrate certain truths, and demonstrate them he will. As you listened to him his forceful personality gradually asserts itself, and when he sits down he leaves two clear ideas in your mind. The first is that there is no Irish question—a question is a thing with two sides to it. Sir Edward Carson shows that there is only one side to Irish affairs. His premises appear irrefutable; the conclusions follow syllogistically. It all seems so obvious, so inevitable that you wonder whether it was really worth saying. The second impression he leaves is that if there be an Irish question it is a purely intellectual question, to be argued without passion after the style of a Platonic dialog. It is all a matter of the adjustment of theory to ascertainable, tho decidedly complex, facts, and calls for nothing but a clear head and much sound sense—the very faculties which make a good barrister.

"So, too, with his method. The Ulsterman hates the appeal to sentiment. All this talk of nationality is so much humbug to him. In his heart of hearts he knows that it contradicts facts. But how can he prove it? How can he rebut the charge that when he speaks of Rome Rule he is himself a prey to one of those very prejudices which he is denouncing? How can he put his case strongly without suggesting that it is over-colored? There is no golden rule by which these results can be achieved. But there is a temperament which achieves them, and that temperament finds perfect expression in Sir Edward Carson."

Through this temperament, Sir Edward Carson looks at Ireland and the Home Rule question only to find them scarlet instead of green.

ENVER BEY: THE FIREBRAND OF YOUNG TURKEY

ONLY so uproarious and swashbuckling a type as Enver Bey, the most picaresque of all the Young Turks, could have effected that revolution in Constantinople which so recently thrust the mask of war upon the face of Europe. He is held responsible by the best informed dailies abroad for the eleventh-hour tragedy in the Sultan's capital which thrust the aged and pacific Kiamil Pasha out of the post of Grand Vizier and put the noble but irresponsible Mahmoud Shevket Pasha at the head of a war government. Enver Bey is, to be sure, very young, very reckless. But he is the darling of the troops, the hero of the great rising against Abdul Hamid, the one glorious figure on the Turkish side in the inglorious war with Italy. No one imputes to Enver Bey—not even his most devoted followers—either wisdom or experience or caution or the least conspicuous of all the qualities which make a man the savior of his country. His friends as well as his enemies concede his rashness, his insolence, the violence of his methods. He has but his untamed spirit and the love of all who know him with which to rise to the emergency he has brought about. He incarnates that secret society by which supreme power has again been seized in Turkey. He is no figurehead, not even an acknowledged leader. Yet he laid the plot that overthrew Kiamil and cost the life of Nazim Pasha. He goes about his country in disguise, spreading the spirit of revolution. He is served by one of the most elaborate spy systems in a land of spies. Suddenly he emerges, overturning the established order. Who is he?

Now nearing his thirty-second year, the handsome Enver Bey is distinguishable from his brothers in arms through the detail that, like another Mark Antony, he is barbered ten times o'er. There is no more elegant figure, according to the Paris *Figaro*, at the whole court of Vienna. He has escaped that tendency to aggressive stoutness which spoils the looks of so many Turks in the army. He can don colors with no suggestion of the grotesque. Many an officer less beribboned than Enver Bey, far less flaming in scarlet and red, with fewer buttons of shining gold upon his breast and with boots that reach less conspicuously to his knees in their resplendence of leather, seems to strut operatically, prettily. No one would take Enver Bey in all the glory of blue, yellow and gold for a carpet knight. He loves the uniform and parade, but those things become him. The noise he makes proclaims him—a loud click of the spurs, a heavy tread of monstrous black boots, the clank, clank of an

enormous sword, and the incessant thud of heavy leather glove on hand always clapping. All that he wears is real, too. The buttons are not gilded but refined gold. His sash is of purest silk. His collaret is all rare lace.

The exquisite and somewhat doll-like personal beauty of Enver Bey is traced by the Paris *Action* to his Egyptian mother. She was a lady, it seems, of purest Moslem birth, brought up in Turkey amid the luxuries of a wealthy father's house. From her Enver Bey derived his swimming eyes, "soft and pleading like the gazelle's in his romantic moods, but flashing as the Damascus blade flashes when this fiery spirit is most itself." Enver Bey has the personal habits of the German army officer, with whom his lot was long cast. This Turk twirls his mustache skyward uncompromizingly. He shaves close before breakfast, smokes innumerable cigarets and is far from squeamish in consuming unholy beverages like cognac. He prefers his coffee in the French style at his morning meal, imbibing the Turkish distillation of the berry only at rare intervals and then not from habit but only as a matter of ceremony. Indeed, the one drawback to Enver Bey's career is this—Europeanizing of his manners and even of his morals. He was given a niece of the Sultan for a wife and she is the one wife he has. The lady dwells in some seclusion, but only for the reason, we read, that a too radical departure from the traditions of the centuries would compromise her husband with the faithful of an older generation. The lady shares her husband's taste for French novels. However, Enver Bey remains sufficiently a Moslem in the old Turkish sense to render any inquiry after his wife's health a gross indelicacy.

Enver Bey is first and foremost a man of the cape and sword, the soldier of fortune, says the Paris *Gaulois*, and he is a diplomatist and a statesman incidentally. This young Turk is a real soldier. He learned to handle infantry in the school of experience, leading his company under hot fire in the Yemen, in Albania, and even as far away as Bagdad. He belonged to a class of well-born young men in the military academy near Constantinople of whom great things were expected by their German instructors. Enver Bey, while still a round-cheeked youth, went to Prussia to improve his knowledge of artillery. Like nearly all Turks he has proved an indifferent cavalry officer; but he knows how to hammer the raw material in the ranks of the Sultan's army into shape. He works, altho his elegance of aspect belies the suggestion. It is the secret of his ascendancy.

Vanity is a personal weakness from which, if we are to trust the disparagements of certain Old Turks repeated in

the French dailies, Enver Bey will never be free. The trait is a form of his peculiar piety. Altho firm as the caliph Omar himself in devotion to the true faith, Enver Bey neglects some of its most solemn ceremonies. Nor is he strict in his observance of the holy season of Ramadan. It is alleged that he enters mosques without removing his boots, just as if he were a European. Certainly he does not sink upon his knees in the streets at sundown nor are his ablutions in public many or conspicuous. These things disedify the faithful. He redeems himself by his fury in fighting for the faith, his resistance to any purpose to abandon an inch of the soil won with the sword, his eagerness for a Jihad or holy war. But that, according to the Old Turks who disparage Enver Bey, is proof of the very vanity they abominate. Enver Bey clings to a fanatical idealization of himself as the twentieth-century paladin of Islam, the reviver of its ancient glories through the sword, the man of Allah's choice to scourge the infidel. Yet he neglects his prayers. He flouts the Sheri laws expounded and enforced by the Ulemas.

As a manifestation of the vanity devouring him the enemies of Enver Bey complain of his propensity to get himself interviewed by the correspondents of European journals. He is forever to the fore when despatches have to be filed for transmission to leading organs. Nevertheless, observes the French daily last mentioned, this incarnate thunderbolt never knows what is going on. In the height of the excitement over Abdul Hamid, Enver Bey predicted the continuation of that Sultan upon the throne. The leaders, knowing him to be no man for the council, did not take him into their secrets. Enver Bey has a fondness for telling Europe what will happen to Turkey, and he never knows. We need not look far for an explanation. The men who make up the party of the Young Turks admire his dash, his courage, his pugnacity, the eagerness with which he will seek the post of peril. They know, at the same time, his hotness of temper, his incurable indiscretions, his want of tact and the fatal readiness with which he thrusts his personality into a delicate situation only to make its confusion worse confounded.

The redeeming traits of Enver Bey being as great as his defects, he emerges creditably from the conflict of irreconcilable temperaments in the thick of which he lives. He risked his life a hundred times, we are reminded by the Paris *Temps*, in that desperate march from Salonica that led to the deposition of the late Sultan a few years ago. He had his valet—a Frenchman—with him. He was embraced and kissed in the streets of the

Turkish capital at the time, but, remarks the French organ, he was a too invitingly clean, cool figure to kiss among the ragged and dusty veterans of that campaign. Enver Bey took his life in his hands again when he slipped disguised into Tripoli and led the Arab resistance to the Italian invasion. He is alive mainly because he is so much quicker in the use of a revolver than any man he meets. His health is of that rugged type which the slothful ease of a life at court can not undermine and which the blazing heats of the African sun leaves unimpaired.

His gift, then, is not for council. Neither is it for leadership. He is the hero pure and simple, the performer of preposterous and impossible exploits that save the day at a crisis. He has what the *Figaro* calls a "flair" for the right moment. He never rushes prematurely against a locked door. But when the time comes to kick it in, says our contemporary, he never shrinks. He is most himself when presenting a pistol at the head of an exalted dignitary like the Sultan or when kicking a reactionary old Pasha downstairs or when raiding Yildiz Kiosk. The energetic blow of a physical kind at a time of high excitement is his specialty. Enver Bey rushed at the head of a dozen men into the presence of Abdul Hamid and plucked him by the beard to hasten the abdication. Enver Bey again broke down the door behind which the Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha was signing an inglorious peace and, once more pistol in hand, forced a signature to a resignation. Enver Bey is supreme when tactics entail a knocking down and dragging out. Violence is his business. Yet, as the French daily explains, his is not the coarse and brutal violence of the bully or the hired thug. It is a way, indeed, of seizing with perfect comprehension of a crisis, its truly psychological moment. They



THE YOUNG TURK WHO HAS JUST BEEN STABBED FOR PERHAPS THE FORTIETH TIME IN THE COURSE OF HIS ROMANTIC MILITARY CAREER.

Enver Bey, as this portrait denotes, is one of the best dressed of living Moslems, but his fame depends chiefly upon his prowess with the pistol, with the fist and with the sword when argument fails. He is a hero of Young Turkey, a maker and an unmaker of Sultan and Grand Vizier.

are all superb gestures, these acts of violence, and often carry the day. The men who work with Enver Bey understand this quality of his genius. When Old Turks have to be kicked downstairs, they let Enver Bey do it.

Nothing is so bewildering in the whole aspect of the glorified ruffian of the Young Turk movement—so the French daily deems him—as his sweetness, his look of well-bred gentleness. He cherishes no animosities whatever. Enver Bey will knock you down and drag you out, we read, and then invite

you to breakfast next morning with a sincere and perfect cordiality. He has put his pistol to the head of old Kiamil Pasha, kicked down the door of Ghazi Mukhtar's cabinet, and shot holes in the windows of Yussuf Izeddin's palace without forfeiting the esteem of one of those dignitaries. The explanation of the anomaly is found in the birth and breeding of Enver Bey. He is related by ties of blood and marriage to all that is greatest in the world of Islam. He inherited a large fortune. He has traveled much. He was long connected with the Turkish embassy in Berlin. He is the fine flower of Moslem culture, a species of Mohammedan Alcibiades, with an instinct for adventure. He has acquired much European culture, it is true, but beneath it is the Turk, the blend of the janissary and the giaour. He gets these traits, it is said, from one of his renowned ancestors, the terrible Sultan Bajazet.

Lest it be suspected that Enver Bey is a lawless resolute, an anarchist obeying the dictates of his own mercurial temperament, one should make a note of that devotion to constitution and principle which he so frequently professes in the *Paris Débats*. He avows himself a democrat, wedded to those liberal theories upon which the French republic is built. The difficulty is that Enver Bey has

the most unconstitutional of temperaments. His genius for revolution runs away with his devotion to the pillars of society. He maintained his conviction that Abdul Hamid should remain on the throne until he drove that potentate from his palace. So contagious is the excitement injected by Enver Bey into any atmosphere he breathes, that he renders his associates at times as inflammable as himself. He has, for instance, converted into a perfect Jacobin among Young Turks the quiet Talaat, an ener-

getic and determined man who passed in a few months from the stool of a telegraph clerk to a post in the cabinet. He agitates even the serene Djavid Bey, the clever, resourceful young schoolmaster whom the revolution called to be Minister of Finance, who fell when Enver Bey was in temporary obscurity a few months ago and who was in prison on a charge of sedition until his friend effected an escape. Upon Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the handsome, courtly, mild-voiced Arab general who led the Young Turk troops so victoriously into Constantinople against the Sultan's bodyguard four years ago, the influence of Enver Bey seems to act at times like strong wine. Shevket Pasha became Grand Vizier the other day, the European dailies tell us, because Enver Bey made

a revolution. Shevket is quiet, but Enver Bey can make him loud. He is a man of peace, but his hot-headed young friend has spurred him to battle. Then there is Prince Said Halim, one of the suavest of men, transformed for the moment into a furious belligerent. The personality of Enver Bey has worked the spell. He had fired them with his own determination to hold on to Adrianople and the isles of the Aegean, to maintain Ottoman sway over them. The allies may rage and fume, as the *London Telegraph* observes, the powers may coax and menace, but the Young Turks, roused by Enver Bey, mean to fight until their last man is dead.

Nor does Enver Bey exercise over his brethren in arms a fascination less complete than his sway over the men

now in power at Constantinople. In the cafés of the city he is the most brilliant talker the correspondents quote. He is most himself among his brother officers, convivial, gay, laughing, his well-filled purse always at their disposal and his high spirits their best tonic. He will shoot a cork out of the neck of a champagne bottle at a moment's notice or sing a rollicking song, or dance on the table. His ringing laugh is heard high above the gale of merriment that rages about the mess unceasingly wherever he sits down. He is the born leader of every wild adventure in Constantinople, thoughtless, ardent, living by the sword and, as the *London daily* fears, likely to perish by it, too. The fact that he has just been stabbed by his own men lends piquancy to this theory.

HADLEY OF MISSOURI—A MAN OF YESTERDAY OR OF TO-MORROW?

IS the public career of Herbert S. Hadley, Governor of Missouri, leader of the Roosevelt forces at Chicago, drawing to an end or is it going on to a brilliant culmination in the near future? His term as governor expires this year. There seems no hope of a reelection. Missouri is back in the Democratic column and is not likely to be wrested out of it again for some time to come. Is Hadley going into eclipse or is he going to play an important part in national politics, as leader in the reunion of Republicans and Progressives which so many seem to consider inevitable? Has Hadley, young, popular, clean and heretofore successful, ceased to be a darling of the gods? Is he a man of tomorrow or merely a man of yesterday? Did he "queer" himself irreparably at Chicago six months ago or did he display a far-sighted acumen which the near future will vindicate?

No more surprising demonstration has been seen in a national convention since the stampede for Bryan in 1896 than that which was seen in the last Republican convention, on the second day, in favor of Hadley. It was "such an ovation," to quote from a magazine writer, "as the Republican national convention gives only to its greatest leaders and never bestowed upon so young a man before." In the contest between the Roosevelt and Taft forces, Hadley had been the Roosevelt leader. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, as he advanced to the front of the platform to answer "Jim" Watson on one of the numerous contested points of parliamentary law; the applause began in a moderate way, gradually grew into a roar, then swelled into a cyclone. The cry, "We want Hadley!" was started, apparently among the Pennsyl-

vania Progressives, tho of that no one can be sure. All over the hall delegates rose to their feet, climbed up on their chairs, swung their hats, and joined in the cry. It had all the appearance of a spontaneous performance. It was unorganized and impulsive. Roosevelt's closest friends looked on perplexed trying to study out its significance. The Taft leaders sat tight and talked with one another thoughtfully. After twenty minutes or more, when the significance of it all had become apparent to the fattest-witted of mortals, that historic "lady in white" whom the experienced reporter has learned to look for upon all such occasions, arose in the gallery, leaned far over the railing, waved a poster portrait of "T. R." and with shouts of "We want Teddy" turned the whole Hadley demonstration back again into the regular Roosevelt grooves. But for half an hour, more or less, Herbert S. Hadley stood face to face with Destiny clad in radiant garments. Within twenty-four hours Taft leaders were offering him the nomination for President on the sole condition that Roosevelt would accept the arrangement, and promising to seat the Roosevelt delegates from Washington, California and Texas in the interests of harmony. Peter Clark Macfarlane, reviewing events afterwards in *The Metropolitan Magazine*, says:

"According to the published statements of Governor Hadley and Colonel Roosevelt, two men, Senator Borah and ex-Governor Fort, proposed the plan to the Colonel. Can you imagine with what trepidation the young man from Missouri, less than twenty years out of college, awaited the result of that interview? Can you imagine how selfish it may have looked to him, who fought all night to win the Colonel's majority in the Mis-

souri state convention, that the Colonel, now foredoomed to defeat, should refuse to let another take the prize he himself had failed to get? But the crafty old 'Bull Moose' did refuse, and emphatically. After that refusal it is recorded that the clocks had moved forward no more than a few hours when Hadley himself was closeted with the Colonel, making his own appeal. Again the Colonel refused. He fell back on Scripture and in a more or less fatherly way said: 'They have taken you up into an exceeding high mountain and are showing you all the kingdoms of the world.'

It is all history now, but it has a vital bearing on the question that heads this article. Hadley, the convention leader of the Roosevelt forces, soon after refused to follow his chief in seceding from the Republican party. When the time came for the "silent bolt," Allen of Kansas not Hadley assumed the post of spokesman for the Roosevelt forces. Hadley, who had, so it is charged, planned the "silent bolt," was found leading the Missouri delegation in response to the roll-call. He did not attend the Orchestra Hall meeting of seceders on Saturday night. On Monday morning an interview with him appeared in the *Kansas City Times*. "HADLEY WILL REMAIN REGULAR"—so ran the headlines—"AFTER FIGHTING CONVENTION THIEVES, GOVERNOR SURRENDERS." Says Macfarlane:

"Hadley had surrendered! Was it possible? Men in whose hearts joy and hope and enthusiasm had been kindled by the sudden rise of this new leader with his evidently very great abilities, read that interview, folded their papers and stared blankly into one another's faces. There were other men who fought with Roosevelt but refused to follow him into a third party movement, whose defection caused small shock, because none of them

shone with the glamor of youth and the bright conspicuousness of Hadley.

"What did this surrender mean? Had the character of Hadley crumbled in an hour? Had the flesh of the fighter gone suddenly soft? Was the sword of his spirit broken? Had he weakened; or—had he *turned*? Was it just another sordid case of Browning's lost leader? . . . The truth is that Herbert Spencer Hadley passed between the upper and nether millstones at Chicago. His soul was probably tried as no young man's ever was in the history of American politics."

Was it a surrender? Hadley's friends claim that he never promised to support Roosevelt to the point of secession. "I am a Progressive," he had told Roosevelt weeks before, "but not an insurgent." "What is the difference?" asked the Colonel. "An insurgent," Hadley replied, "is a Progressive who is exceeding the speed-limit."

Hadley was just 41 years of age last month. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, educated at the Northwestern University, and began the practice of law in Kansas City less than nineteen years ago. As assistant city counselor he performed his duties so satisfactorily that he was elected prosecuting attorney of Jackson county. In two years in that office he lost but six suits prosecuted by him, sending 220 persons to felon's cells. He made vigorous war upon public gamblers, bribers, lawless corporations, and crooked officials; but was relegated to private life and became for a time attorney for a number of corporations. Nominated in 1904 for attorney general of Missouri, his personal popularity and the Roosevelt tidal wave carried him into office. His prosecution of Standard Oil; his success in New York City in forcing H. H. Rogers to answer questions he at first refused to answer; his prosecution of the railways, the "lumber trust," the "harvester trust," and of St. Louis gamblers gave him a national reputation. On the strength of his record he was elected governor in a Democratic State, and was one of "the seven" who



FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HE CONFRONTED A RADIANT DESTINY

Then T. R. said no and Radiant Destiny fled for the time from the side of Herbert S. Hadley. The question, will she return? is one of the most interesting in present-day politics. Some think she has fled forever; but Hadley is only just turned forty and no one can tell what may happen.

persuaded Roosevelt to stand again for a presidential nomination.

He was a farm boy in Kansas, the scion of a pioneer family, one grandfather having been a Quaker missionary to the Indians and another having been a Presbyterian minister in Kansas in the bloody days of Ossawatimie Brown. He was a brilliant student at College, taking first honors, a "college orator," and, tho always rather frail in health, fond of athletic sports. He entered politics as naturally as a duck takes to water and out in Missouri they have coupled such adjectives as "Napoleonic" with his name.

On the platform, even in such a fight as that at Chicago last summer, he conducts himself like a gentleman instead of a slugger, and makes personal friends of his opponents. After the Chicago convention, the editor of the

the Roosevelt leaders has in the meantime worn off.

Hadley makes a very agreeable impression even before he begins to talk. He has an unassuming matter-of-fact air, devoid of self-consciousness or effort at display. He is a ready talker, yet he does not give the impression of glibness. He speaks carefully, weighing his words, but with an agreeable fluency of expression. For a man of the middle West there is surprisingly little tendency to "orate." "As an orator," says one writer, "he is not of the raucous type. He does not slam the codes around nor hurl the Revised Statutes of the United States at the heads of the jurists or opposing counsel." Nor is he of a violently radical temperament. Frank C. Lockwood describes him, in *The Independent*, as "temperamentally conservative."

Review of Reviews, Dr. Albert Shaw, one of Roosevelt's confidants, spoke about Hadley's distinction of manner, and the "courtesy of his speech," and the "good personal impression" he made; but asserted that he was no match for the Taft leader. "Jim" Watson, the difference between the two being something like that between a *matinée* idol and a real master of men." The truth is, Hadley is hampered in politics in the same way Beveridge is—by being too confoundedly good-looking.

Governor Hadley has been recently suggesting a national Republican convention to reconstruct the party machinery and to recast the national platform along more progressive lines. President Butler has been urging the same thing. A similar proposal comes from Frank Munsey. But the suggestions are all regarded as premature at this time. What the Republican leaders and Progressive leaders alike seem to be waiting for is the development of Woodrow Wilson's policy. When the time comes for a serious effort to get the two parties together, Hadley is likely to play again a conspicuous part. How conspicuous depends upon the degree to which the soreness of

Music and Drama

"THE ARGYLE CASE"—DETECTIVE BURNS COLLABORATES WITH TWO PLAYWRIGHTS

THE crook-plays seem to fascinate metropolitan audiences. The greatest successes this season of the New York stage—"Within the Law," "The Conspiracy," and "The Argyle Case"—borrow their action from the underworld. "The Whip," a hugely successful and sensational melodrama, must also be placed in this same category. One or two other plays along similar lines, among these "Blackbirds," failed, but the end is not yet. There are still depths unsounded; there are still dives not yet recreated upon the boards. If we were to mention the most successful plays of the season we would add to the four enumerated above, "Rutherford and Son," a Scotch character study, done exquisitely well at Mr. Ames' "Little Theatre"; "Peg o' My Heart," a delightful Irish play; "Joseph and his Brethren," a spectacular but artistically effective pean in honor of Judah; and two children's plays, "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and "A Good Little Devil," the latter of which owes its attraction chiefly to Belasco's stage wizardry and the joint authorship of Mme. Rostand and her son. The fact remains, however, that at least four out of the nine hits of the season skilfully appeal to the same instinct in grown-ups that turns the pennies and the hearts of little boys to Nick Carter. If "Within the Law" is the best crook-play of the season, "The Argyle Case" is the best portraiture of the modern detective. Detective Burns, who appears on the program as the collaborator of Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, the author, vouched in a curtain speech for the verisimilitude of the play. The art of securing impressions of finger-tips is elucidated, and the dictograph, the terror of conspiring labor-leaders and unrighteous legislators, plays an integral part in the development of the plot, with considerable ingenuity and a fair amount of plausibility.

The story revolves about the person of an extraordinarily astute detective, a part skilfully essayed by Robert Hilliard, who is called upon to solve the mystery of the murder of a rich merchant who has been found dead in his library. Public suspicion, fostered by yellow newspapers, has fallen upon the

disinherited son of the choleric old gentleman, Bruce Argyle, and upon Mary Masuret, his adopted daughter, the chief beneficiary under his will.

In the first act Never-Sleep Kayton, the famous detective, scours the house for a trace of the murderers. He discovers feminine finger-prints on the table overturned by the dead man as he fell under the blow of the assassin. He also discovers that Bruce was with his father shortly before the murder. Mary likewise offers ground for suspicion by her strange behavior on the night of the murder. There also seems to have been a mysterious telephone call near midnight. Incidentally Kayton finds a perfectly new one-hundred-dollar bill in an envelope on the dead merchant's desk which seems to have escaped the previous investigation of the police. James T. Hurley, a lawyer and promoter, officiously offers his assistance. "I am so glad," he remarks, "that you have come in on the case. I

don't doubt you'll clear it up for us." Hurley's behavior arouses Kayton's suspicion and he at once details a man to shadow his every movement. He then turns his attention to Bruce and Mary separately. It is evident that each suspects and tries to shield the other. Kayton, as if by accident, leaves them alone for a moment to exchange confidences. He closes the door, then opens it quickly, his hand only being seen by the audience.

MARY. Bruce, I want to speak to you.

BRUCE. (*Intensely.*) What is it, Mary?

MARY. (*Breathless with fear.*) I told the detective.

BRUCE. What?

MARY. Oh, Bruce! Can't you prove that you didn't come back here that night?

BRUCE. Mary, I don't know what you mean—

MARY. I was awake. I heard your father go to the door. Oh, I meant never to tell anyone; but he made me. I don't know how. Can't you prove that it wasn't you?

BRUCE. (*Taking hold of her almost roughly.*) Mary! What are you saying? That you heard father let me in?

MARY. Oh, Bruce, I thought I heard your voice. I thought I heard you quarreling.

BRUCE. What have you been thinking? That I came back here and quarreled with my father and—and— How could you think such a thing?

MARY. Oh—I didn't think it was on purpose, Bruce. Indeed I didn't.

BRUCE. What did you think?

MARY. He was always so—so violent when he got angry at you. I thought he did something, made an attack on you and you had to defend yourself. Of course I knew it was an accident. Bruce,—don't look like that!—Bruce! (*He is looking at her with such intensity of indignation and sense of wrong that she breaks off, breathless.*)

BRUCE. Have you believed all this time that I killed my father?

MARY. I tell you, Bruce, I thought it was an accident. I didn't blame you.

BRUCE. An accident! Why, if such a thing had happened, wouldn't I have called you—roused the house—got help? How could you think such a thing? Mary—do you think so now?

MARY. No—no—you couldn't have!

BRUCE. You do—you do! (*Enter Kayton, shutting door.*) Just in time, Mr. Kayton. We've got hold of something at



THE PEERLESS DETECTIVE

Robert Hilliard has collaborated with Detective Burns in creating this character.

last to give out. She heard me come back. That ought to satisfy the public. That ought to clear her! I did not come back—but give it out. I can stand it. Give it— (*He leaves the room.*)

MARY. (*Rushes to door, calling.*) Bruce! Bruce! (*To Kayton.*) Help us! Do help us! Don't say he came back here. I was wrong, I'm sure I was. He says he didn't come. Please don't tell anyone! What have I done? What have I done?

The detective, convinced of the innocence of both, pledges himself to discover the real culprit. He cleverly establishes a connection between Mary and one Nellie Marsh, implicated with a gang of counterfeiters, led by the notorious Frederick Kreisler. Mary believes her mother to be dead, but Kayton surmizes that she is the daughter of Nellie Marsh and that both Hurley and the dead millionaire are in some manner mixed up with the counterfeiters. He places a decoy advertisement in the newspapers, in connection with an alleged legacy left by Argyle to "N. M." His prey promptly walks into his trap. A veiled lady appears, asserting that she is Nellie Marsh, the lost heiress. "Do you think," he asks her, "that your signature might be found among Mr. Argyle's papers?"

MRS. MARTIN. Why, yes, my endorsement of checks, if he kept them.

KAYTON. Well, then, if you'll leave your signature with me, I'll turn it over to the lawyers.

MRS. MARTIN. Thank you. (*She removes her glove while Kayton, without speaking, places paper on a table for her, and dips a pen into the deep ink-well, then he abstractedly places the pen in her fingers. She takes it, then, realizing that it is wet and has inked her hand, she drops it with a little exclamation of dismay, looking at her hand.*)

KAYTON. (*Quickly.*) Oh, I beg your pardon! Don't get it on your glove. Let me— (*He picks up blotter and carefully dries her hand.*) I always forget about that ink-well. Try this pen. (*Giving her another. He tosses the blotter into the waste basket. She dips pen gingerly and writes her name.*) Thank you, that'll be all.

MRS. MARTIN. (*About to go.*) You have my address. (*Kayton picks up Mrs. Martin's card and reads it.*) I'll hear from you.

KAYTON. Yes. Just a moment, Mrs. Martin. (*Mrs. Martin stops.*) I'm in a very peculiar position and it has just occurred to me here you might help me.

MRS. MARTIN. I!

KAYTON. I suppose you've followed the newspaper reports of Mr. Argyle's death and our investigation.

MRS. MARTIN. Oh, closely.

KAYTON. Then you have seen that suspicion has been directed against his adopted daughter?

MRS. MARTIN. Yes. It seemed to me very cruel.

KAYTON. Yes, and it seems to me very unjustified. It has become necessary that

Miss Masuret should be protected from the annoyance of reporters and photographers. She's on the point of breaking down. (*Mrs. Martin exclaims in sympathy.*) And you know even an innocent woman will do things to implicate herself if she's tried beyond the limit of her strength.

MRS. MARTIN. (*Sitting in chair tensely.*) Yes, yes, of course!

KAYTON. But she is so watched it is impossible for us to get her away anywhere without its being known. It is necessary for our purposes to make the real criminal confident that we are off the trail. To be frank with you, we suspect a former member of the household.

MRS. MARTIN. Indeed?

KAYTON. (*After a pause.*) We want Miss Masuret to disappear, and to disappear so completely that not even a member of her own household will suspect that we have anything to do with it. Any flight by train would be instantly found out. It must be secret and sensational. Her closest friends must be in a state of the greatest alarm. Do you follow me?

MRS. MARTIN. Yes, yes, but—

KAYTON. Well then, you must see yourself, Mrs. Martin, that you are in just the right position to help us. Your relations with the family are absolutely unknown. I am sure I could trust to your discretion. No one connected with her would ever connect her with you, and you can receive her without explanation to anyone as a total stranger into one of your furnished rooms.

Mrs. Marsh finally consents to Kayton's plan. When she leaves the room a comparison of her finger-prints with those previously taken, reveals that they are identical. Kayton now summons Mary and tells her that she must totally disappear from view for a few days in order to confirm the suspicion against her and to put the real criminals off their guard. He also tells her that the woman who calls herself Mrs. Martin, while possibly innocent herself, knows the secret of Mr. Argyle's murder. "She keeps a furnished lodging house. There are reasons why she has consented to take you as a lodger, secretly. We must gain access to this house without arousing suspicion. I can visit you there myself, my men can come. You'll have nothing to fear. You'll be protected every moment. I will send you one of these little dictographs." A dictograph, he explains, is like a telephone, only much more sensitive. "Conceal it in your room. Drop the wire out of your window and my men will connect with it. I would never," he goes on to say, "let you do this unless I were absolutely sure that you will be safe and that I can clear you later." Mary consents. Mrs. Martin is called into the room. Thus mother and daughter meet. The daughter, fortunately for herself, is unaware of the kinship.

The third act is the most exciting

of all. The stage is divided into two sections. To the left is the counterfeiter's den where most of the action takes place. To the right is a room rented by Kayton, occupied by members of his detective agency. They are there for the purpose of taking notes from the dictographs connecting with Kreisler's and with Mary's rooms. Kayton is with Mary in her room downstairs. The scene is an old house on Washington Square, New York. Old Kreisler, a part played with remarkable ingenuity by Hugo von Seyfertitz, is bleaching notes. Gage, a young crook, upbraids him for the delay incurred by indulging in laborious photographic processes. "That is the way with you Americans," Kreisler disgustedly exclaims. "No patience, no science, no artistry, half-baked, get-rich-quick!" Every word he utters is of course taken by Kayton's stenographers listening through the wire.

KREISLER. Be patient, Gage, be patient; you shall and we shall be paying for counterfeit with counterfeit. Counterfeit stock certificates for counterfeit gold certificates. There is nothing in the treasury to back our gold certificates and there is nothing in the companies to back their stock certificates, and the government protects them and prosecutes us. (*Sits and puts glove on left hand.*)

GAGE. Doctor, that's the difference between promotin' and counterfeitin'!

BOB. (*One of Kayton's men in the attic.*) Hold on, boys, my wire's working. It's Kayton's voice. He's telling the girl not to worry. (*Enter Mrs. Martin. Kreisler smiles at her. Kreisler, glove on hand, goes hurriedly to work. Adds liquid from small bottle and stirs liquid. Takes up one-dollar bills. Sigh from Mrs. Martin.*)

KREISLER. My dear heart, you are very tired. (*Continuing his work.*) Tired, my dear? (*Puts bill behind pan, takes up trick bill, exposes printed side, places it in pan, sponges it. Then lifts it out with gloved hand and places it on marble slab and begins to roll it.* Mrs. Martin takes off hat and places it on mantel. Then goes to Kreisler, and lovingly places her cheek against his. Kreisler ceases work and tenderly pats her right cheek with his right hand.)

MRS. MARTIN. Frederick, I want you to give it all up. Let's go.

KREISLER. Where is your courage, my dear? Where is your courage?

MRS. MARTIN. I don't know, Frederick. I'm terribly afraid. I'm panic-stricken. There's been too much. Too much. Argyle's death—

KREISLER. Sh!

MRS. MARTIN. And yesterday with the detectives. Oh, I shouldn't have gone there.

KREISLER. That was Hurley. That was high-cash advice.

MRS. MARTIN. No. I risked it myself—for the money. Honest money. I wanted to be able to say to you: "Here, now, we have enough. Let us cut loose from this life. All these people. Frederick, I want to be safe."

KREISLER. These are foolish little fears.

Think how we are already safe, and think of all the years that I've spent to make us safe. (*Lifting bill from money box.*) Look at it! It is perfect. I could pass that to the experts of the Treasury. It will be the first time in the history of the world and it is I who shall do it. In a few weeks the whole country will be flooded with them. Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston and New York—all on the same day. Then we shall go out with the whole world for our playground.

MRS. MARTIN. Yes! Yes! But—we shall always be hunted, hunted wherever we go. We can never get away from it. It's too big, Frederick, it's too big. They'd never let a man who could make a bill like that escape. You know that if one of these men were caught, he'd betray you to save himself. (*Kreisler puts bill away in box.*) The government would pardon him, would pardon them all, to get you, safe! Every prison in the world would be waiting for you.

KREISLER. I shall never go to prison again! If I'm caught I'll kill myself.

MRS. MARTIN. Then I hope to God you'll kill me too, Frederick. I'd never have the courage to kill myself, and it would be the end of everything for me.

KREISLER. Ah! You see, the great soul! You give up everything for me. You leave everybody. You give up your little daughter. You share prison with me and I—I take—take—take. I am the selfish one. And now, when I say I would take my life, you would share death with me. Ah! You see the great soul! (*Kreisler returns to work.*)

MRS. MARTIN. Oh, if I could only make you feel as I do! I'm so oppressed! Frederick, this is a great thing that you've intended, this process of color-photography. Think what can be done with it. It would bring fame to you and an honest fortune.

KREISLER. Yes, my love, in an honest world. But they would cheat me. They would steal it. And see! I must have money to finance it, to protect it. When all this blows over, in Germany, perhaps. Who knows?

These mutual confidences are interrupted by the entrance of Hurley.

HURLEY. What's this about you're bringing a strange woman here? (*Putting hat on table and coat on chair.*)

MRS. MARTIN. That's all right. You needn't worry about that. I know what I'm doing.



HIS LOVE IS REAL, EVEN IF HIS MONEY IS "PHONEY"

The counterfeiter and his inamorata in the "Argyle Case."

HURLEY. What are you doing?

KREISLER. Don't be so rough. She can explain to you. (*He puts bills in money-box and locks it.*)

HURLEY. Who is it?

MRS. MARTIN. Miss Masuret.

HURLEY. What? Here!

MRS. MARTIN. Kayton asked me to take charge of her.

HURLEY. My God! Are you crazy?

MRS. MARTIN. It would have been crazy to refuse.

HURLEY. This is a plant.

MRS. MARTIN. But listen!

HURLEY. The one person in the world that you should have kept farthest away from!

KREISLER. Do not talk, Hurley! Listen! Listen!

MRS. MARTIN. When I went in yesterday, about the legacy, he was planning to have the girl disappear. He wanted to protect her from reporters. And, besides, he suspected some one in the Argyle House and he wanted to throw all suspicion on her, and put them off their guard. (*Kreisler slowly and in deep thought walks towards door.*) It was my telling him I had furnished rooms that put the idea in his head. He thought of course that I must be under obligations to Mr. Argyle. And I couldn't refuse to take her without arousing his suspicions. How could I? What excuse could I give? I couldn't tell him why we didn't want her in the house.

KREISLER. It would have been better to let that legacy go.

HURLEY. Hold on! Wait a minute! What was that? Do you mean to tell me that he's using us to throw the real criminals off their guard?

MRS. MARTIN. Because he wanted her to disappear, don't you understand? He put the whole plan right in my hands. He was puzzling about it when I came in. She was there and he was trying to make some arrangement. (*During the boisterous laughter on Hurley's part in the rest of the scene, at each burst of laughter, Kreisler hushes him in great anxiety for fear he should be heard by Kayton and Mary.*)

HURLEY. (*Springing up and going.*) Well, by God! (*Laughs.*) Never - Sleep Kayton! Isn't he wonderful, this great detective? Never-Sleep Kayton. (*Laughs.*) Oh, it's all advertizing. He's a pin-head.

Hurley goes away. Hardly is he gone when, from various indications, the criminals begin to realize that everything is not as it should be. Kreis-

ler puts away the tools of his trade and leaves the room momentarily. When Mrs. Martin is alone, Kayton suddenly enters with Mary.

"Mrs. Martin," he remarks, "my men are watching this house. The 'personal' you answered was a plant. There was no such legacy." Mrs. Martin is dumbfounded. He promises her mercy, if not immunity, in return for a full confession. Mrs. Martin refuses to listen to his proposal. Kreisler reappears and threatens to kill him. Kayton's men rush to his rescue. Kreisler shoots himself.

The final act takes place in Kayton's office. He vainly attempts to wrest Frederick's secret processes, or the secret of the murder from Mrs. Martin. He nevertheless "frames up" a confession to which he appends Mrs. Martin's signature. This document he holds in readiness when Hurley, somewhat distraught but still unsuspecting, enters his office in response to a cleverly worded telephone call. "I'm very busy this morning, Mr. Kayton," he remarks, "but I want to oblige you. What is the clue?"

KAYTON. (*Still busy with papers.*) It's a little better than a clue. I think we've got the man who killed Argyle.

HURLEY. (*Stands, staring at him, very white.*) Well, well!

KAYTON. Have a cigar, sit down.

HURLEY. Who is it? Who is it?

KAYTON. I'll tell you about that—Sit down. (*Hurley sits. There is a slight pause. Kayton swinging round in chair towards him.*) Mr. Hurley, when did it first occur to you that Mr. Argyle's mind was affected?

HURLEY. (*After a pause.*) I don't get you.

KAYTON. You will. You don't think that you could interest a man in his position, a millionaire, in a scheme for counterfeiting, if he were in his right mind?

HURLEY. (*Deliberately.*) What do you mean?

KAYTON. Mr. Hurley, did you ever try a case?

HURLEY. (*Off guard.*) You forget that I'm a lawyer.

KAYTON. I don't forget it. I don't believe it.

HURLEY. What are you driving at?

KAYTON. Mr. Hurley, did you ever see a dictograph?

HURLEY. A what?

KAYTON. A dictograph. (*Showing dictograph.*) Don't be afraid. It won't bite you. It doesn't do anything but listen, and it's got the longest ears. It makes a sucker look like a jackass. As you saw it in the morning papers before you packed your bag, we arrested a gang of counterfeiters last night. After we had been listening to them for some time with our little dictograph. Interesting conversation, too, Hurley. They say listeners never hear any good of themselves. Let me read you what you said about me. (*Reads Hurley's lines.*) "Never-Sleep Kayton. Isn't he wonderful—this great detective? Oh, it's all advertizing." I'm sore on you for that: "Eh Kreisler? He's a pin-head. Sh! Hurley, not so loud."

HURLEY. (*Rises.*) You think you can bluff me with a frame-up thing like that?

KAYTON. Let me finish. We pinched the whole bunch and I advised Mrs. Martin to do what she could for herself by

making a complete statement of the facts, as she knew them, and in her confession here she not only implicates you with these counterfeiters, but she also charges you with the murder of Argyle.

HURLEY. It's a damned lie! That's all a fake.

KAYTON. Do you know that signature?

HURLEY. I tell you it's a fake. To protect herself.

KAYTON. Then you mean to say that Mrs. Martin is responsible for the death of Argyle? (*Kayton touches button. Exit Leischmann. Enter Mrs. Martin.*) Mrs. Martin, Hurley just stated that you killed John Argyle.

MRS. MARTIN. What! You—you—you? It's a lie. He killed him.

Mary and Bruce are cleared. Mrs. Martin is merely detained as a witness. And Mary wins not only her rehabilitation, but a husband—in Never-Sleep Kayton!

DRAMATIZING THE BIBLE

BIBLICAL themes are, as a rule, tabooed on the stage. The public or (in England) the censor usually resents the adaptation of sacred lore to the usages of the theater. Yet every playwright, as Louis Napoleon Parker remarks in an interview, must look with longing at the great dramatic stories in the Bible and yearn to bring them to visible life on the stage. "Certainly," he adds, "every playwright who, behind and under the veneer of persiflage with which a moderately modest man conceals his respect for his own art, must wish that he had an opportunity of dignifying the stage by transferring one of their epics to its boards. In England we have until now been denied this privilege. The ban of the Censor has laid on Bible subjects. Now, however, that we have had Salomes innumerable, now that Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has been performed as an opera, and that *Delilah* has cut Samson's hair to Saint-Saëns' tunes, I hope that the ban will be lifted." Mr. Parker's own dramatization of the story of Joseph and his brethren will perhaps be most effective in finally lifting the ban. For in this pageant play, as Adolph Klauber remarks in the *New York Times*, we find not only the reverential embodiment of a lovely story but an entertainment

exceptionally impressive in its appeal. "It may be doubted indeed," the writer goes on to say, "whether our stage has ever seen a more completely satisfying play made from a Bible story." Mr. Brandon Tynan's interpretation of

Joseph is regarded by Klauber as "one of the most striking examples of romantic acting seen on our stage for many years," while to Mr. James O'Neil the tribute is paid that his impersonation of the father of Israel has "the largeness and aloofness needed to give the figure on the stage just such quality of poetic grandeur as it has in the Scripture." Mr. Klauber goes on to say:

"In the material aids of scenery, costume, color, and music, the various cooperating forces have been singularly successful. From first to last the story is quickly, vividly and fascinatingly unfolded, and there are splendid effects of chiaroscuro not only in the pictures, but in the contrasts of the figures and their actions. So a real history seems to be unfolding itself with the rounded completeness of life itself rather than a mere story in the flat. Captious critics will urge, perhaps, that the story of Joseph is in itself so beautiful and varied that it needed no additions from modern hands. And that, in a sense, is true. But it is apparent that Mr. Parker has realized that in presenting such a pageant in the theater, the needs of the lesser as well as the greater intelligence must be considered. And so there are scenes to stir the blood of the unimaginative spectator as he may not be stirred by those subtler, deeper notes of retribution and redemption which are natural to the narrative."



THE ETERNAL STORY

Joseph and Potiphar's wife, whom M. Parker names Zuleika. The playwright tells us that he has discovered such to have been the name of the enamored lady.



THE RECOGNITION

The brothers of Joseph imploring his mercy in Louis N. Parker's romantic drama based on the biblical story.

The Bulletin of the Play-going Committee of the Drama League is equally unqualified in its praise. Hall Caine once remarked that the story of Joseph and his brethren was the best story ever told, in or out of the Old Testament. In many of its incidents and in its spiritual message the tale of Joseph may be regarded as the forerunner of the story of Christ. In Parker's version, as produced in the Century Theater in New York, the similarity of these two wonderful narratives is subtly but perceptibly emphasized.

Mr. Parker, of course, was not the first to realize the dramatic value of the incidents in Joseph's career as told in the Bible. Several poetic versions of the story may be found both in the old and in the more recent English drama. Two Joseph plays have held the Yiddish stage for many decades. All these versions follow the original story with great fidelity. Mr. Parker, without altering the story as a whole, has taken numerous liberties. In this expansion, as Mr. P. R. Towse remarks in *The Evening Post*, lay the difficulty and the danger. "Only the greatest of writers," the critic severely continues, "could hope to weave the phrases of King James's Bible among the added sentences of his own invention so deftly as to escape detection."

"To say that Mr. Parker has succeeded in doing this would be foolish flattery. But his failure in this respect has not been disastrous, and if the original text, where he uses it, is conspicuous in its vigor, significance, and propriety, he is entitled to

heartily credit for the conscientiousness and ingenuity with which he has preserved so much of it, and his own dialog is seldom slovenly or inept. In this part of his task he has acquitted himself as well as could reasonably be expected. His great mistake has been in trying to intensify the dramatic action, which needed no such buttressing by a recourse to cheap melodramatic expedients which, instead of embellishing the original story, tend to vulgarize and belittle it."

The *Evening Post* critic especially objects to the introduction of one Zuleika, Potiphar's wife, whose blood and fancy is fired at the first sight of Joseph, when, having been cast into a pit by his unfeeling brethren, he is dragged from the midst of slime and serpents. She takes him as a slave into Egypt. How, remarks Mr. Klauber, who squarely takes issue with Mr. Towse, this unhappy lady, wife of Potiphar, the Captain of Pharaoh's army, seeks to tempt Joseph to forget his duty, and how, in jealous anger, she has him thrown into a dungeon vile, are parts of a twice, and many more times, told melodramatic tale, but it is effectively employed. And it serves very well to bring contrast and variety to the general proceedings. By way of supplementary evidence to Joseph's good sense, Mr. Klauber goes on to say, there is "true love's story" worked out very charmingly, with Asenath, daughter of the High Priest, as the loyal object of his devotions.

"The action proceeds from the tents of Schehem, where Jacob rejoices in the majority of his last-born child, Joseph,

son of Rachel, and where he presents him with the coat of many colors, while the brethren stand by, bitter and disconsolate, at the favors accorded to 'the dreamer.' And the scene of the betrayal at the wells of Dothan is promptly followed by a return to Jacob's tent, where all make merry in preparation for a fête in Joseph's honor. But the brothers return without 'the dreamer,' falsifying the facts in accord with Simeon's instructions, and leaving to the friendly Reuben the difficult task of telling the old man of Joseph's death. Comes presently Reuben, weeping and wailing, and bearing the coat of many colors, upon which, unbeknown to him, the blood of the ewe lamb has been spread. And there is weeping and wailing in Israel.

"The second act is devoted largely to the story of Zuleika's plot against Potiphar and her unsuccessful quest of Joseph's love, and the varied action is carried on in four scenes, two of which, a view of Potiphar's garden and Zuleika's room, are notably beautiful and effective. Potiphar is obliged to go out to fight the invading hordes and leaves Joseph to oversee his household."

The rest of the story and its finale are history. "Joseph and his Brethren," the author explains, was written seven years ago, before "Disraeli," "Drake" and "Pomander Walk." Mr. Parker affords an insight into the workings of his panoramic brain. "My method of writing this sort of play," he goes on to say, "is the method I suppose every author pursues under similar circumstances. I surround myself with a small library of authorities." Having culled what he needs from these works, he forgets them.

THE FIRST "FUTURIST" IN MUSIC

THE latest and perhaps the most violent expression of the esthetics of Futurism is found in the musical compositions of Arnold Schoenberg of Vienna. The reaction of the most cultured musical audiences of Europe to the Schoenberg cacaphonies has been at each performance an atavistic one. Hissing has seemed the most effective weapon of self-protection. There is a danger, however, one learns from the European press, in trying to crush the futurist composer by hissing, for in this fashion the public runs the danger of thrusting greatness upon him. The majority of the critics seem unanimous in the opinion that Schoenberg possesses but one element of greatness—he is an adept in the art of being misunderstood. Even those who rushed in to defend Richard Strauss, Reger, or Debussy, fear to tread upon the brink of futurism in music, while the more conservative consider it the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole philosophy and esthetics of the Futurist school.

Sympathetic criticisms and appreciations of the compositions of Herr Schoenberg are not lacking, however, the more enthusiastic among them coming from critics who have had the advantage of being unable to attend the Schoenberg concerts. Those who have heard this "music of to-morrow" have not missed the opportunity to ask in injured tones why they must listen to it to-day.

Post-impressionistic stage settings, it seems, were used to intensify the bizarre effect in the Schoenberg concert in Berlin last December. To some, this added injury to insult. A dark screen, eight feet high and forty feet long, ran across the stage, hiding orchestra and pianist. In the center of this was a niche, and in this stood the statuesque Albertine Zehme, whose beauty is of a type said to be fascinating to post-impressionists. Fräulein Zehme's duty was "to sigh and snort, scream and shout" her way through Albert Giraud's "Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire." The Berlin correspondent of the *Musical Courier* gives his impression of the Pierrot Lunaire suite as follows:

"Some day it may be pointed out as of historical interest because representing the turning point, for the outraged muse surely can endure no more of this. Such noise must drive even the moon-struck Pierrot back to the realm of real music. Albertine Zehme, a well-known Berlin actress, dressed in a Pierrot costume, recited the 'Three Times Seven' poems, as the program announced, while a musical, or rather unmusical, ensemble, consisting of a piano, violin, viola, cello, piccolo, and clarinet, stationed behind a black screen and invisible to the audience, discoursed the most ear-splitting combinations of tones that ever desecrated the



Courtesy of the New York Times

THE SEXTET OF A MUSICAL INSURGENT

To the eye of the ordinary reader this page looks harmless enough. The trained musician will discover some of the most unconventional things ever attempted in music.

walls of a Berlin music hall. Schoenberg has thrown overboard all of the sheet anchors of the art of music. Melody he eschews in every form; tonality he knows not, and such a word as harmony is not in his vocabulary. He purposely and habitually takes false basses and the screeching of the fiddle, piccolo, and clarinet baffled description."

Schoenberg, however, is a real musician. His book on harmony has been widely praised. He has been a professor in the Meisterschule in Vienna as head of the theory department, the highest official position in the Austrian Empire for the teaching of music, so Dr. Karlton Hackett tells us in the *Chicago Evening Post*. He has been thoroly trained in the structure of music according to the old models, Dr. Hackett continues, and "his musical anarchy is the choice of a well equipped student, and not a vagary arising from undigested mental pabulum."

Ernest Newman, an English champion of Richard Strauss, is another critic who is making a serious attempt to diagnose the musical futurist. He writes in the *London Nation*:

"The truth is that Schoenberg has visions of possibilities in music for which neither he nor anyone else has as yet been able to find the right idiom. It is unquestionable that modern harmony can expand almost indefinitely. The problem is how to keep it still coherent and logical as it grows more subtle and complex. It

must, like prose or poetry, talk sense, and, like painting, it must be recognizably veracious. The trouble is that you cannot test the truth of music, as you can test the truth of poetry, or painting, or sculpture, by comparing it with any external original. Who, then, is to say what is right or wrong, false or true?

"If a composer like Schoenberg tells us that his music is the honest transcript of emotions really felt, who has the right to sneer at it simply because it conveys no emotion at all to him? The very fact that the material of musical expression is not eternally fixed, as words and colors are, but alters from one generation to another, is enough to make us cautious in our condemnation of any new idiom. May it not be that the new composer sees a logic in certain tonal relations that to the rest of us seem chaos at present, but the coherence of which may be clear enough to us all some day?

"My own experience of Schoenberg leads me to the conclusion that he is a man of undoubted gifts who, in his later work, is aiming at the transcription of new shades of emotion into a musical language that he has not yet succeeded in making logical and lucid. Perhaps this is to write him down as a failure. For genuine imagination, projecting outwardly a vision veritably seen, always makes its own language; and it may be that Schoenberg's many fumbings prove him simply to be lacking in imagination and vision of the right fire and intensity. But whether he succeeds or not in doing what he is now trying to do, it will have to be done some day by some one. The next vital development of music will be along the lines of the best of Schoenberg."

Schoenberg, it strikes one immediately, is a figure who might have stepped out of James Huneker's "Melomaniacs." In an interesting essay in the *New York Times* Huneker himself calls Schoenberg "the Max Stirner" of music. In graphic style Mr. Huneker describes his psychic impressions of a Schoenberg "concert":

"It is the decomposition of the art, I thought, as I held myself in my seat. Of course, I meant decomposition of tones, as they say in the slang of the ateliers.

"What did I hear? At first, the sound of delicate china shivering into a thousand luminous fragments. In the welter of tonalities that bruised each other as they passed and repassed, in the preliminary grip of enharmonies that almost made the ears bleed, the eyes water, the scalp to freeze, I could not get a central grip on myself. It was new music, or new exquisitely horrible sounds, with a vengeance. The very ecstasy of the hideous! I say exquisitely horrible, for pain can be at once exquisite and horrible; consider toothache and its first cousin, neuralgia. And the borderland between pain and pleasure is a territory hitherto unexplored by musical composers. Wagner suggests poetic anguish; Schoenberg not only arouses the image of



Courtesy of the New York Times

HOW SCHOENBERG LOOKS TO THE CAMERA

This is how the unimaginative lens of an amateur photographer reflects the latest rebel in music.

anguish, but he brings it home to his auditory in the most subjective way. You suffer the anguish with the fictitious character in the poem. Your nerves—and remember the porches of the ears are the gateways to the brain and ganglionic centers—are literally pinched, scraped. . . .

"How does Schoenberg do it? How does he pull off the trick? It is not a question to be lightly answered. In the first place the personality of the listener is bound to obtrude itself; dissociation from one's ego—if such a thing were possible—would be intellectual death; only by the clear, persistent image of ourselves do we exist—banal psychology as old as the hills. And the ear, like the eye, soon 'accommodates' itself to new perspectives and unrelated harmonies.

"How far are we here from the current notion that music is a consoler, is joy-breeding, or should, according to the Aristotelian formula, purge the soul through pity and terror. I felt the terror, but pity was absent. Blood-red clouds swept over vague horizons. It was a new land through which I wandered. And so it went on to the end, and I noted as we progressed that Schoenberg, despite his ugly sounds, was master of more than one mood; witness the shocking cynicism of the gallows song 'Die dürre Dirne mit langem Halse.' Such music is shameful—and that's the precise effect I was after—would the composer triumphantly answer, and he would be right. What kind of music is this, without melody, in the ordinary sense; without themes, yet every acorn of a phrase contrapuntally developed by an adept, without a harmony that did not smite the ears, lacerate, figuratively speaking, the eardrums; keys forced into hateful marriage that are miles asunder, or else too closely related for aural matrimony; no form, that is, in the scholastic formal sense, and rhythms that are so persistently varied as to become monotonous—what kind of music,



Courtesy of the New York Times

HOW SCHOENBERG LOOKS TO HIMSELF

To his own eyes Schoenberg, the first futurist in music, presents this queer shape, entirely in harmony with his music.

I repeat, is this that can paint a 'crystal sigh,' the blackness of prehistoric night, the abyss of a morbid soul, the man in the moon, the faint sweet odors of an impossible fairyland, and the strut of the dandy from Bergamo? There is no melodic or harmonic line, only a series of points, dots, dashes, or phrases that sob and scream, despair, explode, exalt, blaspheme."

THE RETURN OF THE MARIONETS

IN recent years the theater has become a more and more expensive form of amusement both for the public and the managers. Some believe it to be proportionately less appealing. Mr. A. H. Woods, a New York producer, recently predicted a theatrical panic. The time is not far distant, according to Mr. Woods, when a great many Broadway theaters will be converted into garages. One of the most significant reactions from the much advertized "sumptuous" productions is the revival of interest in puppet shows, both in this country and in Europe. Several years ago the intellectual élite of San Francisco "discovered" a marionet theater in the Latin quarter there. Devotees of the marionet cult in New York have also been successful in ferreting out the Italian *pupazzi* on the upper east side. Gordon Craig and his followers have established a Society of the Marionet and have delved at length into its history. Clunn Lewis, who travels the roads of England with his puppets, performed last year at the Camera Club in London, and, says "John Bull" in *The Mask*, "Bernard Shaw wrote something about

Clunn Lewis, and it was far more complimentary than what he wrote about Sir Henry Irving." Others who remained to praise were G. K. Chesterton, Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Manning. Miss Dora Nussey in London and Miss Margaret Bulley in Liverpool have inaugurated a "true, proper and authentic" presentation to the public of "His Highness Prince Puppet."

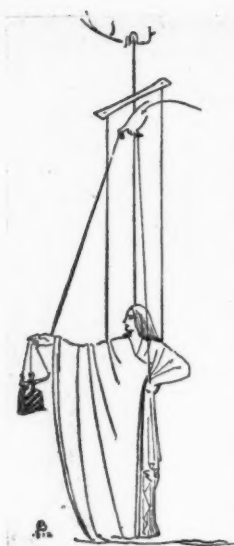
The latest serious endeavor in the same field is that of the artists of the Petit Théâtre in Brussels. This theater, which has just been opened, we learn from the Paris *Figaro*, "realizes the dream of a group of esthetes and poets which includes Louis Picard, James Ensor, Thomas Braun, Grégoire Le Roy and others." The Petit Théâtre has very little in common with the ancient popular *pupazzi* theaters, but is devoted to a "naively refined art." The theater was opened with the little pastoral opera of Mozart entitled "Bastien et Bastienne," a malicious and poetic version by Gauthier-Villars being used. This piquant program was performed before an audience of poets and painters of the advance guard, and senators and government representatives were

not lacking. It is not impossible that some of the works of Maeterlinck and Bouchor may be presented at the Petit Théâtre.

In the last number of *The Mask*, Miss Margaret Bulley gives an interesting account of the production of "The Prodigious and Lamentable History of Dr. Johannes Faust" before the Sandon Studios Society of Liverpool. Miss Bulley describes some of the intricacies of the "production" as follows:

Each puppet had seven strings made of black linen thread. Two were fastened to the chest—well to each side; one to the middle of the back and two rather longer ones to the arms.

"These strings—about three feet long each—were attached to a small piece of wood to be held in one hand. To a second piece of wood were fastened the two leg-strings, attached just above the puppet's knee joints, and these were worked by the other hand. A hook and a string on each respective piece of wood enabled the two to be fastened together when the legs were not in motion, and a hand was needed for working the arms. (With these puppets arms and legs cannot be worked simultaneously, as one

From *The Mask*

HELD BY THE TEETH

Some puppets are supported by a central string held in the mouth. The cross bar is manipulated by the right hand, while the arm strings of the marionette are worked by the left.

Wurm at Bayreuth. The guardian angel had once graced a Christmas tree.

It is said that a marionette performance of the play which Miss Nussey translated from the German inspired Goethe to write his immortal tragedy. According to Miss Bulley, the puppet performance in Liverpool was by no means unsuccessful in gripping a distinguished audience or in creating a tragic atmosphere. She concludes:

"Of course the audience was unaware of the anxiety behind the curtain. It was as sympathetic and interested as could be, and followed each scene with rounds of applause. As Caspar's part was originally written in German dialect, it was now read in broad Lancashire, and his really amusing antics were received with continual laughter. The lighting was so successful that the threads were almost invisible, and the action of the puppets, exactly following the words, made the illusion complete.

"Towards the end of the play it was astonishing to see how the tragedy gripped the audience. There was dead silence in the room when the clock was heard striking eleven and Faust was left alone in the moonlight, listening in misery and despair to the voices, intoning in Latin and Gregorian cadences the eternal damnation that awaited him. The truly comic apparition of Helen of Troy which came at this point was a welcome relief. Then the pall of gloom again enveloped the scene. The clock struck twelve. Suddenly all was plunged in darkness and, with a flare of green and crimson light, Faust, attended by the devils, was swept out of

hand is always required to keep the doll in position.)

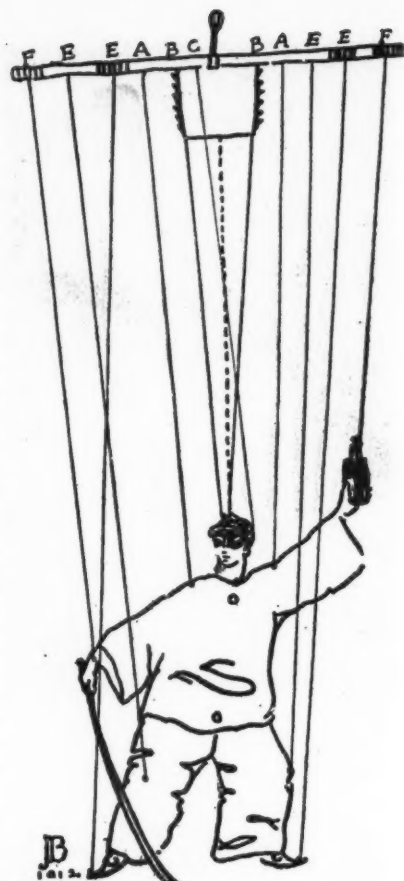
"The six evil spirits that the play required were made out of black composition nigger dolls, deprived of their fur trimming, painted scarlet, with red sealing-wax horns and beards, and also black wool tails. They were fastened to a curved piece of wood in the shape of a bow and could be worked together by on person. A dragon that had to put in an appearance was home-made and was as imposing as the

sight. A quick curtain and the unmistakable smell of Bengal lights were followed by a short scene where Caspar as night watchman and his wife Gretel danced a breakdown together and bid the audience good night."

France's most distinguished champion of the humble marionette is M. Anatole France, whose praise of the puppets of M. Signoret, which were seen several decades ago in Paris, contains an element of nettling satire upon the artists and critics of the Parisian stage. His essay from "*La Vie littéraire*" is reprinted in *The Mask*. Here is a characteristic excerpt:

"If I ever obtain the honor of being presented to the actress who takes the great leading parts in the Marionets' theater I shall throw myself at her feet, I shall kiss her hands, I shall clasp her knee, and I shall entreat her to play the part of Mary in my abbess's play. I shall say: 'Mary, niece of St. Abraham, was hermit and courtesan. There are therein some great situations which explain themselves by a small number of gestures. A beautiful marionette like you will there surpass the flesh-and-blood actresses. You are very small, but you will seem big because you are simple, while in your place a living actress would seem small. Besides, there is none but you to-day to express religious sentiment.'

"That is what I shall say to her, and perhaps she will be persuaded. A truly artistic idea, a graceful and noble thought, ought to enter more easily into the wooden head of a marionette than into the brain of a fashionable actress.

From *The Mask*

THE DELICATE HARMONY OF THE PUPPET

This illustrates one of the devices for suspending and moving the marionette. Many rehearsals are necessary to acquire skill in manipulating these strange playthings of the ages.

"In the meantime I have twice seen the marionettes of the rue Vivienne and have taken great pleasure from them. I am infinitely pleased for them to replace the living actors. If I must fully express my feeling, the actors spoil the play for me. I mean the good actors. I would put up with the others! But it is the excellent actors, such as one finds at the *Comédie Française* that I positively cannot stand. Their talent is too great; it covers everything. There is nothing but them. Their personality effaces the work which they represent. They are prominent. I would not have an actor prominent save when he has genius. I dream of masterpieces wretchedly played in barns by wandering actors. But perhaps I have no idea of what the theater really is. I had better leave the care of talking about it to M. Sarcey. I wish only to descend on Marionets. It is a subject which suits me and on which M. Sarcey would not be good at all. He would bring reason to bear upon it."

Whether the fad for marionettes will take root among the American elite is difficult to determine; but the praise of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France is sure to hasten their popularity.

From *The Mask*

BEHIND THE SCENES

Here is a rough sketch made during the puppet performance of "*Faust*" at the Sandon Studios Club in Liverpool.

Science and Discovery

LATEST MARVELS OF INVISIBLE LIGHT

BY far the greater proportion of the discoveries in natural science up to the present time, observes Professor R. W. Wood, holding the chair of experimental physics at Johns Hopkins, have depended upon observations made with the eye. The eye has, indeed, been aided by means of optical instruments. The eye is, however, sensitive only to a very small part of the total radiation reaching it. It seems not unlikely that, if its range could be extended, many new phenomena would immediately come to light. By the employment of photography and of instruments which detect and measure the intensity of the infra-red or heat rays, much new information has been gathered, especially in the science of spectroscopy. Usually, however, these methods have been applied only to cases where the individual radiations were known to be present. It seems to Professor Wood to be probable that if photographic methods which excluded the action of any but invisible rays were applied to various physical phenomena, new facts would be discovered. He illustrates his meaning by taking two striking cases which were found at the outset of his investigations.*

If the finger be dipped into powdered zinc oxide and rubbed over a sheet of white paper, eye observation is absolutely unable to detect the presence of the streaks made by the white powder, unless it has been very thickly applied. If, however, we photograph the paper with ultra-violet light we obtain a picture in which the streaks are as black as if made with powdered charcoal. This suggests that if we apply the process to the photography of the moon and planets we have some reason to suspect that substances which cannot be detected visually may come out in the photographs—a surmise which has been justified in one case at least.

"As an illustration of how the method may be applied to the investigation of various physical phenomena we may take another interesting case, in which a new radiant emission from the electric spark

has been discovered. It was suspected that the very short waves discovered by Schumann, which are powerfully absorbed by air, might possibly render the air fluorescent, the emitted light being invisible, however, on account of its short wave-length. A heavy spark discharge was accordingly placed behind a small disk of metal, which cut off all the direct light, and the surrounding region photographed with a quartz lens, which is transparent to the ultra-violet rays. It was found that the air in the neighborhood of the spark actually did give off actinic invisible rays, the photograph giving the impression of a luminous fog surrounding the metal disk."

Practically all sources of light in ordinary use give out more or less ultra-violet light, which plays no part in vision, but which can be rendered apparent in various ways. If an object



AN EXPERIMENT WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

Just what law of physics is behind the manifestation of luminosity here caught in the camera is one of the problems that for the moment defy solution.

to be photographed gives off visible rays in addition to the invisible ones, it is necessary to remove these by a suitable screen or ray filter. From this standpoint Professor Wood considers some remarkable effects obtained when sunlit landscapes are photographed by means of the obscure rays at the extreme red end of the spectrum. A screen can be prepared which transmits these rays and is at the same time opaque to all other radiations, by combining a sheet of the densest blue cobalt glass with a solution of bichromate of potash or some suitable orange dye. Such a screen transmits a region of the spectrum visible to the eye if all other rays are cut off. It is so feeble in its action, however, that it plays no part in ordinary vision, being overpowered by the other radiations. We may hence, for convenience, call photographs made through such a screen infra-red pictures; tho the infra-red region is usually considered as beginning at the point where all action upon the human retina ceases. Photographs were taken through such a screen. The time of exposure was about three minutes.

When we take up the subject of photographs made with ultra-violet light we find the conditions reversed, for practically all these very short waves are scattered by the atmosphere and we have no shadows even in full sunlight. Considering, however, the series of infra-red pictures, Professor Wood notes that some show the advantage gained in bringing out the detail of distant objects seen through the atmospheric haze. It does not then seem quite impossible that photographs of the brighter planets made through an infra-red screen might prove interesting, if the planets are surrounded by a light-scattering atmosphere. For we must bear in mind that the surface of the earth as seen from a neighboring planet would be looked at through a luminous haze, equal in brilliance to the blue sky on a clear day. It would present, that is, much the appearance that is presented by the moon when seen at noonday.

We have now, however, to consider how things would appear if our eyes were sensitive only to ultra-violet light. In applying the same method used for the infra-red we require a screen

* LECTURE BEFORE THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, London: Proceedings of the Royal Institution.



THE NEW COMPLEXION OF DIAN

The moon photographed with invisible light yields yellow, ultra-violet, a thousand new and mysterious lights upon the face turned towards so many poets hitherto in silvery softness.

opaque to all visible light, but which transmits the ultra-violet.

Glass is opaque to these rays, cutting them off almost completely. For this reason we cannot employ glass lenses. Quartz, on the other hand, is exceedingly transparent to these invisible rays, but it is a little difficult to find a medium which is transparent to them and at the same time quite opaque to visible light. Indeed, there exists only one substance known which completely fulfills such a condition, and that is metallic silver. If we deposit chemically a thin film of metallic silver on the surface of a quartz lens, a certain amount of ultra-violet radiation is able to struggle through and form an image on the plate. Professor Wood has used silver films through which the filament of a Tungsten lamp is invisible. If the objects to be photographed are illuminated with the light of an electric spark or some other source rich in ultra-violet rays, much thinner films of silver can be employed. In the case of sunlight, however, which has passed through the earth's atmosphere, the ultra-violet in the region for which silver has its lowest reflecting power and greatest transparency has been so tremendously weakened by atmospheric absorption that it is necessary to employ thick films and long exposure. Otherwise the action upon the photographic plate results chiefly from the violet and ultra-violet rays, which are capable of traversing such a medium as glass.

Professor Wood takes up the action of our atmosphere on these ultra-violet rays. He has made two photographs of a man standing in the road in full sunshine, in the one case by ordinary light and in the other by ultra-violet radiation. In the latter the shadow is completely absent.

only to ultra-violet we should find the world appearing not greatly different from the aspect which obtains at the time of light fog. We should, indeed, see the sun, but it would be very dull, and there would be no shadows, just as there are none on a foggy day. We should walk the earth like Peter Schlemihl, the shadowless man of the German fable."

A class of work in which this comparative study is likely to be of service is the photography of celestial bodies. For the full moon the exposure through the silver screen was two minutes with ultra-violet light. This length of exposure necessitated an equatorial telescope with some means of driving it to compensate for the movement of the moon. The support for Professor Wood's telescope was the framework of an old bicycle minus the wheels. This carried a four-inch refractor and a quartz-silver telescope. By the operation of a little screw it was possible to follow the moon accurately for half an hour.

"There is very little difference between the ordinary image of the moon and the one which is shown us by the ultra-violet radiation. Nevertheless, in the neighborhood of Aristarchus, which is the brightest crater on the lunar surface, the photograph taken with the ultra-violet rays shows a dark patch which is absent on the one taken with visible light. I made an enlargement of the region in which this crater appears, and it is evident that there is in its neighborhood a large deposit of some material which can only be brought out by means of the ultra-violet. These photographs of the moon make it appear extremely probable that by carrying on experiments of this nature on a larger scale we might get a good deal of new information as to the materials of which the moon is composed. It is possible to examine the igneous rocks of the earth under the different radiations, and then compare them

"Ultra - violet behaves in exactly the opposite way to the infrared. The infrared rays are enabled to drive through the atmosphere without being scattered laterally by the molecules of the air or the dust particles. The short or ultra-violet rays, on the other hand, are completely scattered, so that the greater part of the ultra-violet light which reaches the surface of the earth comes from the sky and not directly from the sun. If our eyes were sensitive

with the pictures of celestial objects obtained at the same wave-lengths. I have found that some rocks, which when illuminated by ultra-violet rays appear darker than others, are lighter than the others in visible light."

An important line of investigation which Professor Wood recently carried out illustrates how new discoveries may be made by the aid of ultra-violet photography. It occurred to him that the air surrounding an electric spark might possibly be rendered fluorescent by the absorption of a very short ultra-violet wave discovered by the physicist Schumann, but that the fluorescence might be made up wholly of ultra-violet light, and consequently invisible. Professor Wood therefore photographed the region surrounding a powerful spark discharge with a quartz lens shielded from the direct light of the spark by a circular disk. The photograph, when developed, showed a highly luminous aureole surrounding the spark and extending out in all directions. It was now necessary to prove that this was not light scattered by the dust particles in the air. To do this we have only to photograph the spectrum of the aureole. If it is similar to the spectrum of the spark we are safe in attributing it to scattered light. If it differs, we know that it must be fluorescence or the genesis of waves of different wave-length from any present in the light of the spark. A photograph of the region surrounding the spark was made with a quartz spectrograph and it was at once found that the spectrum was wholly different from that of the spark. In fact, it was almost identical with that of the oxy-hydrogen flame.

Many weeks have been spent by Professor Wood in an attempt to determine the exact origin of this mysterious radiation and the question has proved most baffling.

"For the further study of the phenomenon a piece of apparatus was devised by which the light of the spark could be more effectually shut off. A small hole was bored through a plate of aluminum fastened to the end of a short vertical brass tube. This plate formed one electrode, the spark passing between an aluminum rod lying along the axis of the tube and the underside of the plate at the point perforated by the hole.

"In a perfectly dark room, if the eye was held a little below the plane of the plate, no luminosity could be seen in the air above the hole, if it was reasonably free from dust, yet a photograph taken with a quartz lens showed a bright beam, or squirt, of light issuing from the hole. The work is still in progress and many remarkable observations have been made, each one leaving us more in the dark than before."

It is thus apparent, Professor Woods observes, that by employing this "photographic eye" of quartz many new phenomena may be brought to light.

AN UNKNOWN SENSE IN ANIMALS

THE animal may have other means of information than our own. Our senses do not represent the sum total of the methods whereby the animal enters into touch with that which is not itself. There are others not capable of comparison even at a distance with those which we ourselves possess. To this conclusion we find the most illustrious of living naturalists, Henri Fabre, arriving after a long life devoted to entomology and the sciences akin to it. It is through the possession of an unknown sense, suspects Henri Fabre, that the insect evades our influence. To exterminate it if it be harmful, to propagate it if it be useful, are impracticable undertakings for us. By a singular contrast of strength and weakness, man cuts through the neck of continents to join two seas. He pierces the Alps. He weighs the sun. Yet he can not prevent the wretched maggot from enjoying his cherries nor an odious louse from destroying his vines. The Titan is vanquished by the pigmy. To pursue the subject in the brilliant series of papers translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos for the *London Mail*:

"There is a Gray Worm which is the natural food of a certain insect. It is a caterpillar without the supply of which the insects cannot attain maturity. There is nothing outside, nothing at least perceptible to the eye, to indicate its hiding-place. The soil that conceals it may be grassy or bare, pebbly or earthy, smooth or seamed with little cracks. These varieties of appearance are matters of indifference to the huntress, who prospects every spot without showing preference for one more than the others. At no place where the insect, which is a kind of bee, stops and digs with some persistency do I see anything particular, in spite of all my attention; and yet there must be a Gray Worm there, as I have but recently convinced myself. Sight, therefore, is certainly out of the question.

"What sense, then? That of touch? Let us inquire. Everything tells us that the organs of search are the antennae. With their tips, bent into an arc and inspired with a continual vibration, the insect feels the ground, quickly, with little taps. When some crack offers, the quivering threads enter and sound it; when some grass-tuft spreads its tangled root-stock along the ground, they rummage its asperities with increased agitation. Their tips are applied for a moment, molding themselves, so to speak, on the spot explored, suggesting two tactile filaments, two long terminal organs endowed with incomparable mobility, which investigate by fumbling. But the sense of touch can play no part in revealing what is underground; the thing to be found is the Gray Worm; and the worm is lying snug in its burrow, at a depth of some inches below the surface."

We thereupon turn our thoughts to the faculty of scent. Insects, there is

no denying, possess the sense of smell, often very highly developed. The so-called burying beetles hasten from every side to the spot where lies a little corpse of which the ground is to be purged. Guided by scent, these grave-diggers hurry towards the poor dead mole.

But, while the presence of the olfactory sense in the insect is indispensable, we still ask ourselves where it is seated. Many declare that the seat is the antennae. Let us admit this, altho it is difficult to understand how a rod consisting of horny segments, jointed end to end, can fulfil the office of a nostril which is so very differently constructed. The organization of each apparatus having nought in common with the other, can the impressions received by both be of the same nature? When tools are dissimilar, do their functions remain alike?

But there is more to be said. The olfactory sense goes for nothing where there is no smell. M. Fabre has tested the gray worm for himself. He has given it to young nostrils to sniff—nostrils more sensitive than his own. No one has perceived the faintest trace of a smell in the caterpillar. How can that which is inodorous at the very entrance of our nostrils be odoriferous to an insect through the intervening obstacle of the ground? When the burying beetles pour into the chalice of a carrion-scented arum lily, never to return; when swarms of flies buzz around a dead dog's swollen belly, the whole neighborhood reeks with the stench. It hardly requires a scent of exquisite delicacy on the insect's part to discover putrid meat and rotten cheese. Wherever we see its hordes together, with scent for an undoubted guide, we ourselves are aware of a smell.

There remains hearing, to which M. Fabre refers in lively fashion:

"This is another sense about which entomologists are not adequately informed. Where is its seat? In the antennae, we are told. Those fine, quivering stalks would seem fairly well suited to be put in motion under the impulse of sound. In that case, the insect, exploring the region with her antennae, would be warned by slight noise coming up from the ground, the noise of the mandibles nibbling a root, the noise of the caterpillar wriggling its body. What a faint sound and how dif-

ficult to transmit through the spongy cushion of the earth!

"It is less than faint; it is non-existent. The Gray Worm is nocturnal in its habits. By day it skulks in its clapper and does not stir. It does not nibble either; at least, all the Gray Worms which I have unearthed at the time when the insect was hunting were nibbling nothing, for the simple reason that they had nothing to nibble. They were in a layer of earth devoid of roots, completely motionless and, therefore, silent. The sense of hearing must be set aside with that of smell."

Inclined as we are—and it could not well be otherwise—to judge all things by our standard, we allow animals our own means of perception. We do not dream that they might easily possess others of which it is impossible for us to have an exact idea because there is nothing like them in us. Are we quite certain, asks M. Fabre, that they are not equipped, in varying degrees, with a view to sensations as foreign to ourselves as the sensation of color would be if we were blind from birth? Are we so very sure? Has matter no secrets? Are we so very sure that it is revealed only by light, sound, taste, smell and touch? Physics and chemistry, young tho they be, already declare to us that the unknown darkness contains an enormous harvest in comparison with which our scientific crop is the utmost penury. A new sense would open to our search a world to explore.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY INFRA-RED RAYS

This quarry in Syracuse as shown here gives a theatrical, aerie effect to landscape, suggesting those descriptions of unreal regions which Poe used as backgrounds for his plots.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS OLD

RECENT discovery of part of a human skull and lower jaw of extremely ancient date—referable to the pliocene period, in fact—has created a world-wide sensation. The scientific press of the leading countries of Europe and America, after some hesitation, accept the discovery as marking an epoch in our conception of the antiquity of man on this planet. The pliocene period, calculated upon the basis of the thicknesses of the geological strata, dates back over four hundred thousand years at the lowest estimate. The skull which occasions the present discussion of the prehistoric world was brought to light in a gravel pit at Piltdown, in Sussex, England. Out of the medley of debate resulting from the discovery two questions stand as of very special interest. They are stated by that careful authority upon prehistoric man, Doctor William Allen Sturge, to be these:

How far does the new discovery bear upon the Darwinian hypothesis?

What sort of periods are involved since men of this kind peopled the earth?

The answer to the first question, Doctor Sturge thinks, is easily given. The answer to the last raises, he fears, some of the most difficult problems in

the whole range of science. No one, he feels confident, who has read the accounts of the skull and jawbone, as drawn up by some of the most skilled anatomists of the day, can fail to understand that these bones present features bringing them nearer to the anthropoid apes than are to be found in any of the present races of mankind.

Not that this latest relic of prehistoric man is the first to suggest a link between ourselves and the anthropoid apes. Years ago a skull was found in one of the valleys of the Rhine which differed so widely from any human type known at the time that so great an authority as Virchow believed it could be explained only as a "sport," or as due to some morbid change. This was the now celebrated Neanderthal skull. It has since been proved by other discoveries to be the representative of a race of men inhabiting what is now Britain—and curiously enough, in one of the later stages of the stone age. Doctor Sturge says in the London *Outlook*:

"The chief characteristics of this type of skull are enormous overhanging brows, with a low receding forehead, and a massive lower jaw the chin of which shows little or none of the point that is present in greater or less degree in the chin-bones of the present races of men.

These are all characteristics that are seen, though in greatly exaggerated form, in certain of the anthropoid apes, especially the gorilla and the chimpanzee. When, however, we come to the important question of the skull-content, the resemblance ceases; for, strange to say, this low type of man, one may almost call him bestial, had a brain that weighed quite as heavily as the average human brain of the present day, and in some cases seems to have surpassed the average.

"This does not necessarily mean that the Neanderthal brain was of a high type. Quality of brain depends largely upon elaboration of convolutions; and it thus comes about that the quality is by no means always coincident with quantity. To a certain extent it is possible to judge of the quality of these early brains by taking casts of the interior of the skulls and noting the shape and size of the fossae in the skull-bones into which the convolutions of the brain fitted. This has been done in the case of the Sussex skull, with the result that the convolutions would seem to be formed on a somewhat simpler model than those of present-day men. In other respects, the Sussex skull seems to belong to a lower type than that of Neanderthal man. The jaw is still more massive and the absence of the chin-point is still more emphasized; the forehead is of a low type, but rather unexpectedly, as occurring in what seems to be a more ancient race, the great ridges over the orbits are almost absent. In this respect the now familiar aspect of the Neanderthal skull which points in the direction of certain of the great apes, fails us. In the orang-outan however these superorbital ridges are absent, and the rather bold hypothesis has been put forward that the Sussex man descends from the orang; while the Neanderthal descends from the chimpanzee. The very enunciation of such an hypothesis opens up endless vistas of controversy, and very much more evidence would be required before so summary a solution of one of the great problems of biology and of philosophy is accepted."

What further evidence have we of the development of man on Darwinian lines? In reply to this query Doctor Sturge reminds us that some years ago a skull was discovered in a deposit on the island of Java which went much further in the ape-like direction than the Neanderthal skull—much farther than the Sussex skull. So much so, indeed, that experts were for some time undecided whether to class it with man or with the great apes. It was finally decided to include it in the former category. The significant name was given to it, however, of *pithecanthropus erectus*, the man monkey. By this name it has from that time been known. Is it the missing link? One of the chain, perhaps, one of probably a long chain. Where are the others? Where are the remains of the countless millions of men and their precursors who have inhab-



THE MAN OF SUSSEX

The man (part of whose jaw and skull were found) was undoubtedly akin to the apes. The lower jaw is unmistakably ape-like, while presenting other features indubitably human. It is ape-like, for example, in its massiveness, in the absence of a chin, and in the shortness and great breadth of the upper branch whereby the jaw is hinged to the skull. In the making of his reconstructions, Mr. Forestier, the artist, was much indebted to Dr. A. Smith Woodward, who was good enough to supervise the work, making Mr. Forestier's reconstructions of the man as accurate as it can be.

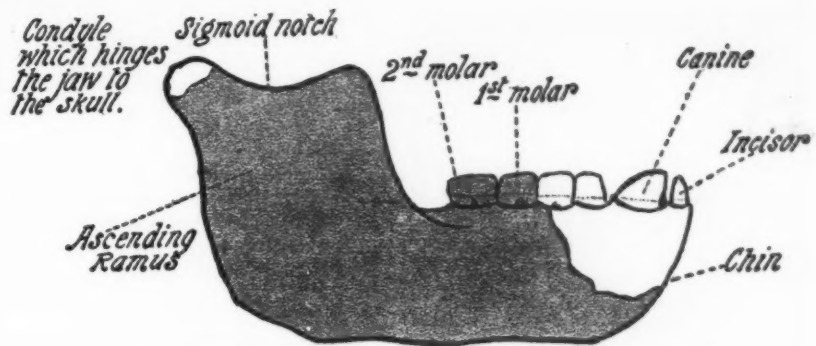
ited this earth in the long course of the ages? Perished, all but a few; so few in the case of the more ancient races that they can almost be counted on the fingers. A few more will turn up from time to time, predicts this student of prehistoric man. The wide publicity that is now given to such finds increases the chances that the scant remains may be saved for science.

Doctor Sturge passes now to the second and far more difficult question involved in dealing with these most ancient remains of man—relatively as to their place in the geological sequence, absolutely as to the order of time implied; thousands, hundreds of thousands or millions of years.

"It was stated in regard to Neanderthal man that all the discoveries of his remains thus far have been in one special, rather late deposit of the older Stone age known to prehistorians as the Mousterian period. It is odd to find so degraded a scale of human existence. Behind the Mousterian period comes a vast series of periods, the flint implements of which are largely found in the gravels or drifts formed in the valleys of existing rivers, the valleys of old rivers that have disappeared, or even in extended gravels on the plateaux in different parts of north-western Europe.

"The subject of 'drift' man is immensely complex, and it is no exaggeration to say that very little is known about it. But we do know that in certain phases of this early time he carried the art of flint-chipping to a far higher stage and made implements of a far more artistic kind than was the case with Neanderthal man. An effort is sometimes made in the interests of the development theory to exalt the works of the latter man at the expense of the former; but efforts of this kind can only be taken as proof that those making them have no more than a restricted acquaintance with the works of the two races. Zeal in the cause of development is apt to shut out the possibilities of retrogression or of the fight that must have always been going on between the two tendencies. It is now being much more generally allowed that Neanderthal man represents a race of earlier origin than the best at any rate of the drift races; that he had maintained himself in some part of the world, just as the Bushman or the Hottentot has maintained himself in South Africa; and that, after one of the great cataclysms in the shape of glaciations or desiccations that depopulated this part of the world, he it was who was able to get the upper hand and to maintain his hold, until in his turn he was driven out by the next cataclysmic conditions."

This is an important lesson to bear in mind in connection with the newly discovered Sussex skull. It indicates an earlier and a more degraded race than even the Neanderthal. The Sussex race may very probably have altogether disappeared long before the time when Neanderthal man was lordling it over large parts of Europe. But at the



THE RESTORED JAW OF THE SUSSEX MAN

Its most remarkable point is the exceptionally receding chin. The jaw, as may be seen, slopes backward sharply from the base of the teeth, which had a pronounced forward thrust. For a human skull, the canines (judging from the restored jaw shown by Dr. Smith Woodward) were huge, though they did not approach the size of those of any of the great apes. The incisors must have been larger and more widely spaced than in the human races which have succeeded. The molars, the only teeth recovered, resemble those of the Heidelberg jaw, and to that extent are human; but their grinding-surfaces are longer, a simian feature. In the drawing, the shaded portion represents the actual discovery; the outlined areas show the restored portion.

very much earlier period to which it must in any case be assigned it may have borne the same relationship to the normal inhabitants of the time that Neanderthal man did to the normal inhabitants of his time. The exact position to be assigned to the Sussex man in the scale of Nature is complicated by the fact that implements belonging to two very different phases of culture were found in the gravel deposit where his remains lay. One of these series is attributable to the period of very early and very rudimentary culture known as the "eolithic," and which has given rise to a widespread controversy by no means at an end, the other to what is generally supposed to be a later and more advanced phase, known as the Chelléan period of the so-called "drift."

"To which of these periods do the bones belong? On a priori grounds the tendency would be to say to the former, but in these very obscure studies we must be cautious of using the argument a priori. The fact is that we know very little about the physical peculiarities of drift man, and what little we do know has to do quite certainly with man of the later stages of the great 'drift' period. The one or two skulls that have been found and which may be referable to that time conform much more closely to the types of modern men than do the Neanderthal skulls. Can we argue from these to the more remote times of that great period? Drift-gravels containing human implements are generally placed geologically somewhere about the middle of the pleistocene or quaternary period. Can we argue from this that all gravels containing Chelléan implements belong to the mid-pleistocene? It would be bold to do so. Most of the Chelléan implements found in gravels have evidences of very great age before they reached their final resting-place in the gravel. No one can say what their previous history has been, or how long it lasted. It seems almost certain that here and there about the country there must still exist very ancient gravels which have escaped the destruction that in the course of ages has overwhelmed the majority of such gravels and swept their contents

down into later deposits in which we now find them. It would seem as tho this gravel at Piltown is such a one. The bones of animals found in pleistocene gravels are invariably those associated with pleistocene times—the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and so forth. But the animals found associated with the 'Sussex' skull and with the humanly worked implements in the deposit are not pleistocene at all, but on the contrary are well-known types of the previous pliocene period—mastodon, and early type of elephant, hippopotami, etc. Therefore it seems almost certain that the whole deposit is pliocene, that the so-called Chelléan implements of this gravel are of pliocene date, and consequently that the human remains are also pliocene—a period even now considered by many geologists to be altogether pre-human. Their importance is therefore easily understood."

Meanwhile England is to be congratulated on being able to place to her credit, says *The Illustrated London News* editorially, the earliest authenticated record of man's presence on the earth and of demonstrating how immeasurably ancient that record is. Our British contemporary has had placed at its disposal, moreover, the benefit of the remarkable discoveries of Mr. Reid Moir, who announced four years ago his find of humanly worked flints in the stone-bed below the Red Crag of Suffolk. This discovery, as *London Nature* tells us, made it possible to say definitely at what period earlier than the Pleistocene man had occupied the area which is now England. The Pliocene formations are intermediate in age between the earlier Miocene and the later Pleistocene deposits. To follow the account authorized by the discoverer of these flints in the former *London periodical*:

"When, therefore, Mr. Moir demonstrated that his specimens were derived from below undoubted and undisturbed Red Crag, it became evident that the men who had made these implements were living before the deposition of this deposit, and were consequently, at least, of Pliocene



SKULL

This skull of a Torres Straits Islander represents one of the lowest types of the human race yet met with among present-day peoples. The overhanging, ape-like brow-ridges are very pronounced. Note also the conical, downwardly directed mass of bone at the base of the skull. This is the "mastoid" process.

age. The top of the London Clay was a land-surface before the deposition of the Red Crag, and on this land-surface were lying the implements which are now deeply covered up by the sand and shells of the Pliocene sea. There seems no doubt that the London Clay was subjected to a slow movement of submergence, and we may imagine a somewhat similar set of

conditions arising if a tract of land like the Fayum Desert in Egypt, where implements of various ages are numerous on the surface, were slowly submerged and covered by a marine deposit.

"Future investigators of such a site would discover these flint implements embedded beneath a greater or less thickness of overlying strata in the same way as the implements of Sub-Crag Man are found beneath the Red Crag of Suffolk. Perhaps some idea can be formed of the vast antiquity of these implements when it is remembered that, since their makers lived, the Red and Norwich Crag and associated beds have been deposited, all the mighty phenomena of the Great Ice Age have occurred, and the cutting out of our present river-valleys been accomplished.

"These specimens, which are quite different from any form of implement yet discovered, are seen to have been flaked by dexterous blows into a resemblance to the beak of an accipitrine bird, but to what exact use they were put is at present not fully understood. Another most interesting and important point about this discovery is that many of the Sub-Crag specimens exhibit on their humanly flaked surfaces the most definite and deep glacial striae—and as they occur at a horizon much older than any of the deposits of the Glacial Period, it seems that we have evidence here of a hitherto unknown



KAFFIR

The human skull has a process peculiar to man which settles controversy in regard to the nature of such a relic as this.

glaciation occurring probably in late Miocene or early Pliocene times."

Only in the light of geology can the determination of dates be relatively accurate so far as the pliocene skull and flints are concerned—they are independent discoveries—in the opinion of a learned correspondent of the *Paris Revue Scientifique*. The members of the geological society consulted by him considered that the Suffolk skull warranted a belief that man has been on this planet some four hundred and fifty thousand years at the very least.

ANALYSIS OF A WOMAN'S LOVE FOR THE MAN WHO BEATS HER

METHODS of investigation into what the French call the crime of passion, worked out by the new psychology, throw unexpected light upon the fundamental quality of love. Love has been taken over, indeed, from poetry by the new psychology. The new man and the new woman, underneath the superficialities formed by the processes of civilization, are identical, we are told, with the cave man and the cave woman—unchanged at heart.

Thus reasons Doctor William F. Waugh, of Dean Bennett Medical College, chief physician of Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago. The simple maxims that ruled the troglodyte govern humanity to-day, he assures us. These maxims are four: When you find your mate, take her; she awaits it. When

you have her, live for her; she wants that. When she arouses your jealousy, beat her; she needs it. If she betrays you, kill her; she deserves it. It all sounds frightfully primitive and barbaric, but Doctor Waugh, writing in *The Alienist and Neurologist*, goes ahead without shrinking:

"Every woman sits and waits the coming of her lord. She is ready to follow when he beckons. He is masterful. He woos not, beseeches not, implores not, serves not. He takes his own when he finds it; he commands, knowing he will be obeyed; and that is the sign for which she waits. His ancestor simply caught his woman, knocked her down if she resisted, and dragged her, none too gently, to his lair. The nearer the modern approximates this type and method the better it suits the woman. History does not tell us that one of the raped Sabine maids refused the union thus forced on

her. There is never a man-brute so brutal but a woman clings to him; and the bigger the brute, the more this instinct shows itself among the women, who flock to decorate the murderer's cell with evidences of their appreciation. It is not silliness, nor maudlin, but primitive instinct showing through the veneer."

What each woman wants, explains the student of the subject whose words we reproduce, what alone satisfies each woman, is that all other women shall be to her own man non-existent:

"She never trusts another woman. Give her lord a chance to cohabit with a sister woman, and she instantly and unvaryingly assumes that such relations are established. She has no belief in, or even



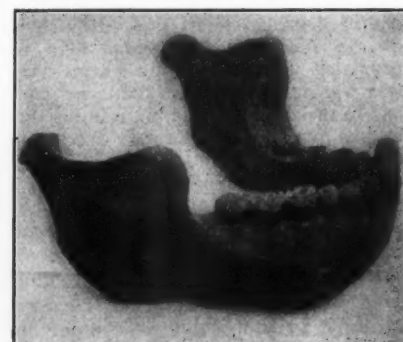
CRANIUM

This photograph shows the absence of the chin in the case of a chimpanzee (as in the Heidelberg jaw and that of the Sussex man).



INDIAN

There is no doubt of the capacity of experts to decide the human nature of this relic despite its ape-like aspect.



JAW

The celebrated Heidelberg jaw, to which the newly discovered jaw of the Sussex man bears a striking resemblance.

conception of, honor between women. She knows every other woman is ready on the instant to weave her web over any and every man within reach. She rarely credits her man with singleness of affection, her instincts viewing him as a polygamist. She craves the attention of the male at intervals only and, finding him always responsive, believes him always animated by sensations she feels only at times. The more secure she is in her exclusive possession of her man, the nearer she will come to happiness—and a really happy wife makes this earth a heaven for the man whose mate she knows herself to be. . . .

"She is forever questioning her own happiness. Is he the superior man she deemed him? Is he the strong man, and does he love her exclusively and completely? So she uses the arts of the coquet to excite his jealousy and try his mastery. Does he pusillanimously weep, and surrender his headship, sinking into her slave? Then for him she has only contempt; his being is repulsive, his society irksome. She is not mated yet. She has mistaken the impulse that draws every female toward every male, for the

recognition of her mate. But if he turns on her with masculine fury, reduces her to subjection with his fists, she creeps in by his side, bleeding, disfigured and bruised, but completely happy and contented."

The most devoted of wives are afraid of their mates. They plan day and night to please them and to win their rare commendation. If death takes the brutal wife-beater the widow erects an altar to his memory, at which she worships thenceforth.

Some women require beating. Lacking it, they escape from the husband's control and are incapable of controlling themselves. They look further for the master. They seek by deeply implanted instinct to give their child the Strong Man for a father. Contempt for the husband reaches its limits. Moral degradation touches the lowest possibility of her nature. The sensual impulses develop independently of the maternal instinct. The woman is debased. She is a rudderless derelict on the sea of

society, a constant menace to the outgoing and incoming craft, a peril to social navigation. She spreads demoralization to all who come within her reach. She rejoices in her shame and inculcates immorality as well as imparting body and soul-destroying disease.

In mercy to her, then, concludes Doctor Waugh, in justice, as one would apply the torch to a house to stop a pestilence, when she has betrayed you, kill her. Thus speaks primitive barbaric Nature in revulsion from under the veneer of a civilization that has failed in its completed work of perfecting the mastery of the psychic inhibitions. Thus is explained a whole category of cases like that of the deserted husband whose wife had left him for another. The husband begged the woman to return. She refused. With his lips pressed to his wife's in a loving kiss he shot her dead—the supremely natural, human thing to do in the circumstances.

WHY TRAGEDIES ARE BETTER FOR THE NERVES THAN PLAYS WITH HAPPY ENDINGS

FEW delusions are more widespread than that which has particular reference to the so-called "happy ending." The mistake is natural, owing to the great novelty of psycho-analysis and of the truths which, by means of it, are emerging more and more into the light of modern psychology. The exploration of man's hidden, subconscious emotions has brought out clearly the need, if he is to be kept sane, of what the Greeks called "catharsis"—that is, a purging not only of the body, but of that combination of psychic states which we call the soul. It is as dangerous to clog the mind with ideas, with fancies that check the flow of the stream of ideation, as it is to clog the alimentary canal with an objective impediment. Consciousness may be likened to a stream or a current, which ought to flow easily and naturally. A thought, an idea, a fancy which is held out of the main stream of consciousness—a repressed complex, to use the technical term—may induce such maladies as hysteria, nervous prostration and even insanity.

Now it is the function of tragedy to act as a temperamental, emotional, psychic catharsis. "Tragedy attracts us," in the words of that able young student of Freudian psychology, Albert R. Chandler, "because it depicts situations which our suppressed complexes demand." Shakespeare, whose fame as a poet seems soon to be eclipsed by his greatness as a psychologist, realized this truth perfectly. He sets it down in "Hamlet" rather simply. The guilty King is to be wrought up to the

pitch of confession by "a dumb show." Confession thus induced is in reality a blessing, because it releases the suppressed complex. We quote the words of that famed psychologist, Doctor Isador H. Coriat, M.D., who has paid special attention to the subject:*

"It appears that the ancient Greeks were markedly free from hysteria, altho the disease was well known to the Greek physicians, who had a vague conception of it as a form of erotic symbolism. Many of the conditions of furor depicted on the Greek stage were probably epilepsy and not hysteria, as even the excellent descriptions of Hippocrates did not clearly distinguish between the two diseases. Hysteria is the result of unconscious conflicts of complexes; but the Greek stage, by reason of its unique function as a kind of national catharsis, provided an outlet for these repressed conflicts and therefore served as a protector of the national mental health. It was for this reason that Aristotle defined the function of the tragedy as an esthetic or emotional catharsis. Tragedy, therefore, among the ancient Greeks, was of such a peculiar nature that it provided a channel into which their surplus or repressed emotions might easily flow. The Greek drama arose out of folk festivals dedicated to Dionysus and possessed a more or less sexual or erotic character. It is well known that sexual repressions are the greatest of all repressions and are preeminent in producing hysteria."

Highly scientific, therefore, is the impulse of those women who crowd the

theaters when plays of the highly emotional type, plays dealing with the problems of life and of human experience in a spirit of realism, hold the stage. So much is evident in the light of the essay on the subject in *The Monist*, by Albert R. Chandler, whom we have to some extent inadequately followed. The idea has been hitherto that the audiences, especially the women, seek only, as the phrase is, to "live vicariously." They long to observe guilt, passion, crime, as revealed by the mirror of the stage. They want to know what life is like. In reality the impulse is deeper. The personality craves a catharsis. Many plays subserve the purpose of psycho-analysis. They drive the repressed complex to the surface of consciousness by inducing confession, by affecting the spectator as the guilty King was affected through the "dumb show" contrived by Hamlet. The whole play of Hamlet, indeed, with its tragedy within a tragedy, shows how carefully Shakespeare had dived below the stream of human consciousness. Dr. Coriat would have us believe that Shakespeare was perhaps one of the greatest psychologists of all times. He understood the repressed complex even if he did not give it that name. To quote the words of Coriat:

"The relentless fate of Greek tragedy, of Hamlet, King Lear, Othello, Rosmersholm, also dominates the tragedy of Macbeth. In Lady Macbeth there is a constant battle between free will and determination. Determinism is triumphant, because Lady Macbeth cannot emancipate herself from the suppressed complexes

* *THE HYSTERIA OF LADY MACBETH.* By Isador H. Coriat, M. D. Moffat, Yard & Company.
ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Isador H. Coriat, M. D.

which inevitably led to her mental disorder. She thinks she chooses her actions, whereas in reality they are chosen for her by the unconscious complexes. Macbeth is likewise the victim of the same mental mechanism.

"This ethical relentlessness of the tragedy is due to the hysteria of Lady Macbeth, with its strong, deterministic factors. Because Lady Macbeth in her somnambulist state was different from Lady Macbeth in her waking condition, she suffered from a disintegration or a dissociation of the personality. In fact, it has been particularly pointed out by Morton Prince that all hysteria is a mental dissociation. Lady Macbeth's personality was doubled, normal and abnormal, alternating, but at the same time co-conscious. The dissociation resulted from repressed, unconscious motives and conflicts, due not to a sudden emotional shock but to a series of repressed complexes."

It is obvious that a play in which the theme subserves no purpose of this kind—a play which can not unburden the mind by a process of psycho-analysis—is not efficacious from a psychological point of view. The plot may be new, the situations laughable, the comedy brilliant, but it can have no such effect upon the nerves, the mind, the seat of disturbance, as a tragedy in the Shakespearean sense or in the Greek sense. "When laments are presented on the stage," to give the exact language of Albert R. Chandler, in *The Monist* again, "our vitality is not depressed, for the disaster has not fallen upon us but our suppressed tendencies to emotional revulsions are satisfied." The whole modern attitude to tragedy is in great need of revision. We are beginning to perceive that the Greeks with their Euripides and their Aeschylus and the Elizabethans with their Shakespeare and their Marlowe were truer psychologists than are we. The tremendous tragedies of the Elizabethan stage account plausibly for the gay, optimistic, light-hearted spirit of the age. The greater freedom of the German stage in reflecting life as it is explains, seemingly, the cheerful temper of the Teutonic peoples not only at Berlin, but at Vienna. It might be said that the tendency to acquire a complex, or rather to suppress a complex, is checked by familiarity with the supreme themes of tragedy on the stage. Complexes are in the main of the sexual type. It happens that the themes repressed on our stage have to do with the theme of sex. Now the great tragedy enables the beholder in reality to discuss his own griefs, his own loves, his own sexual repressions under cover of a discussion of the play which handles these themes. It is a form of confession. It may in the end induce the kind of psychological state which frees the spirit. The light thrown by these considerations upon literature and the stage is unexpected. To quote from Doctor Coriat:

"The four great tragedies of Shakespeare have sexual problems as their central motive. The father problem appears in *Lear* and *Hamlet*, the evolution of a jealousy complex in *Othello* and the theme of childlessness in *Macbeth*.

"The character of Lady Macbeth has been compared to one of the most striking figures in Greek tragedy—namely, Clytemnestra, in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. This comparison, it appears to us, is based upon rather superficial resemblances. Clytemnestra is essentially and fundamentally criminal, deceitful, voluptuous, coldly calculating in her motives and shows none of the symptoms which make Lady Macbeth the irresponsible victim of a definite psychoneurosis. Lady Macbeth reacts only as her unconscious complexes make her react, Clytemnestra is the willing slave of her conscious will; one is a flawless and consistent type of hysterical dissociation, the other the incarnation of criminal tendencies. Clytemnestra indeed attempted to justify her behavior on the basis of her husband's infidelity, but this was merely an excuse for her voluptuousness."

Only through the medium of tragedy in the dramatic sense are we ever likely to penetrate to the meaning of the mystery of pain. The fact of pain, sorrow, is the riddle of human existence. The tragedies produced for the stage by the great dramatists are not mere inventions. They yield themselves to the process of psycho-analysis with results that throw a flood of light not only upon the career of the dramatist, but upon the diseases of the mind. So much is obvious from the remarkable paper by Mr. Chandler, quoted already. Perhaps only one who has himself suffered and suffered much can confess in the sublime style of *Hamlet*. In the creation of poetry, as in the creation of drama, two mental mechanisms are uniformly at work—an imaginary wish fulfillment or a tendency in that direction and a repression of painful experiences and memories into the unconscious. As Albert R. Chandler presents the matter in *The Monist*:

"The structure of tragedy is like the structure of a dream, since its fundamental motives are derived from the lower stratum, and these motives are forced to express themselves in a guise acceptable to the upper stratum. The complexes which produce the dream are often survivals from the experiences of early childhood. So in the case of tragedy, the legends on which it is based have come down from the childhood of the race. And since each individual has to recapitulate the development of the race in his own development, these ancient legends remain significant to every generation.

"Tragedy may also be compared, not to the symptoms of hysteria, but to its cure. In the cathartic treatment of hysteria the purpose is to secure a vigorous emotional expression of the suppressed complex that shall drain off its energy and restore serenity to the mind as a whole. This is precisely what tragedy does for us; it furnishes an emotional outlet for our

suppressed complexes. The relief which follows constitutes a sort of catharsis.

"But the tragic catharsis is not merely relief; it also has a higher aspect, that of sublimation. Tragedy does not merely release the energy of the suppressed complexes, but turns it into more profitable channels. That is why tragedy gives us a sense of expansion and elevation, and makes us feel that our taste for it is not merely permissible but salutary.

"Many of the devices for conciliating the upper stratum consist in appealing to some of its component complexes

"When disaster is depicted as due to moral or natural law, a strong appeal is made to our ethical and philosophical interests. It is vividly impressed upon us that man is mortal and must think thoughts that benefit mortality, that revolt against the state brings disastrous results, that the violation of family ties is horrible in the extreme, that oracles are sure to be fulfilled at last, and that the gods must be revered. The drama is thus made to teach a lesson, but the lesson is effective only because the play has held the attention and stirred the imagination. When once the dramatist has us under his spell we are receptive to his message, but the spell of tragedy depends on its appeal to our suppressed complexes. It is they that furnish the energy which rivets our attention on the drama, which in turn embodies the message. A channel of discharge is thus established, leading from the suppressed complexes to those complexes of the upper stratum which center in ethical and philosophical interests. The former are therefore made tributary to the latter. The lower complexes are relieved and the higher are strengthened and stimulated. Discord is replaced by harmony."

Nothing could be so unscientific, therefore, as the tendency to deprecate tragedy. Some of the most important messages to mankind have been conveyed by dramatists who were more profoundly psychological than their critics and who, nevertheless, provided, in the Greek manner, an outlet for these repressed conflicts which was indispensable to the national health. It is conceivable that a community might grow morbid from the suppression of tragedy on the stage. "The cause of all tragedy is the breaking into consciousness of the illogical and unethical subconscious self." It is better that the break into consciousness be "a dumb show" than a real crime. Society should be provided with its emotional catharsis, even if the play has to end unhappily. To quote finally, the words of Doctor Coriat:

"In the same way that physical events possess an unchangeable sequence of cause and effect, so psychical events conform to an identical mechanism. There is no more room for chance in the mental world than in the physical world. It is this theory of determinism, so rigorous and inflexible, which has been responsible for the development of the technical methods in the exploration of the conscious and unconscious mental life known as psycho-analysis."

Religion and Ethics

SOLVING THE SEX PROBLEM BY MEANS OF RETICENCE

THE demands of the ever-increasing modern school of pedagogs and psychologists who favor the sexual enlightenment of children are sternly opposed by Dr. F. W. Foerster, Special Lecturer in Ethics and Psychology at the University of Zürich. In a remarkable book,* translated from the German by Dr. Meyrick Booth, Dr. Foerster makes himself the champion of the old policy of reticence in matters pertaining to the sexual instinct. The foundation of all sound education in sex, he proclaims, must consist in distracting the mind from sexual matters, not in directing it toward them. The problem of moral preservation, we are told, is a question of power far more than of knowledge. The author's conclusions are heartily indorsed by the Roman Catholic weekly *America*. "The author of this book," it remarks, "is not a Catholic, but we should not be surprised to hear of his conversion. . . . He has worked his way from Rationalism to Christianity, and the term of his journey is clear to us, tho it may not be so to him at present." Meanwhile the weekly in question recommends the book to "those whose duty it is to guard teacher and taught against the corruption that is breaking loose under the name of science."

Dr. Foerster undoubtedly makes a strong argument in favor of the traditional views on the subject that are so fiercely assailed by such writers as the celebrated psychologist Dr. Freud, of Vienna, and Edward Carpenter and Ellen Key. It is thoroly characteristic of our intellectualistic age, observes Dr. Foerster, that the movement toward the sexual education of the young should aim for the most part at mere education. The popular opinion is undoubtedly that the sexual oversensitiveness and aberration of the youth of our day are caused by the lack of proper instruction. This the author regards as a serious error. The real danger, he says lies in the regrettable neglect of character-training and in the prevailing pleasure-seeking atmosphere that environs us. What can mere instruction do for us? If our young people are not being educated to a great view of life as a whole, instruction can do no more than stimu-

late curiosity. Education in the laws of sex, he thinks, must be in the first place education in the laws of the will.

"The best possible sexual education is that which says merely what is absolutely essential with regard to sex and concentrates itself upon the strengthening of all those habits and elements of character which will naturally prepare young people to take up a right attitude towards the awakening impulses. The educator in matters relating to sex should not be a specialist; he should be as universal as possible in his outlook, and should be capable of developing an educational system every portion of which is adapted to so deepening and strengthening the whole character as to protect it against the temptations of sex. It is therefore my most profound conviction that the best education in sex is a *thoro all-round education in the deepest sense of the term*. The behavior of any young person in the sphere of sex is the resultant of his or her education as a whole; has the latter been merely intellectual, or has it been soft or superficial, then the boy or girl, in spite of the best possible instruction, will fall a victim to the first temptation; on the other hand, has the whole education been such as to strengthen the spiritual and moral nature against what is sensual and lowering, then he or she will know what is impure, even in the absence of my sexual instruction, just as Parsifal, on first coming into contact with Kundry, saw in a flash the whole of what lay behind her enticements. The sexual behavior of a given individual is a very good touchstone by which to judge of his whole education, for it enables us to perceive whether or not his training has been based upon a true knowledge of human nature and a disciplining of its weakness. Considered from this point of view, the sexual laxity of the young people of to-day throws a very dark light upon the character of our education. The higher energies of youth have been so exclusively devoted to the accumulation of knowledge that no strength remains for self-discipline. Yet of what value is all our intellectual training if it produces weaklings? The higher types of school, in particular, the most elevated rounds of the educational ladder, are by common experience only too often nurseries of vice and sexual demoralization.

"When we consider the condition of our modern youth with regard to sexual morality, what are we to think of the character-training they have received? We are driven to the conclusion that our whole educational system must be lacking in sufficiently powerful educational methods. Considerations of humanity

have rightly driven the old-fashioned brutal discipline out of the field. But it has not yet been replaced by truer and more psychological methods. A training in self-discipline has not taken the place of the old external discipline. During the last few decades the sublime 'Thou shalt' of religion, with all its compelling appeal to the deepest springs of inner freedom, has disappeared from the lives of thousands of families. No one has set anything new in its place. The growing sexual discontent of our age has, at any rate, one good side. It exposes, with merciless and striking clarity, the disastrous weakness of the whole spirit of modern education, and thus paves the way for a reform."

The sensuous nature should, in the writer's opinion, be severely disciplined from the first. "To encourage the voluntary practice of self-conquest before the age of puberty is the most practical and thoroughgoing form of sexual education." Everything that hinders a man, Professor Foerster remarks, quoting Joseph de Maistre, strengthens him. Many a man of thirty years is capable of successfully resisting the allurements of a beautiful woman, because at the age of five or six he was taught voluntarily to give up a sweet. We must make our children acquainted with what one writer calls "the strategy of the Holy War."

"The outstanding feature of sexual education should not be an explanation of the sex functions but an introduction to the inexhaustible power of the human spirit and its capacity for dominating the animal nature and controlling its demands.

"When young people have learned to appreciate the joy of such spiritual mastery, they have attained the highest possible immunity from sexual temptations. I have often found pleasure in telling boys entering their teens the story of Achilles—how his mother brought him up among girls, dressed as a girl, so that he might not have to go to Troy with the other Greek youths; but Ulysses had the war trumpet blown before the palace gates, when the maidens all fled terrified at the noise, while the young Achilles immediately felt for his sword. In the same manner a boy of character will not show himself a coward when the animal impulses first make themselves felt, but will at once take to arms and realize that an opportunity has been given him to prove and perfect his courage.

"Young people are practically never deaf to such an appeal. They are more than ready to receive Nietzsche's words:

* MARRIAGE AND THE SEX PROBLEM. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

'Do not cast aside the heroic in thy soul!'

"In addition, I should like to say that this species of will-gymnastics seems to me to be quite as essential in the education of girls as in that of boys, and for the special reason that in the woman's case it is necessary to work against the tendency towards a life of one-sided emotionalism. It is only by a training of the will that a real education of the emotional life can be accomplished. Regular practice in the controlling of bodily conditions and outward distractions prepares the way for a mastery of the emotions and for their noblest development; it enables them to become independent of external circumstances, of whims and moods, and to acquire concentration, force, and endurance. Such will-training protects a woman from the dangers which arise from her impulsiveness and suggestibility."

Dr. Foerster derides the modern view of "self-realization" preached by the disciples of Ellen Key. When, he remarks, a gardener cuts away the green shoots springing from the roots of a rose bush he does not do this in order to kill the roses but with the express intention of concentrating and intensifying the life of the bush, that it may bloom the better. The task of a true method of self-control, he goes on to say, is exactly analogous. "I should like to remind those who make a mockery of self-discipline, and talk about the evils of repression, that *they* are the great repressors, because they repress the human will by weakly allowing it to yield to temporary passion and passing desire! They it is who are the real enemies of freedom and personality, because they allow the world of outward distractions to enslave the true inner self."

"We live in an age in which the nerve doctors more and more claim to be our guides in the conduct of life. Their point of view is, unfortunately, wholly determined by the abnormal cases with which they come in contact; their field of vision is crowded with degenerates; with supersensitive, disturbed and perverse people. They approach traditional morality and demand that its standards shall be lowered to suit their patients; nay, they would like to dose even the healthy with their diluted type of ethics, for fear

lest these, too, should develop psychopathic symptoms! Thus the reduced capacity of neurasthenic and other abnormal men and women is made the standard of what should be demanded from the race in general—*our whole moral idea is to be based upon the material found in the nerve specialist's waiting-room!* This is indeed the last straw! It was Nietzsche's reproach against the old ethical ideas that they had been dictated by the needs of the weaker and less full-blooded members of the community, but what shall we say of the new ethical ideas which are derived from a consideration of abnormal and neurasthenic people?"

The author recollects a doctor's pamphlet in which naive wonderment is expressed why people do not talk just as freely about the sexual functions as about any other physical processes. The atmosphere of secrecy which surrounds the sphere of sex seems to this physician and to many like him no more than a product of what they call the "Christian doctrine of the sinfulness of the sex instinct." It is an extraordinary thing, comments Dr. Foerster, that a doctor should fail to see the radical difference which exists between the sex function and other natural processes.

"The sexual organs are associated with sensations of the utmost excitement and pleasure, and hence are continually threatening to absorb an undue share of imagination, anticipation, and recollection. This mental preoccupation, which is directed not so much to the reproductive utility of the sex organs, as to the pleasure which they promise the individual, is the greatest obstacle to a healthy development of sexual life. To prevent it must be a central object of all sexual education. When thoughts connected with sex secure a dominant position in the mental life of an individual, then there is grave danger that they may so tyrannize over the will as to render the individual unable to control his actions."

Even in the case of boys leaving school at the age of their teens it is of no value, in Dr. Foerster's opinion, to enter into explanations of all the different sexual diseases, as is now so often done. The boys, he admits, know already more about the subject than the

teacher tells them. Hence it would be infinitely better if the teacher were to give the boys the broadest idea he could of the great possibilities of character, if he were to encourage them to look at the whole question of sex from the point of view of character, to consider their responsibilities, and the value of restraint and self-mastery.

"Recent years have seen a remarkable diminution in the sense of shame. It no longer plays the part it once did in the education of the young. The consensus of centuries of opinion in favor of cultivating this protective factor is to-day being ignored. This is due to the disastrous belief of the modern man that all true wisdom began with him; whereas in truth it is precisely in modern times that vague and abstract ideas have taken the place of a sane and balanced understanding of the actual truths about life. Personally I have not the slightest doubt that a highly-developed sense of shame protects young people far better than the best instruction—and better counteracts any knowledge they may obtain from impure sources. It should never be forgotten that the protection which our sexual natures most need is not protection from outward influences but from our own thoughts. Such protection can be secured only by a properly cultivated sense of shame.

"We modern intellectualists are so accustomed to probe into everything with our scientific thought and our prying reflections that we are only too apt to forget that in certain of the deeper things of life too much reflection is an unwholesome and disturbing influence.

"The sense of shame is a health-preserving instinct. Its function is to draw a veil of unconsciousness over the deepest mystery of life and preserve it from too anxious thought. Nietzsche has very wisely drawn our attention to the profound truth illustrated by the old legend of Eros, who, in spite of being forbidden to do so, insisted upon turning the light of his torch upon Psyche: namely, that the bright light of intellectual reflection can do terrible damage in certain regions of the inner life. . . .

"My attitude is determined very largely by a consideration of the danger in dwelling too exclusively on the *material* side of sexual life; this leads to an over-valuation of the purely material and physiological aspect as compared with the ethical and religious."

CHARLOTTE GILMAN'S REPLY TO ELLEN KEY

IN HER recent powerful attack on "amaternism" feminism, Ellen Key, the great Swedish thinker, singles out the words of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, our American feminist philosopher, as presenting the strongest antithesis to her own, and expounding a theory of life which she opposes as dangerous and destructive; the most vital point of difference being their conception of motherliness. Mrs. Gilman's ideal is social motherhood, Ellen Key's a more intensely individual

mother. Each writer expresses her thought with unrivalled poetic fervor. Moreover, they represent the two deepest contending forces in the woman movement to-day. "If Ellen Key is right," says Mrs. Gilman, in the February number of her magazine, *The Forerunner*, "then I am absolutely and utterly, foolishly and mischievously, wrong."

Mrs. Gilman states briefly the position defined by Ellen Key as follows: "The object of our life is the improve-

ment of human beings; the improvement of human beings is best attained by the right birth and rearing of children. To this end we need the full development of the individual character of both men and women through education, association, freedom, work and love. To this end also we need the consecration of the individual mother to her children."

Her own position Mrs. Gilman proceeds to define as primarily that of a humanist, not a feminist. "The object

of our life," she affirms, "is the improvement of social relations; the improvement of social relations is best attained by the right performance of social functions, i. e., all forms of human work which benefit society. To this end we need the full development of individual service in both men and women, through education, association, freedom, work and love—human love. To this end also we need a social motherhood."

In Ellen Key's opinion, the entire activity of women in industrial life and also in the professions (she excepts politics) is merely a means of earning a livelihood or of egoistic self-expression. Motherhood, she maintains, is a woman's true vocation. She assumes that the best education of the child requires the continuous exclusive devotion of the individual mother. Mrs. Gilman, on the contrary, contends that the rapidly enlarging range of woman's activity is a social duty, and not a personal one; that the best education of the child requires, in addition to the love and care of its mother, the work of specialists in child culture. She writes:

"The reason why women need the fullest freedom in human development—and this means not merely education but action—is two-fold: it is needed because women are half the people of the world and the world needs their service as *people*, not only as women; and secondly (here I think Ellen Key agrees to a certain extent) that women as women, i. e., as mothers, need full human development to transmit it to their children.

"Doing human work is what develops human character. Human work is specialized activity in some social function—any art, craft, trade or profession that serves society.

"What society most lacks to-day is the capacity of individuals to feel and think *collectively*, to grasp social values, to recognize, care for and serve social needs, to see in the common business of life not personal expression or personal aggrandizement but social service. The reason we lack this capacity is that half the world has been denied the means to develop it. Women, in specializing as human beings in some trade or profession, are serving both the individual and the collective needs of their children; they help make a

better world, and they make better children."

There has been much misapprehension in the past of Mrs. Gilman's position. Even Ellen Key, it would seem, confuses her ideas with those of certain egoistic feminists in Europe who depreciate the function of motherhood. "Never once," says Mrs. Gilman, "in writing, or from platform or pulpit, have I denied the right and duty, the joy and pride of every normal woman to be a mother, to bear her children, to suckle her children, to provide—as

"This experience is forever denied the mother.

"Not only are some women far better fitted for child-care by their natural talents than other women; not only are some women far better fitted for it by opportunities of training; but this remains the hopeless impossibility: so long as each woman takes all the care of her children herself, no woman on earth *can ever have the requisite experience.*

"The human child needs first and always the mother's love, but he needs in ever-increasing addition to this the love and care and service of those socially specialized to this great end."



Photograph by Brown Brothers

THE ADVOCATE OF A SOCIAL MOTHERHOOD

Mrs. Gilman denies that the individual mother is, or ever can be, all-sufficient as an educator of humanity. She pleads for "specialists in child culture."

sisted by the father—the best conditions for their offspring. What I do deny absolutely is that the individual mother is, or ever can be, all-sufficient as an educator of humanity." She continues:

"The individual animal mother is so sufficient because animals do not specialize as we do. One conspicuous quality of humanity is its profound personal distinctions. A kitten or a cub is a kitten or a cub—and may be efficiently cared for by its mother; but each child varies from the other, and from its parents, in ever-widening degree, and for the understanding and right handling of this human quality our children need not only love but the widest experience.

Mrs. Gilman goes on to point out what she considers another vitally important error in Ellen Key's assumption (which is a very common one) that when a woman is engaged in a profession or industry, she can not give due love and care to her husband and children. This rests, of course, on another assumption, that the home of to-day is unchangeable, that it must always remain as it is at present—"a group of undifferentiated industries," demanding all the woman's time and strength. Mrs. Gilman's ideas on this subject are well known. A kitchenless home, with highly specialized care and education of children beginning at their birth, does not seem to her impossible of human attainment. "For the necessary time required for the work of the world," she writes, "father, mother and child may be outside of the home, and yet when father, mother and child return—it is home indeed."

To Ellen Key's ideal of a home which requires the life devotion of a mother-priestess, Charlotte Gilman opposes an ideal of social service for both man and woman made possible by a new and better kind of home. Against the growth of the highly evolved emotion of social service, she finds "no single deterrent influence more sinister, more powerful, than the persistence of this ancient root-form of society, this man-headed, woman-absorbing, child-restricting, self-servicing home." What we need, Mrs. Gilman concludes, is not a more intense but a larger maternal love.

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE OF MODERN THOUGHT

IF I cannot, and I know I cannot, get the literary and scientific big-wigs to give me a shilling, I can, and I know I can, heave bricks into the middle of them." So wrote the late Samuel Butler, dubbing himself "the *enfant terrible* of literature and science." In his preface to "Major Barbara," Bernard Shaw says that Butler "was, in his own department, the greatest English writer in the latter half of the nineteenth century." Not a small part of Samuel Butler's posthumous popularity is due to Shaw's posthumous tribute. But the question arises: What was Butler's "department"? There is no other novel like "The Way of All Flesh." The brilliant qualities of "Erewhon" are entirely too elusive to catalog. The fascinating portrait of Butler revealed by "The Notebooks of Samuel Butler," just published in New York, by Mitchell Kennerley, further tend to convince us that he was a unique figure "in his own department." No English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century would have cared less for posthumous praise than Butler cared. His attitude is revealed charmingly in a "poem" contained in the "Notebooks." It is called "To Critics and Others," and runs as follows:

O Critics, cultured Critics!
Who will praise me after I
am dead,
Who will see in me both
more and less than I in-
tended,
But who will swear that
whatever it was it was
all perfectly right;
You will think you are better
than the people who,
when I was alive, swore
that whatever I did was
wrong
And damned my books for
me as fast as I could
write them;
But you will not be better,
you will be just the same,
neither better nor worse,
And you will go for some
future Butler as your
fathers.
Oh, how I should have
hated you!

But you, nice People!
Who will be sick of me be-
cause the critics thrust
me down your throats,
But who would take me
willingly enough if you
were not bored about
me. . . .
Please remember that, if I
were living, I should be
upon your side
And should hate those who
imposed me either on
myself or others;

Therefore, I pray you, neglect me, bur-
lesque me, boil me down, do whatever
you like with me,
But do not think that, if I were living, I
should not aid and abet you.
There is nothing that even Shakespeare
would enjoy more than a good bur-
lesque of Hamlet.

Samuel Butler's thoughts in the "Notebooks" will appeal to the "nice people" who themselves love to hurl bricks at the great and near-great, rather than to the cultured critics he so hates. He is preeminent perhaps as a critic of social morality. He views from an angle peculiarly his own certain well-advertised virtues, and then acts as a charitable spokesman *pro tem* for our mute and inglorious vices. He warns children against the virtues of their elders. He counsels imperfection. Virtue carried to excess is worse, he thinks, than vice in moderation. Here is one of his "Counsels of Imperfection":

"It is as immoral to be too good as to be too anything else. The Christian morality is just as immoral as any other. It is at once very moral and very im-

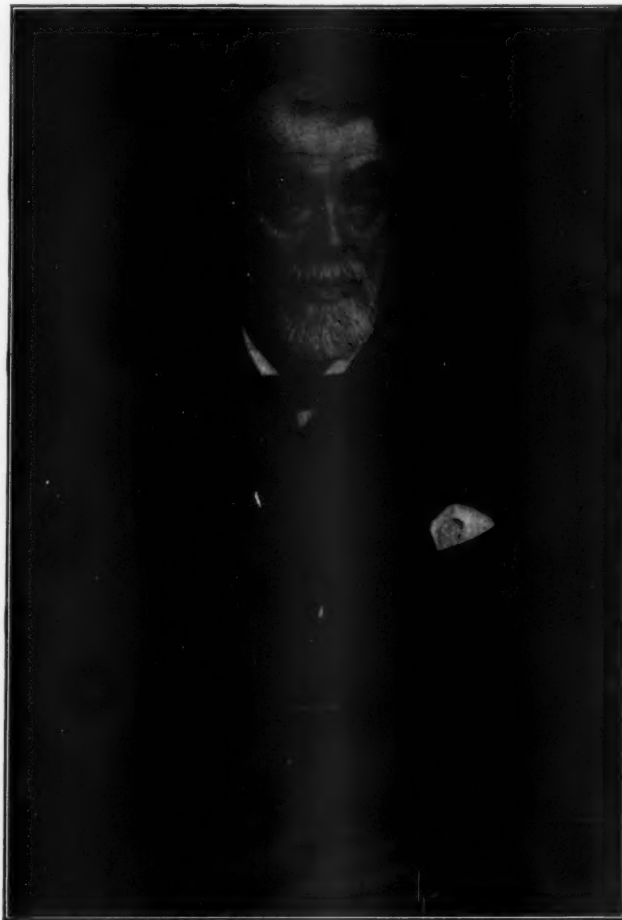
moral. How often do we not see children ruined through the virtues, real or supposed, of their parents? Truly He visiteth the virtues of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation. The most that can be said for virtue is that there is a considerable balance in its favor, and that it is a good deal better to be for it than against it; but it lets people in very badly sometimes."

"It is the sub-vicious," he said, "who best understand virtue." Yet he always found it a rather difficult feat to be really vicious, as this paragraph, which he sadly calls "My Virtuous Life," shows:

"I have led a more virtuous life than I intended, or thought I was leading. When I was young I thought I was vicious: now I know that I was not and that my unconscious knowledge was sounder than my conscious. I regret some things that I have done, but not many. I regret that so many should think I did much which I never did, and should know of what I did in so garbled and distorted a fashion as to have done me much mischief. But if things were known as they actually happened, I believe that I should have less to be ashamed of than a good many of my neighbors—and less also to be proud of."

Readers of Samuel Butler's much-discussed novel, "The Way of All Flesh," will remember that he dispensed with all the customary ideas about family life, the education of children, and the inherent love of parents and children. In one of his notes on the Family he expresses the opinion that the attempt to prolong family connection unduly and to make people hang together artificially who would never naturally do so is the cause of a great deal of unhappiness—"among the middle and upper classes it is killing a large number daily." His own ideal is very concisely expressed in one of his notes entitled "Melchisedec": "Melchisedec was a really happy man. He was without father, without mother, and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan."

Yet in spite of his heresies, in music, morals, literature and art, the notebooks reveal a profoundly religious temperament, a lover of homely truth somewhat akin to the Platonic Socrates. Butler was a pre-



A COUNSELOR OF IMPERFECTION

Samuel Butler, whom Bernard Shaw has called "in his own department, the greatest English writer in the latter half of the nineteenth century," warns children against the virtues of their parents, and argues that virtue carried to excess is worse than vice in moderation.

cursor of the thinkers of the present day who would banish the dualism between the organic and inorganic world. At the same time he believed in an unseen world about which we know nothing. "I see things coming from it to the visible world and going down again from the seen world to the unseen." But it is useless, he pointed out, to try to understand or imagine this unseen world. One stultifies himself in attempting to do so. "It should be no more described than God should be represented in painting or sculpture. It is as the other side of the moon: we know that it must be there, but we know also that, in the nature of things, we can never see it."

He seems, in spite of his scientific inclinations, to have been a firmer believer in a spiritual world than in a world of material things. "Life is eight parts cards and two parts play," he wrote; "the unseen world is made manifest to us in the play." Our real life is the life we live in others. We spend our life in being born. He elaborates this idea in two notes which we quote:

"We had better live in others as much as we can if only because we thus live more in the race, which God really does seem to care about a good deal; and less in the individual, to whom, so far as I can see, he is indifferent. After we are dead it matters not to the life we have led in ourselves what people may say of us, but it matters much to the life we lead in others, and this should be our true life."



A KNIGHT OF THE PEOPLE

Henry Demarest Lloyd, who is celebrated in a new biography by his sister, has been compared with John Ruskin. By birth and training an aristocrat, he chose to devote his life to Socialistic ideals.

"When I am inclined to complain about having worked so many years and taken nothing but debt, tho I feel the want of money so continually (much more, doubtless, than I ought to feel it), let me remember that I came in free, gratis, to the work of hundreds and thousands of better men than myself who were much worse paid than I have been. If a man's true self is his karma—the life which his work lives, but which he knows very little

about and by which he takes nothing—let him remember at least that he can enjoy the karma of others, and this about squares the account—or rather more than squares it."

The Kingdom of Heaven, as Butler found it, consisted in accepting this world of society as we find it, and in living according to the dictates of common sense. What his ideals were lacking in poetry, they made up in a homely amiability. He defines the Kingdom of Heaven in the following terms:

"The world admits that there is another world, that there is a kingdom, veritable and worth having, which, nevertheless, is invisible and has nothing to do with any kingdom such as we now use. It agrees that the wisdom of this other kingdom is foolishness here on earth, while the wisdom of the world is foolishness in the Kingdom of Heaven. In our hearts we know that the Kingdom of Heaven is the higher of the two and the better worth living and dying for, and that, if it is to be won, it must be sought steadfastly and in singleness of heart by those who put all else on one side and, shrinking from no sacrifice, are ready to face shame, pov-

erty and torture here rather than abandon the hope of the prize of their high calling. Nobody who doubts any of this is worth talking with.

"The question is, where is this Heavenly Kingdom, and what way are we to take to find it? Happily the answer is easy, for we are not likely to go wrong if in all simplicity, humility and good faith we heartily desire to find it and follow the dictates of ordinary common sense."

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD AS A PIONEER OF THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ETHICS

ONE of the men who helped to make possible that new social consciousness which is manifesting itself both in the Progressive movement and in the policies of Woodrow Wilson is Henry Demarest Lloyd. He has been dead ten years, and he is just beginning to be estimated at his true worth. Tolstoy once suggested that the social problem might be solved if four men (of whom Mr. Lloyd was one) could get together and talk it out. In a new biography,* written by his sister, Mr. Lloyd appears not only as a

social reformer, but as a kind of prophet who stood at one of the crises of our national development and spoke the words that needed to be spoken. "His career," says Edwin Markham in the *New York American*, "is an epic in practical idealism and should be familiar in every home and school of the land." The *Springfield Republican* adds: "If a list were to be made of the epoch-making books produced in the United States in the nineteenth century Mr. Lloyd's 'Wealth against Commonwealth,' in which, nearly twenty years ago, he delivered the most celebrated of all attacks upon the Standard Oil Company and the business methods exemplified by it, would neces-

sarily be placed close, if not immediately, after Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and Hinton Rowan Helper's 'Impending Crisis.'"

Mr. Lloyd entered the lists against Tammany Hall as early as in 1871, but he first came into general notice ten years later as the author of an article entitled "The Story of a Great Monopoly," which William Dean Howells printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Charles Edward Russell, in his introduction to the present biography, speaks of this article as "a turning point in our social history," since "with it dawned upon Americans the first conviction that the industrial development of which we had been so proud was a

* HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD. A Biography by Caro Lloyd. In Two Volumes. With an Introduction by Charles Edward Russell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

source not of strength but of fatal weakness." The article was only sixteen pages long, yet it created an international sensation. It was the forerunner of the long series of "muck-raking" articles with which we have since become so familiar.

"The Story of a Great Monopoly" led on to "Wealth against Commonwealth," Lloyd's *magnum opus*. Mr. Howells recommended the book to Harper and Brothers. It appeared in September, 1894. Here, as nowhere else, we may read the inside history and the "seamy side" of a trust's development and recognize the true significance of such a combination as the Standard Oil Company. The record tells of genius robbed of its invention and dying in poverty; of a widow's tragedy; of the Company's attempt to blow up a rival plant; of the struggles of independent concerns; of the "smokeless rebates" granted by railroads. We see the helplessness and subserviency of legislatures, courts and Congress under a dominion grown from local to national and international, striving in fact to encircle the globe.

The moral of the book is stated toward the close:

"When it comes to know the facts, the human heart can no more endure monopoly than American slavery or Roman empire. The first step to a remedy is that the people care. If they know, they will care. To help men to know and care; to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of good, new sympathy for the victims of power and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made. Democracy is not a lie. There live in the body of the commonalty the unexhausted virtue and the ever-refreshed strength which can rise equal to any problems of progress. In the hope of tapping some reserve of their powers of self-help this story is told to the people."

The response to "Wealth against Commonwealth" was instant. Excerpts appeared in French and German papers. An abridged translation was published in Russia. Miss Lloyd tells us:

"Men read the book with the same absorbing interest which as boys they gave to pirate stories. So exciting was it that they could read only a little at a time. . . . On all sides was echoed Edward Everett Hale's verdict, that it was an epoch-making book, an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the labor movement. . . . It startled many Americans out of that comfortable assurance that, having the franchise, their liberties were secure. To lawyers it was particularly convincing. Ministers and writers preached and wrote upon it, thrilled with a sense of the peril before the Republic. Robert Louis Stevenson decided to found a novel upon its disclosures. John Burroughs said that after an hour's reading he was so angry that he 'had to go out and kick stumps.' Those indeed were days when good men swore and even a minister confessed that he

threw down the book and cried, 'Damn those rascals.'"

Many of the proposals with which Mr. Lloyd proposed to meet the evils bred by the trust are platitudinous and conservative now; but in his day they were deemed revolutionary. His reputation as an extreme radical probably served to retard the acceptance of remedies he suggested. He was ever "on the firing line"—in defense of Chicago Anarchists, of Pullman strikers, of Spring Valley miners. Aristocrat and democrat, student and agitator, blended in him. His father-in-law, William Bross, of the *Chicago Tribune*, disinherited him as a disgrace to the family. As late as 1902 he was associated with John Mitchell and Clarence Darrow as a spokesman in behalf of anthracite coal miners before the commission appointed by ex-President Roosevelt. Jane Addams and Louis Brandeis were two of his advisers. Much of his best energy, toward the close of his life, went into a series of monographs on labor copartnership, compulsory arbitration, and similar subjects. He visited Australia and New Zealand so that he might be able to write of conditions from personal observation. His unfinished book on the referendum in Switzerland was rounded out by his English friend, John A. Hobson. He became a Socialist, but could not subscribe to the Marxist conception of the "class struggle." The coming great change in society, he contended, would be brought about by the middle class rather than by workingmen. He died in the heat of a struggle to achieve municipal control of the street-car lines in Chicago.

Lloyd's effectiveness as a radical, the *Springfield Republican* thinks, was due in no small measure to his close association with the class whom his ideas most antagonized. The same paper continues:

"Not only was he well circumstanced and educated, but he later came into means which would have enabled him to live a life of idleness and personal gratifications had his character been shaped in easier and more indulgent ways than it was. But he early fell under the dominion of strong sympathies for the poor and oppressed, and thereafter threw himself unreservedly into the work of bringing about such changes in the political and industrial order as, in his opinion, would have established a more equitable distribution of the product of labor. Like Ruskin and others, he reached out from the higher worldly estate to take up the cause of the poor, and the latter recognized and appreciated it to the fullest. As a speaker before audiences of workingmen he was especially effective as one who, possessed of the appearance of the aristocrat in a striking degree, yet gave utterance to the most radical sentiments. As in the case of Ruskin, he liked to think of himself as the 'reddest of the red,' but while Ruskin's

radicalism lost itself in the clouds of a socio-paternalistic mysticism, Lloyd's moved down among the people in such concrete and practical form as to make him a really dangerous character to the possessors of privilege (as distinguished from property) which he alone assorted. Hence it was that Ruskin became a reactionary in politics, while Lloyd became the purest of democrats."

Charles Edward Russell characterizes Lloyd as "the pioneer and leader of the great movement that has disillusioned Americans and probably has saved them from an abominable industrial despotism." More specifically, Mr. Russell says:

"He began at a time when the deadly spirit of complacency and self-satisfaction (which for some reason is supposed to be patriotic) was most upon us; and after he had lighted up the situation as it really was, his countrymen were never again able to ignore it. He planted the seed; his fortune, very unusual in such men, was to see the tilth in a thousand places and in ways of which he had never dreamed. . . .

"His equipment for the work he was to do seemed to me almost perfect, and one of its strong elements was his admirable and invariable poise. No one saw more clearly the imminent peril that threatened republican institutions in America, and so one felt more deeply on the subject; but he never allowed himself one extravagant or unwarranted expression, speaking always with the calm assurance, and therefore with the full weight, of authority. . . . He was the most patient and conscientious of investigators, and when, his facts all weighed out, tested and verified, he was ready to convey them to another mind, his vehicle was so clear, so interesting and sympathetic, that no reader could fail of his one conclusion. He had also a great function in supplying facts and arguments to soldiers in the same cause that were not so well equipped. As an active newspaper man in the West at the time the fight was beginning against corporation rule, I had good opportunities to observe this. I remember, for instance, that when Mr. Lloyd wrote a powerful and convincing article against the practice, then common, of cornering food supplies and dealing in grain futures, most of the editorial writers in our part of the country made free use of his material. Thousands of editorial pages have been brightened from other work of his. As the *Standard Oil* article in the *Atlantic* became the armory of every person willing to fight for industrial freedom, so 'Wealth against Commonwealth' in later years became the great storehouse of information to which numbers of able campaigners habitually resorted for their facts. Probably millions of men read or heard Mr. Lloyd's ideas without being aware of the real authorship. But I judge that with this condition he was well content. No man ever entered such a fight with a smaller share of personal vanity to gratify. He desired that his countrymen should be informed of existing conditions, but not that he himself should gain fame or rewards."

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EUROPE AND THE EUROPEANIZATION OF AMERICA

THAT Europe is being Americanized and that the American idea of progress—the piling up of wealth and the perfecting of the tools of production—is penetrating and pervading European society is the thesis of Dr. Guglielmo Ferrero's latest essay in *Hearst's Magazine*. The process, he affirms, is working out badly for Europe and well for America. "And since America," he tells us further, "by virtue of her immense territory and her smaller number of traditions, is the stronger in the race, so the decadence of Europe must necessarily be accelerated as time goes on. The continent destined to dominate the civilization of the future, as Europe dominated down to the middle of the eighteenth century, will be America."

In supporting his statement that Europe is becoming Americanized, Ferrero asks us to recall something of the artistic, the intellectual and spiritual tradition of the Old World countries. He speaks of that Hellenic beauty which spread its glory to the remotest inlet of the Mediterranean; of the Rome of the Popes; of the Middle Ages that built the loveliest cathedrals, the most charming palaces of all time; of cinque-cento Venice, resplendent in its marbles; of eighteenth-century France immortalizing three sovereigns in three famous decorative styles which she imposed upon the world. He dilates on imperial Rome, creator of civil law, and on Christianity, burning to cleanse mankind of sin. Then he says: "All that remains of this Europe, American progress is now destroying with all speed. The artistic spirit is everywhere disappearing from a continent which for centuries was the prophet of beauty to the world." He continues:

"One might quote no end of illustrations. I shall cite only one, one that is characteristic.

"In the little cities of Italy, the stranger often sees ancient monuments—churches or palaces—that are gradually falling into ruin. The indifference of the authorities or the cupidity of owners let time complete its destruction, or help it on, marring the last remnants of a bygone beauty. The stranger shakes his head, grieves, mutters sharp judgments, asks himself what manner of barbarians the inhabitants of the little city must be. But his amusement would grow if he could talk with some resident of the place and freely express his mind.

"Barbarians? We?" the storekeeper, or the lawyer, or the doctor, or the mechanic, of the place would say.

"And to convince the stranger of his error, they would tell him that their city had electric light! A municipality that cannot raise a few thousand lire to preserve this or that great monument in good

condition, will spend large sums to place electric lamps in streets where no one passes after nine o'clock. For electric lighting is a mark of progress and it is in this American sense that both the storekeeper and the artisan would use the word to-day. It wouldn't occur to anyone,—except possibly a few scholars and lovers of the arts without any influence,—that it was barbaric to let an old monument go to ruin! A slight example, but one that indicates the new spirit that now pervades and triumphs throughout Europe."

A further and more evident proof of the triumph of American progress is found by Ferrero in the decadence or disappearance of schools of art. In past centuries, in harder and more hampered times than our own, Europe had the genius to create and bring to flower schools of literature, sculpture, painting, architecture and music. Now, says Ferrero, almost all of these schools have disappeared, and in their place we see schools of electrical and mechanical engineering, of dyeing and weaving, of commerce and chemistry. "The wealthy classes of contemporary Europe consider it much more dignified and elegant to manufacture automobiles and aeroplanes than to support painting and sculpture. As for governments, whenever one of them ventures to lend even a little aid to the fine arts the cry goes up on all sides that the money of the people is being foolishly squandered."

America, so Ferrero would have us believe, is in large part responsible for all this. The discovery of the New World was what broke up the old régime. Up to the fifteenth century Europe was satisfied to live in a small territory. Then, following on the voyage of Columbus, new vistas opened. There began in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, slowly at first, that striving of the mind and will which was little by little to place in the hands of Europeans all the weapons necessary to conquer the earth. The sciences developed; the first machines were invented and put to work; the ideas of liberty, of progress, of the rights of man, of the will of the people, began to undermine the ancient beliefs and traditions. The French Revolution was the violent and dramatic expression of the whole movement, and with it a new era in the history of the world began. The keynote of the new epoch was Plenty. It seemed as if at last man's eternal dream of the Terrestrial Paradise, the Promised Land, the Golden Age, was to be realized. "But every medal," Ferrero remarks, "has its reverse; and for this fabulous Plenty of which men dreamed in vain so many centuries we have had to pay, and pay dearly." The argument proceeds:

"One cannot have and one should not desire to have everything in this world,—railroads and beautiful pictures, aeroplanes and the marvelous furniture of the great French artists of the eighteenth century, speed and good manners. For among the criticisms that Europeans make of America there is also this: that by the example of her democracy she has driven from Europe the charming manners of our ancient ceremonial, substituting a sort of cordiality that is too simple, too hail-fellow-well-met. But would it be possible to observe the exquisite social forms of the eighteenth century in a civilization that goes on the run like ours? Among men who live from train to automobile and from automobile to telephone calls?

"Every epoch directs its energies to one supreme object which for it is the most important of all. There have been epochs, aflame with the religious spirit, whose supreme aspiration was to spread and defend the faith; epochs profoundly stirred by the ambition for glory and bent on the waging of great wars; epochs devoted to the development of the arts and sciences.

"Our civilization has set its aim primarily upon the conquest of nature and the intensive exploitation of all the riches of the earth. We enjoy the consequent advantages; we are not inclined to forego the railroad or the telegraph; we have no wish to run the risk of famine which haunted past civilizations; we revel in our incredible abundance and freedom, and we are altogether unwilling to return to the rigors and parsimony of the earlier time.

"Wherefore we must be resigned, even we Europeans, to pay the price of all these advantages and to live in an epoch in which the arts cannot flourish greatly, in which religion lacks the flaming force of mystic fires, and even science will not be cultivated except in such measure as will serve immediate practical ends directed to the more intense and profitable exploitation of our natural resources."

The Americanization of Europe appears to Ferrero a fatal event. Things are likely to grow worse, he intimates, before they grow better. But there is consolation, at least for Americans, in his statement that "if Europe is in process of *Americanization*, America, on the other hand, is being drawn by an internal force toward *Europeanization*!" Ferrero remarks that, prior to his recent visit to this country, he shared the view held by so many Europeans that America is obsessed by money-making. He found, instead, that "no country in Europe spends so much money, so much labor, so much passion in founding museums, schools, universities and new religions; in forwarding the arts, the religious spirit, the disinterested sciences in the midst of a civilization of the machine, of the open reign of quantity; in forestalling the loss of that intellectual heritage from the past to which Europe, preoccupied

as she is with the development of her industries and commerce, grows indifferent." If in homage to history, rather than the present, one admits that Europe historically represents above all else the force devoted to the perfecting of a high culture—arts, sciences, religions, philosophies—one cannot doubt that America is to-day in process of Europeanization. That is to say, she is striving to use the immense wealth which the intensive exploitation of her territory has given her to promote the progress of the arts, of knowledge and the religious spirit. Ferrero adds:

"Indeed, in this connection it seems to me that if a charge were brought against America, it would be that she has allowed her admiration for high culture to mount too high, so that she often overlooks the critical sense and fails to distinguish between the authentic and the specious in the world of ideal things, between the pure gold and the counterfeit.

"Certainly there is no country in Europe where faith in science is so lively and profound as in America. Europe knows that

science has great potentialities and that it has accomplished much, but she also knows that science often makes promises that it cannot fulfill.

"Not so with America. Among the educated classes as well as among the humble, faith in the powers of science is almost unbounded; there is not a marvel that the American does not expect to see stepping in the flesh, as it were, from some scientist's door.

"And America has this same universal enthusiasm for art. One would say that she seems disposed to admire whatever may be considered beautiful in all countries, times and schools. . . .

"America seems eager to enjoy and to understand all the beautiful things the past has created,—classic literature as well as the literature of contemporary Europe, Italian as well as German music, the sculpture of Greece as well as that of eighteenth and nineteenth-century France. Dutch painting and the painting of the Italian masters, the decorative art of Japan equally with the decorative styles of Louis XIVth, and XVth and XVIth. New York, in this respect, is a veritable cosmopolis of the fine arts."

While Europe, then, is gradually abandoning her ancient culture and traditions for the sake of railroads, laboratories, banks and commerce, America, on the other hand, is more and more using the wealth won by the intensive exploitation of a vast continent in the encouragement of artistic and spiritual ideals. Does not this suggest, Ferrero asks, a beautiful exchange of offices, a new and marvelous equilibrium of forces? "Surely," he observes, "if this exchange could be consummated as readily as it is easy to imagine, it would be a great blessing to our age. We might then be able to say truly that compared with all preceding generations we were a super-humanity." Unhappily there are obstacles and difficulties in the way. The creation of vast riches has become infinitely easier than their application to the fashioning of a high and refined civilization. "This," Ferrero concludes, "may be the great secret torment that frets both Europe and America."

BERGSON'S RECEPTION IN AMERICA

THE recent visit of Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, and his course of lectures at Columbia University, are recognized as events of rare importance in our cultural life. M. Bergson was honored, immediately on his arrival, by a degree of Doctor of Laws from Columbia. Crowds have attended his lectures. Quite a flood of press comment has greeted him. If keen interest in a new message, manifested by the most widely varying schools of thought, constitutes proof of the greatness of the exponent of that message, then Bergson is indeed great.

The Catholic World (New York), which is printing a series of articles on "Bergson's Philosophy of Change," concedes his success and his world-influence, but regards him as an unsafe teacher. *The Baptist Watchman* (Boston), however, finds him fundamentally conservative; and *The Biblical World* (Chicago) tries to show that he is leading toward a "higher synthesis" of pantheism and deism, of immanence and transcendence, preserving the values of each, while yielding to the faults of neither. The new Socialist weekly, *The New Review* (New York), publishes an argument claiming that Bergson "strengthens the intellectual position of Socialists," and that he "comes out squarely and forcibly for the philosophy of Economic Determinism." On the other hand, *The Syndicalist* (Chicago) and *Mother Earth* (New York) contend that he is a somewhat Anarchistic thinker. Dr. Louis Levine, in a full-page article in the *New York Times* on "Bergson and Syndicalism," makes the statement:

"Undoubtedly Professor Bergson's philosophy has a well-marked revolutionary tendency. It views life as a ceaseless effort toward new forms, and it boldly proclaims its faith in the possibilities of the creative process." But, he adds, "it is preposterous to speak of any inherent connection between Bergsonian philosophy and Syndicalism."

There is every reason, the *New York Evening Post* thinks, why the philosophy of Bergson should prove even more popular in America than it has been abroad. The way has been prepared for it by pragmatism and by the high authority of William James.

"But Pragmatism is itself a 'high-brow' designation for the philosophy of cheerful effort and cheerful acceptance of fate, that is daily being proclaimed by the newspaper poets and preachers. To fight hard according to the best light there is in us, to strive for victory, but to take no shame in honest defeat, to recognize that the glory and the purpose are in the fighting—when once the French philosopher's conception of 'creative evolution' has been translated into familiar 'inspirational' terms, many readers of Walt Mason, of Frank L. Stanton, and of Elbert Hubbard before he gave up philosophy for the advertising business, will be surprised to find that they have been reading and thinking in Bergsonian terms all their lives."

Many typically modern movements, *The Post* continues, have found their philosophic basis in Bergson. His is a doctrine for pioneers. The Syndicalist who fights instinctively without pretending to offer a definite program; the Futurist who disregards all precedents; the writer who breaks loose

from his moorings and casts himself into the unknown, "a point pressing forward into space"—are all children of the spirit which breathes in the lines of that popular song, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on the way!" These rebels have always been with us, but they have never had the sanction of an entire philosophical system behind them. Now comes Bergson teaching that revolution is evolution. "Ishmael has been legitimized." *The Post* concludes:

"M. Bergson's theories must have their strong appeal to a generation that is fond of describing itself as a restless, searching, groping, questioning age. The modern mind is a mass of struggling contradictions. Irreconcilable tastes and aspirations find entertainment there and shelter. And we take pride in the fact. A man may be a Socialist and a believer in that bitter anti-democrat, Henrik Ibsen; or a Syndicalist with sharp leanings towards Caesarism; or a Scientist with leanings towards spiritualism. All combinations are permissible—Wagner and Ellen Key, Franz Wedekind and the later Tolstoy, triumphant democracy and licensed Trusts, big navies and international peace, the emancipated mother and the emancipated child, eugenics and the utmost freedom of the individual. To reconcile such contradictions there is evident virtue in a philosophy which lays stress not on final purposes, but on mere agitation. Don't be satisfied with concentrating on one thing, says Dr. Crothers's friend; 'concentrate on everything.' Don't try to reach forward in one direction, says the Bergsonian philosophy. Follow your impulses. Reach forward in every direction. You may not seize hold of anything tangible, but see what fine exercise you will be getting."

Literature and Art

THE long-dreamed-of American Academy of Arts and Letters, initiated in 1898 by a group consisting of William Dean Howells, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, John La Farge, "Mark Twain," Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Hay and Edward MacDowell, seems at last about to be realized. A few weeks ago, the United States Senate passed a bill granting it articles of incorporation. All that is needed now to give it actual existence is indorsement of the Senate's action by the House of Representatives. The Academy is an outgrowth of a larger organization, the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The former consists of fifty members, as against the Institute's two hundred and fifty. The fifty members are:

Woodrow Wilson
William Dean Howells
Henry James
Henry Adams
Herbert Adams
Thomas R. Lounsbury
Theodore Roosevelt
John S. Sargent
Alfred Thayer Mahan
Daniel Chester French
John Burroughs
James Ford Rhodes
Horatio W. Parker
William Milligan Sloane
R. Underwood Johnson
George W. Cable
Andrew D. White
Henry Van Dyke
William C. Brownell
Basil L. Gildersleeve
Arthur T. Hadley
Henry Cabot Lodge
F. Hopkinson Smith
Edwin H. Blashfield
Owen Wister
Augustus Thomas

William M. Chase
Thomas Hastings
Hamilton Wright Mabie
Brander Matthews
Thomas Nelson Page
Elihu Vedder
Geo. Edw. Woodberry
Kenyon Cox
G. Whitefield Chadwick
Abbott H. Thayer
John Muir
Charles Francis Adams
Henry Mills Alden
George de Forest Brush
Wm. Rutherford Mead
John W. Alexander
Bliss Perry
Abbott Lawrence Lowell
James Whitcomb Riley
Nicholas Murray Butler
Paul Wayland Bartlett
George Bowne Post
DECEASED.
Horace Howard Furness
Francis D. Millet

Objections to the Academy. SOME people are temperamentally opposed to "Academies" of all kinds. They feel that exclusive organizations are, from an American point of view, snobbish and undesirable. When the proposal to incorporate the present Academy came up in the Senate, sharp words were spoken *pro* and *con*. One Representative asked ironically why the Academy should not be empowered to buy and sell—like any other business concern. Some wanted to know why this or that man was included, and why this or that other was omitted. A gentleman from Texas declared, amid laughter, that, altho he himself happened to know who all the people on the Academy list were, he would not presume on his knowledge to such an extent as to ram them down the throats of his colleagues who had been too busy getting elected to Congress to know which of those men-

tioned were painters, which sculptors, and which authors.

What an Academy
Could Do.

CERTAIN useful things, however, it is generally recognized that an American Academy could do. It could provide a center and rallying point for educated opinion. Doubtless occasions would arise, as Professor Brander Matthews suggests, when the Government would see fit to call upon the Academy for an expression of this educated opinion; and "even if such an occasion should be delayed or should not arrive," he points out, "the members would gain in wisdom by the mere fact of their association with one another and of their incorporation into a single body which has authority to speak for literature and for the fine arts." The *Friday Literary Review* of the *Chicago Evening Post* reflects: "It is perhaps just in time that the Academy has been founded, and it may find ready to its hand a task fully worthy of its greatest efforts." The same paper continues:

"It may have to stand as a bulwark against a destructive and repressive policy aimed at American letters. It has perhaps not been fully appreciated how far the newer policies which extend the powers of government through the post-office and the courts have served to put a weapon in the hands of bigots who would destroy all the ancient freedoms of literature. It is already impossible for a publicist or a novelist to know for certain that his writings may not cause him to be sent to prison. There are in this country those who would put Hawthorne behind the bars for writing 'The Scarlet Letter,' while as for Eugene Field—!"

"Against this sort of terrorism we should expect the American Academy to protect our arts and letters."

Theodore Roosevelt on the
Historical Imagination.

THE address by ex-President Roosevelt before the American Historical Association in Boston recently was of much more than passing interest. He chose as his subject "History as Literature," and he argued that in any great work of literature the first element is great imaginative power. He continued, with rare eloquence and beauty:

"The true historian will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present.

He will make us see as living men the hard-faced archers of Agincourt, and the war-worn spearsmen who followed Alexander down beyond the run of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of the low-Dutch sea-thieves, whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. We shall thrill to the triumphs of Hannibal. Gorgeous in our sight will rise the splendor of dead cities, and the might of the elder empires of which the very ruins crumbled to dust ages ago. Along ancient trade routes, across the world's waste spaces, the caravans shall move, and the admirals of uncharted seas shall furrow the oceans with their lonely prow. Beyond the dim centuries we shall see the banners float above armed hosts. We shall see conquerors riding forward to victories that have changed the course of time. We shall listen to the prophecies of forgotten seers. Ours shall be the dreams of dreamers who dreamed greatly, who saw in their vision peaks so lofty that never yet have they been reached by the sons and daughters of men. Dead poets shall sing to us the deeds of men of might and the love of the beauty of women. We shall see the dancing girls of Memphis. The scent of the flowers in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon will be heavy to our senses. We shall sit at feast with the kings of Nineveh when they drink from ivory and gold. With Queen Maeve in her sun-parlor we shall watch the nearing chariots of the champions. For us the war-horns of King Olaf shall wail across the flood, and the harps sound high at festivals in forgotten halls. The frowning strongholds of the barons of old shall rise before us, and the white palace-castles from whose windows Syrian princes once looked across the blue Ægean. . . ."

Many learned people, Mr. Roosevelt observed, seem to regard a book of history that is really interesting and readable as an object of suspicion. They forget that a great historian must possess "the gift of vision, the quality of the seer, the power himself to see what has happened and to make what he has seen clear to the vision of others." One of the few historians who measures up to Mr. Roosevelt's standard is Ferrero.

Have Jews a Right to
Object to Shylock?

WHEN certain Jewish parents recently complained to the Board of Superintendents of Education in New York City that they objected to the reading of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" in the

schools which their children attended, for the reason that the character of Shylock is offensive, they received a reply from City Superintendent of Schools, Dr. William H. Maxwell, to the effect that their complaint had been "carefully considered," and that a circular had been issued instructing District Superintendents not to approve requisitions for "The Merchant of Venice" for appreciative reading in schools where the reading of this work would give offence to the pupils. The parents had barely had time to congratulate themselves on a decision so favorable to their desires, before the Board of Education reversed the action of the Board of Superintendents. Dr. Maxwell's circular was recalled. "I cannot understand the narrow and finical view taken by the Board of Superintendents in this matter," said Thomas W. Churchill, later elected President of the Board of Education. He continued:

"It would be a sad spectacle if we were to withdraw this and other famous works for such a reason. The Italians might request the withdrawal of 'Othello' because of the character of Iago. A great creed might object to 'Henry VI.' because of the way it refers to Joan of Arc. There might be objection also to 'Oliver Twist' on account of Fagin. The Irish might take exception to 'Pendennis' because of the way Thackeray draws one of the characters. And so it would go, until much of the beautiful literature we have would be sacrificed."

Conflicting Views of
Shylock's Character.

THE question persists: Is Jewish dislike of "The Merchant of Venice" well founded? A "Public School Lecturer," who writes a letter to the *New York Globe*, thinks that it is. He says that the character of Shylock is a discreditable one and unjustly reflects upon the Jewish people. "Can it reasonably be supposed," he asks, "that Shakespeare was doing credit to that race when he portrayed Shylock as a penurious Jew who for petty gain starves not only his servant but also his daughter? Was he lauding Judaism when he made Shylock's own flesh and blood, his daughter Jessica, a thief, a liar, an ingrate, an eloper with a Christian, an abjurer of the religion of her race, and a revealer of the secrets of her father's household? Was he praising the Hebraic race when he made Shylock a Jew 'outwardly devout, but inwardly a hypocrite,' a grasping usurer who cunningly calls upon and cites the ancient scripture of his race to justify business practices which non-Jewish persons were supposed to heartily despise?"

These interrogations remain unanswered. But on the other side of the controversy may be profitably set the dictum of a modernist and a poet who has thought deeply on the problem dis-



ELIZABETH ROBINS—ARTIST
AND PROPAGANDIST

In her sensational and widely-discussed story of the white slave traffic, "My Little Sister," this Anglo-American novelist demonstrates the value of propaganda which is art.

cussed. In his book on Shakespeare, John Masfield says of "The Merchant of Venice":

"The play resolves itself into a simple form. It illustrates the clash between the emotional and intellectual characters, the man of heart and the man of brain. The man of heart, Antonio, is obsessed by a tenderness for his friend. The man of brain is obsessed by a lust to uphold intellect in a thoughtless world that makes intellect bitter in every age. The Shylock is a man of intellect, born into a despised race. It is his tragedy that the generous Gentiles about him can be generous to everything except to intellect and Jewish blood. Intellect and Jewish blood are too proud to attempt to understand the Gentiles who cannot understand."

"Hell's Playground."

A NOVEL of a sort to which we are unaccustomed is Ida Vera Simonton's "Hell's Playground" (Moffat, Yard & Company). It stands out above the ruck of recent fiction with a kind of baleful and maleficent intensity. Miss Simonton tells a story of Africa, where she lived for two years, and the story she tells is, in brief, that Africa corrupts the white man and that the white man corrupts Africa. She lacks, she confesses, "the niceties and embroideries and perfumes of civilization." She records the debauching life of the African tropics; the methods of government; the duties and opportunities of the white trader; the nature of the negro savages; the almost hopeless problems of colonization and Christianization; and the demoralization which follows the unnatural imposition of the rule of one race over another. The book, exclaims

Carl T. Robertson in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "is brimful of horror. It is terrible and frantic. It is about the liveliest thing," he adds, "that has come to the reviewer's desk this season."

The White Man's Burden
—and the Black Man's.

THE distinguishing characteristic of "Hell's Playground" is not so much its story, nor its style, as its disillusionizing frankness. Miss Simonton feels that the average white trafficker or government official in Africa is a pretty poor specimen of a man, and this is exactly what she conveys. And as for the savage—"a Polar bear has as much need of a sealskin sack to keep him warm as has an African savage of the raiment made for him by well-meaning, God-serving and God-fearing white women." The young hero of the story goes from England to the West Coast a "tenderfoot." He is genuinely shocked by what he sees there. His companions treat the blacks abominably; make concubines of the women; and engage in wild orgies of lust and drink. One of their recreations is to drive the negroes out of their shacks at night and compel them to dance. When Huntington tries to protect a native girl from their brutalities, he is laughed at for his pains. He fights for a while against the climate and against insidious temptations; but later he becomes much like the rest and takes a native woman as his mistress. And so Miss Simonton drives home her moral—for this is a story with a moral—that the efforts of Englishmen to "civilize" Africans are vain and futile. "The attempt to live on brotherly terms with the negro," she says, "is demoralizing to the negro. Highly imitative, he takes on all the vices of the white man and none of his virtues. He returns to his bush town and he disseminates the bad, never the good. There are some lovable traits in the true bush negro, but none at all in the so-called civilized creature."

The White Slave Traffic
in Fiction.

ELIZABETH ROBINS has always shown a journalistic sense of timeliness in her novels, the art of dramatic delineation of character, and the power to tell an intensely moving story; but never has she been so astonishingly successful as in "My Little Sister" (Dodd, Mead & Company). Just as all eyes were turning toward the Klondike, she wrote "The Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me." When the suffraget agitation began to make itself felt in England, "The Convert" appeared, straightway to be dramatized as "Votes for Women" and put on the stage by Granville Barker. Now, when the social conscience is roused, as never before, by the horrors of the white slave traffic, Miss Robins, by some legerdemain, as Elia

W. Peattie in the *Chicago Tribune* says, actually succeeds in reducing it all to the terms of art. "My Little Sister" first appeared, much abbreviated, in two vivid and startling instalments in *McClure's Magazine*. The entire story is now published, appearing in England under the less appealing title of "Where Are You Going To . . .?" The book is advertised as "intense." But it is more than that. It is insistent. "My Little Sister" haunts the mind, willing or unwilling. Whether regarded as art or propaganda, the story is inescapable.

Our "Little Sister."

A NOTE of tragic menace is struck in the opening sentence," writes Elia W. Peattie, "and the book creates the effect of having been written at a white heat, breathlessly, as if the story clamored to be told." Two English girls, brought up in the country by a weak, narrow-minded mother, the widow of an army officer, are sent to London on a visit to an aunt of their father's. It is their first journey alone, and they have never seen their Aunt Josephine, only her picture. The supposed aunt swoops down upon them at Victoria Station, an overpowering person, with a liveried servant and a motor car at her command, and the sisters are quickly whirled away to—"one of the most infamous houses in Europe." They have made a fatal mistake. The real Aunt Josephine has sent only her maid to meet them at the station, and she has arrived late. The "Gray-Hawk-of-the-World," into whose clutches the young girls have fallen, had been informed of their coming by the French dressmaker who was specially hired to prepare the sisters for their London season. Once inside the "Gray Hawk's" house, which is described as a "masterpiece of deviltry," the two girls are adroitly separated. One—the elder—escapes from her prison, with the aid of a man who has not lost all conscience. But the younger—the fragile little sister—can not be discovered, tho she is traced from London to Paris and throughout Europe.

"In Mortal Ill the Seed of Immortal Good."

THE "little sister" is never found. After the torment of search unavailing, and the oblivion of fever, the elder sister awakens in a morning hour of convalescence, to a new consciousness. The subjective messages of anguish no longer torture her. There is peace. She feels that Bettina is dead.

"I remembered I had gone back into that last darkness saying, as

I had said ten thousand times before: 'Why had this come to Betty?'

"And now again I asked: 'Why had it to be you?'

"And it seemed to me that, through this gentle gray of morning, Betty was leading me into the light. For the answer to my question was that the suffering of evil-doers had never been fruitful, as the suffering of the innocent had been.

"I pondered that. Was there, then, some life-principle in such pain?

"I heard a voice say: 'You shall find in mortal ill the seed of Immortal Good.'

"I knelt down by the window and thanked my sister.

"Others shall thank her, too."

A New Novelist of Old Ireland.

TO THE gifted group of Irish writers which includes Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, John Synge and "A. E.," has been lately added one more name—that of George Birmingham. This, as it happens, is a *nom-de-plume*. The man behind the name is the Rev. James O. Hannay, of Westport, County Mayo. For nine years he has been well and favorably known as an author on the other side of the Atlantic. Now he is beginning to make a reputation in America. *The Book News Monthly* (Philadelphia) for February is a Birmingham number. The George H. Doran Company, of New York, are bringing out all his works. William Aspenwall Bradley tells us in the *New York Bookman*

that some of Birmingham's novels are better than some of Arnold Bennett's. E. F. Edgett, of the *Boston Transcript*, declares:

"Despite his secluded life as the rector of a parish in an out-of-the-way corner of western Ireland, he obviously knows the ways of man and of the world at large. He bases his impressions of humanity upon that section of it in whose midst he dwells, and it is apparent from these novels that his profession does not stand in the way of a hearty sense of humor which is sometimes subtle, sometimes boisterous, always keen, and seldom far removed from the truth. His understanding of the life about him is both constructive and reflective."

George Birmingham's "Note."

THE quality in such excellent novels as "The Search Party," "Spanish Gold" and "Lalage's Lovers" that endears George Birmingham to his readers is intimate and genial. He recalls a Swift or a Sterne in his satires on the follies and foibles of our time. He is direct and simple, rather than subtle. His high spirits are amazing. In some of his earlier stories, well-known Irish characters, such as Standish O'Grady and George Moore, are sketched under the thinnest of disguises. An irrepressible curate, J. J. Meldon, is the hero of "Spanish Gold" and its sequel, and reappears as a doctor, and under a different name, in other novels and in Birmingham's two plays. "The Red Hand of Ulster" is his latest and most serious tale. In it, Mr. Birmingham, himself a Home Rule advocate, tho not a supporter of the latest bill which has aroused so much rebellious anger among the Irish of the North, expresses his conviction that "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." "It may be," Mrs. Norma Bright Carson remarks in *The Book News Monthly*, "that his humorous vein will one day run out, but his earnest consideration of present-day problems and his vivid and colorful portrayal of Irish life in its most significant aspects should, in the course of development, produce work of a high value, books that will live as typical of their place and period, and will measure up to the loftiest standards of good writing. Purposeful work, such as Mr. Hannay has done in 'The Seething Pot,' cannot fail to make its impression. It must of necessity join hands with the work of such Irish writers as William Butler Yeats and John Synge, to give a renewed and greater Ireland to the world."



"AN IRISH BARRIE WRITING THE TALES OF AN IRISH THRUMS"

So George A. Birmingham is characterized by one critic. Genial humor and wayward fantasy go hand in hand in his tales.

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION OF INSURGENT ART EVER HELD

CRAZY," "revolutionary," a "Post-Impressionist Circus," are some of the terms flung at the Exhibition of International Art opened on February 15 in the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, New York, under the auspices of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors. Whatever our feeling may be in regard to the accuracy of these particular terms, we can hardly escape a sense of the vital significance of the exhibition. If it represents an aberration, it represents a world-wide aberration. The spirit that stirs in it is manifest in all countries. Nothing on so vast a scale has been held, or even dreamed of, before. Two thousand works of art are being shown. All the modern "schools," from Ingres to the Cubists and Futurists, have been levied upon for contributions. The selections were made by Arthur B. Davies and Walt Kuhn, President and Secretary of the Association, and the object of the exhibition, according to Mr. Davies, is to "give the public here the opportunity to see for themselves the results of new influences at work in other countries in an art way."

The present occasion invites comparison with another historic moment, over thirty years ago, when the Paris

art dealer, Durand Ruel, brought to America and hung in the galleries of the staid old National Academy of Design a collection of landscapes by the French Impressionist, Claude Monet. People gasped then, as now, and many refused to take the pictures seriously. But before long Monet had won his place. To-day examples of his work bring large prices. In the spirit of the old adage that history repeats itself, is it utterly extravagant to prophesy that some of the works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, and Picasso may become historic?

The new school, like the older school of thirty years ago, has its ardent champions. Mr. Mowbray Clarke and others are lecturing enthusiastically on "the new freedom in art." The young sculptor, Jo Davidson, is convinced of its "epoch-making" character. *Arts and Decoration* (New York) devotes a special number to the exhibition.

Alfred Stieglitz, whose Photo-Secession galleries on Fifth avenue have long been hospitable to the new movement, rejoices over what he regards as "the first great clinic to revitalize art." He is quoted in the *New York American* as saying:

"If a name is necessary in writing about these live ones, call them 'Revitalizers.' That's what they are, the whole

bunch. They are breathing the breath of life into an art that is long since dead, but won't believe it. And each is performing that operation according to its own lights.

"You can make no systematic analysis of this movement, nor can you classify its methods. There are as many methods as there are men. Colors are combined or juxtaposed; masses are rectangular or vague in outlines; there are curves and spirals, and so on, according to each individual's decision how best to apply his technique to visualize his conceptions.

"For example, Picabia gazes upon a crowded Paris boulevard and receives impressions of all that is meant by that scene, which he expresses with an arrangement of color masses that—viewed by themselves in the painting—are mainly cubical in form. Within the arrangement of these angular forms he fixes to his own satisfaction—and for the satisfaction of others whose vision is equal to the emergency—a lifelike representation of a living and moving reality.

"Van Gogh's 'Young Girl with a Cornflower'—which she holds by its stem in her teeth—represents his effort to express the spirit of the entire bucolic surroundings and life of a girl of that class.

"The sculptors, like Brancusi, for example, show a tendency to accentuate a certain feature at the expense of others, for the purpose of revealing the inner spirit of their subject. His portrait of



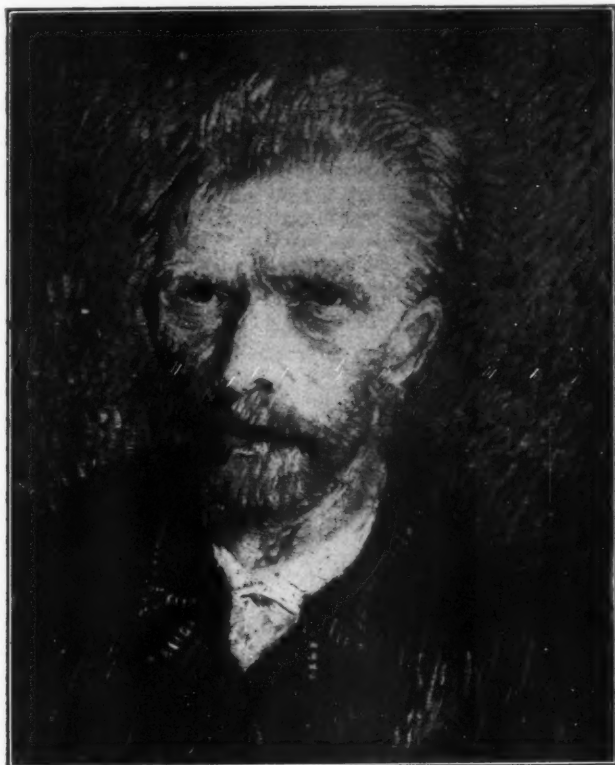
ONE OF ROBERT CHANLER'S DECORATIONS

A vivid example of American workmanship shown at the new International Exhibition in New York.



AN "EXCEPTIONIST" EXPERIMENT BY BRANCUSI

The "Exceptionist" believes in accentuating the "dominant impression of a subject."



VAN GOGH'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

Van Gogh, Cézanne and Gauguin are called "the three Titans" of Post-Impressionism.



AN EXAMPLE OF CÉZANNE'S ART

Perhaps the best known of all the two thousand pictures shown at the new exhibition.

a lady, sculptured in common stone, with its sharply raised eyebrows, is an example. A still more striking one is called 'Madame Pagany.' In this the extraordinary size of the eyes, with other features hardly indicated, is an attempt to convey the idea of perceptive power.

"It is no new discovery—the ideal for which these artists are striving. Socrates described it before our graphic art was out of its swaddling clothes. . . .

"Individual independence, both in expression and in acceptance or rejection of whatever is expressed—that is the first principle of those who are trying to inject some life into the decaying corpse of art."

Frederick James Gregg, writing in *Harper's Weekly* of the different nationalities represented in the exhibition, notes that most of the German Post-Impressionists are adapters and on this account unimportant. The English "advanced" men, he continues, do not exhibit much force or show real development. Some of the Russian Modernists are doing notable work reflecting the naive folk-lore of their country. But the most rewarding work is that of the Frenchmen and Spaniards.

J. Nilsen Laurvik traces the deeper significance of the exhibition as manifesting "a world-wide movement of spiritual and intellectual evolution that finds its analogies in all the arts—music, sculpture, literature and the drama." He says (in the *American-Scandinavian Review*, New York):

"Everywhere we find political, social and religious conflicts. No one is satis-

fied with the stagnation of general conditions—the poor because they suffer, the middle class because it aspires, the rich because they feel their interests threatened and assailed. Nations preach peace and arm themselves for war; every one of them reenforce their frontiers without knowing where or in what lies the danger. Everywhere is felt the terrific pressure of materialism, crushing out the spirit of man and thwarting his ideals.

"The revolt against idealism brought about in the middle of the last century by the conquests of natural sciences resulted in a glorification of realism that found a striking expression in art in the work of Courbet, Monet, Manet and Degas, and in literature in the writings of such men as Zola, Maupassant and Flaubert in France; of Turgenev, Tolstoy and Gorky and Ilyà Repin, the painter, in Russia; of Thomas Hardy and Meredith, in England; of Strindberg, the writer, and Zorn, the painter, in Sweden, and in the writings of Ibsen, Björnson, and Thomas Krag, and in the paintings of Christian Krohg in Norway; while in America the effect of this realistic movement manifested itself in the writings of Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Jack London and David Graham Phillips, and in the paintings of Glackens, Luks, Lawson, Redfield, Childe Hassam, Gardner Symons and Sargent.

"One and all of these men have been occupied one way or another with the task of presenting life and the things around us 'as they really are.' The attention has been focussed on a rigorously truthful rendering of external reality, until we have become surfeited with facts and wearied with tabulated reports and statistical epics that never

for a moment took flight into the realm of ideals. And for a time humanity, nurtured in a false idealism, rebelled and would have none of this realism that represented things 'as they really are,' which was contrary to their most cherished ideas of things.

"This new truth was called an ugly defiance of all the known canons of beauty, by which they really meant that these men refused to paint life according to saccharine formulas and schools of mincing romanticists. And with an air of finality that brooked no argument these recalcitrants boldly asserted that life had nothing whatever to do with art, anyway, and that those who persisted in mixing the two were no better than mountebanks, unworthy the attention of serious people. And the artist replied proudly and defiantly, 'that if his work ran counter to the current conceptions of art, then those conceptions would have to change to conform to his art.' They did, and they will again."

The artistic modernists, Mr. Laurvik tells us, aim at "nothing less than a new form, based upon ancient primitive forms, that shall express with greater intensity the new feelings and emotions aroused by all the objects in the natural world." The argument proceeds:

"Realism is receiving its death blow and individualism is asserting itself once more. And the new art which is arousing so much discord and opposition is an expression of this self-assertion, of this effort of the individual to emerge from the mass.

"Everywhere one sees a growing dis-



MAILLOL'S SCULPTURED BOY

Some of Maillol's admirers hail him as a second Rodin.

satisfaction with material conditions, which has ameliorated man's physical well-being at the expense and neglect of his spiritual life. In their endeavor to escape the soul-crushing pressure of materialism more and more people are turning back to ancient beliefs, and the old Hindu doctrines of complete detachment from the world find an ever-increasing number of votaries among the most practical men and women of this most practical and scientific age. While undoubtedly to-day science fills the place in the minds of the great mass of thinking people formerly occupied by religion, many men are discovering that their gigantic material successes do not contribute to serenity of soul, that they are left empty and bereft of something essential to their happiness, and they seek to fill up the void with all sorts of esoteric beliefs.

"And now that we have been taught to see beauty even in the common realities of life, by a clearer understanding of its significance, perhaps we may be half way ready to pierce beneath the shell of facts and perceive the animating spirit of things, the real inwardness of life as opposed to that outward reality glorified by the realists. That is the prime aim of

the new vision that is finding such a disturbing and disconcerting expression in all the arts."

That the new exhibition has a real historical significance is the conviction of Arthur Hoeber, of the *New York Globe*, and of many who, like him, sympathize with some aspects of the movement, while far from ready to indorse it as a whole. The theory of the movement sounds convincing, he remarks, until one sees the work itself, "when there comes the shock and the untrained eye quite refuses to believe that many of the efforts are meant to be taken seriously." Mr. Hoeber writes:

"To understand these pictures one must divest one's self of all preconceived notions of art, of form, of proportions as generally understood.

"It is not what does the picture represent, but what does it make one feel? Roger Fry, the English writer and critic, says he believes the opposition to these men on the part of the public arises from a simple misunderstanding of what they have set out to do, and the difficulty springs from a deep-rooted conviction, due to long-established custom, that the aim of painting is the descriptive imitation of natural forms.

"That these artists, after all, do not seek to give what can be but a pale reflex of actual appearance, but to arouse the conviction of a new and definite reality, not imitating, but creating form, not imitating life, but finding an equivalent for it: to make images by which the clearness of their logical structure and their closely knit unity of texture shall appeal to the disinterested and contemplative imagination, with something of the same vividness as the things of actual life appeal to the practical activities, aiming not at illusion, but at reality."

Other commentators see the chief value of the exhibition in its influence as an artistic stimulus. "The very bulk," says Gutzon Borglum, as quoted in the *New York Evening Post*, "will give the public a real idea of the fact that art means a whole lot to a great many people. It isn't a little side issue of culture, it's a big fact of life. We must make public and artists alike realize the extent of modern art." Mr. Borglum adds:

"Do you know what's the matter with American art to-day? We're timid. Americans haven't any esthetic courage. Buying old masters doesn't express American esthetics. That's timid, too. But if we bring together a great exhibition, in which many different forms of expression are recognized, that will give cour-

age to public, collectors, and artists alike. American artists need to feel that they can be themselves without being ostracized. When they see a thousand or two thousand examples of modern art, representing every movement, they will take courage. They will see that vital, spontaneous, creative work will be recognized; that they haven't got to work in a certain way or with a certain medium in order to have a hearing. So long as they say something vital to their own being our doors will be wide open to them. . . .

"People laugh at things that are different and that they don't understand. Give 'em a thousand such things and they get tired of laughing; they begin to see the real point; they begin to understand that all art has not got to be exactly like the things they were brought up on. They get the first light that leads to a broad-minded, sympathetic attitude. They make an effort to comprehend the artist's point of view, and if it is sincere, courageous work, they will listen to what he has to say respectfully. The public always appreciates courageous work if you give them half a chance to see it.

"But it isn't the public alone that will receive a great stimulant from seeing the scope and meaning of modern art. It's going to be a tremendous stimulant to American artists. It's going to bring forth results. Do you know that, in one of our meetings the other day, when we were looking over the list of foreign paintings, I could see a light come into those fellows' eyes, and half a dozen of them said: 'It will take the best that's in us to stand up against this.' There's the beginning right off, and it's going to be widespread.

"I honestly believe that this is going to be the biggest thing artistically that ever happened in this country. It can't help but bring about a widespread awakening.

"This is not the work of an individual or even the work of an association, but a great splendid idea, an awakening to the time, which is, after all, the point of the exhibition."



A DECORATION BY BOURDELLE

Made for the Théâtre Français and now being exhibited in New York.

THE SECRET OF SWINBURNE'S POWER

THE poet Swinburne, who could not believe in immortality beyond the grave, seems likely to demonstrate, in his hold upon the imagination, the meaning of earthly immortality. Hailed during his lifetime as the first of living poets, he is hailed since his death if not as the "greatest lyrical poet of the world" which Meredith proclaimed him, yet as one who appealed to too universal a mood to lose his power over us. In a recent study (published by Mitchell Kennerley), Mr. Edward Thomas, an English critic, endeavors to analyze this power.

There is no genius more difficult to define than Swinburne's. He is "a light, an enchantment, an atmosphere of music and loveliness," to which no one can be indifferent. The uneducated cannot entirely miss it, the most sophisticated cannot altogether resist it. Yet there is none other whose quality is so elusive. The moment we try to be precise about Swinburne, we are apt to fall into contradictions.

Mr. Thomas finds in those "Poems and Ballads" which shocked the world in 1866 "less love than love of love, more passionateness than passion." In another sense, he continues, "it is all love and all passion, pure and absolute love and passion that have found 'no object worth their constancy,' and so have poured themselves out on light loves, dead women, women that never were alive except in books, and 'daughters of dreams.'" The argument proceeds in this fashion:

"Few other books are as full of the learning, passing at times into pedantry, of love: experience, fancy, and books have been ransacked to store it, nor could anything but a divine vitality have saved it from rancidity, putrescence, dust. The vitality ascends to the height of terror, that panic terror of noon which superstition truly discerned. In the midst of it stands the poet, a young man of an ancient border family, with flame-colored hair—a brilliant human being who lived seventy-two years, and for the most part flourished, until he died of influenza and pneumonia.

"He resembles the beautiful tyrant in 'Dolores':

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood, flushed as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having Death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres.

"Until virtue produces a book fuller of life we can only accept the poet's own label of sin in peril of blasphemy. Nor is it inapt to recall that Richard Jefferies, one of the holiest of pagans and a lover of 'Poems and Ballads,' named his sweetest heroine after one of its women, Felise, and seems to reflect some of its ardors in 'The Story of My Heart.'

"Yet Swinburne did affix this label of sin. He took it from the world and gloried in it, coupling it with Love and Time; coupling Desire with Pain, Pleasure, Satiety and Hate; also with Sorrow and Death. Now he was dwelling on

ing and a classical education, and much else, gave Swinburne a curious knowledge of bodily love and gave him a loyal ardor, a wonderful sweetness and a mightiness of words to celebrate it. "He brought all the rays of life," as Mr. Thomas puts it, "to bear upon this one thing, making it show forth in turn the splendor and gloom and strangeness of the earth and its inhabitants." And one of his chief energies arose out of opposition to the common, easy condemnation or ignoring or denial of this thing. "He rebelled against the stupid

ideal of colorless polite perfection which would paste strips of paper here and there over the human body, as Christina Rossetti did over the words 'the supreme evil, God,' in her copy of 'Atalanta.'" He sang what in his hours of intensest life most rapt the attention of his keenest powers of mind and body together. Mr. Thomas thinks that, "as a rule, he is not directly expressing a personal emotion or experience":

"Few of the completely characteristic poems of this volume are or could have been addressed to one woman; it is quite likely that the poet seldom felt monogamous 'three whole days together,' and that if he knew the single-hearted devotion to one woman often expressed by Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth, or Rossetti, he never expressed it, unless it was in 'A Leave-taking.' Instead of 'Margaret and Mary and Kate and Caroline,' he celebrates Faustine, Fragoletta, Aholibah, Dolores, Azubah, Aholah, Ahinoam, Atarah; and it is a shock, tho a pleasant one, suddenly to come upon the 'Interlude,'

blithe, bright and actual, recording the happiness between the singer and a woman who came when

There was something the season wanted,
Tho the ways and the woods smelt sweet."

The poet himself has told us something of the origin of "Faustine":

"Faustine is the reverie of a man gazing on the bitter and vicious loveliness of a face as common and as cheap as the morality of reviewers, and dreaming of past lives in which this fair face may have held a nobler or fairer station; the imperial profile may have been Faustina's, the thirsty lips a Maenad's, when first she learnt to drink blood or wine, to waste the loves and win the lives of men; through Greece and through Rome she may have passed with the same face which now comes before us dishonored and discrowned. Whatever of merit or demerit there may be in the verses, the



From a Painting by D. G. Rossetti

HIS POETRY IS NOT MEANT TO BE TOO INTELLIGIBLE

Swinburne, according to the *London Times*, is weakest when his poems show definite thought and purpose.

'loves perverse' and the 'raptures and roses of vice' in contrast with the 'lilies and languors of virtue'; now calling sin 'sweet,' but 'brief beyond regret,' and only a 'brief bitter bliss'; acknowledging 'all the sting and all the stain of long delight'; yet again acclaiming 'the strange great sins.' Seldom is there any pure so-called pagan delight in what may afterwards be judged sin. At one time the very name of 'sin' is given where the world gives it; at another the pain and the weariness, the feverishness, the bitterness, the faintness of it are published, with moans or laughter. He consciously exalts the name of sin, as Baudelaire did . . . But Swinburne is more detached than Baudelaire; his praises are lighter, and, being from the lips outward, are less sincere as well as more immoderate and unqualified."

Civilization and Christianity, England and Puritanism, aristocratic breed-

idea that gives them such life as they have is simple enough; the transmigration of a single soul doomed as tho by accident from the first to all evil and no good, through many ages and forms, but clad always in the same type of fleshly beauty. The chance which suggested to me this poem was one which may happen any day to any man—the sudden sight of a living face which recalled the well-known likeness of another dead for centuries: in this instance the noble and faultless type of the elder Faustina as seen in coin and bust. Out of the casual glimpse and sudden recollection these verses sprang."

Swinburne, Mr. Thomas maintains unexpectedly, "has almost no magic felicity of words." What he does give is "something which, on the whole, the mind accepts and the spirit embraces."

"He can astonish and melt but seldom thrill, and when he does it is not by any felicity of, as it were, God-given inevitable words. He has to depend on sound and an atmosphere of words, which is now and then concentrated and crystallized into an intensity of effect which is almost magical, perhaps never quite magical. . . . Perhaps the greatest of his triumphs is in keeping up a stately solemn play of words not unrelated to the object suggested by his title and commencement, but more closely related to rhymes, and yet in the end giving a compact and powerful impression. The play of words often on the very verge of nonsense has acted as an incantation, partly by pure force of cadence and kiss of rhymes, partly by the accumulative force of words in the right key tho otherwise lightly used. Hardly one verse means anything in particular, hardly one line means anything at

all, but nothing is done inconsistent with the opening, nothing which the rashest critic would venture to call unavailing in the complete effect."

The London *Nation* in part agrees, and in part disagrees, with this verdict. "By the splendor of his rhythms and the sweet melody of his notes," it says, "Swinburne attains an effect which is as nearly akin to music as sounds can be without musical pitch." But this, *The Nation* holds, is not enough. Words alone cannot be music, and cannot subsist for poetry without poetical meaning,

"But we see the value of the physical assault of Swinburne's language if we remember that the emotion which he constantly expresses is the youthful emotion of delight in physical sensation. He chooses extreme things of physical sensation—love and lust, the buffeting of sea and wind, the breaking of spears, and the shedding of blood—because these sensations express what he demands of life in its most intense form. He does not seek some subtle aroma from experience, he is not fascinated by curious and bewildering questions, he has no intellectual emotions. All his most successful poetry is an assertion of the excellence of mere living. He does not 'affix the label of sin' and glorify the vices, as Mr. Thomas seems to suggest, because he has chosen evil to be his good; but rather, perhaps, because the deadly sins afford opportunity for the assertion of physical vigor, for the acclamation of life—whatever it be—as good, so long as it be riotously active. Death is to him only lamentable because it removes the gift of life—

But what shall they give thee for life, sweet
life that is over past—

and it is acceptable when it is accompanied by the supreme energy of death:—

Yet I would that in clamor of battle mine
hands had laid hold upon death.

The chorus in 'Atalanta' acquiesces in his lament:—

Not with cleaving of shields
And their clash in thine ear,
When the lord of fought fields
Breaketh spear-shaft from spear,
Thou art broken, our Lord, thou art broken, with
travail and labor and fear.

He had one of the great essential qualities of a poet, that of superabundant energy. Such an energy Mr. Kipling also possessed, but Swinburne had what Mr. Kipling—more essentially a journalist poet—never had: the power of feeling for his language just what he felt for life. The very sound of his words, and the melody of them afford for him the same sensations as are given by the roar of the sea, the flash of lightning, the swooning of love. His poetry was not an interpretation; it was an echo of his feelings about life, an immediate response to the inspiration of sensations or the recollections of sensations."

The London *Times* goes so far as to say that Swinburne fails when his poetry becomes too intelligible.

"It is where the music has taken entire possession and dissolved all else in itself, creating an atmosphere of beauty in which detail merges and is lost, that he does what no one else has ever approached him in doing. This may seem queer praise for a great poet, and doubtless it is not one of the greatest who is so praised. But Swinburne, with his radiant dreams of light and sound, appeals to too universal a mood of man to lose his power over us. His latest critic helps us again and again, not to explain that power away, but to appreciate it more fully."

THE LYRICAL VOICE OF BENGAL

THE translation into English, by Rabindra Nath Tagore, of one hundred and three of his Bengalese songs* is hailed not only as an event in English poetry, but as marking an epoch in world poetry. Tagore is now visiting America after a sojourn in England, where such men of letters as W. B. Yeats, Herbert Trench, Cunninghame-Graham and H. G. Wells honored themselves in doing him honor. To take part in such a ceremony, Yeats declared, was one of the great events in his artistic life. "I speak with all seriousness," declares Ezra Pound in the Chicago magazine, *Poetry*, "when I say that this beginning of our more intimate intercourse with Bengal is the opening of another period [in poetry]. . . . World-fellowship is nearer for the visit of Rabindra Nath Tagore."

We are still deplorably restricted in our knowledge of literature, despite Mr. Howells' cosmopolitan teachings. Acquaintance with the Russian novel-

ists is our greatest adventure. What do we know of modern Asiatic literature? How many of us have ever heard the name of Rabindra Nath Tagore? Yet Bengal is a nation of fifty million souls. "The great age of Bengali literature is this age in which we live," according to Ezra Pound, "and the first Bengali whom I heard singing the lyrics of Tagore said, as simply as one would say it is four o'clock, 'Yes, we speak of it as the Age of Rabindra Nath.'"

From a Bengali doctor living in London, Yeats gleaned information regarding the poet. Tagore comes of a famous family of artists and philosophers. In his boyhood he was surrounded by literature and music, which led, however, not to an artistic isolation but to a deeper comprehension of the common life. He is the great poet-musician of his nation, singing his songs and teaching them to the people, who repeat them from the west of India into Burmah, wherever Bengali is spoken. And so deeply religious is this art, so much a part of the national

aspiration, that when recently the poet read divine service in one of the churches of Calcutta, the people thronged to hear him. "No poet seems to me so famous in Europe as Rabindra Nath is among us," said the Bengali doctor. "He was already famous at nineteen when he wrote his first novel; and plays, written when he was but little older, are still played in Calcutta. I so much admire the completeness of his life. When he was very young he wrote much of natural objects. He would sit all day in his garden. From his twenty-fifth year or so to his thirty-fifth perhaps, when he had a great sorrow, he wrote the most beautiful love poetry in our language. . . . After that his art grew deeper, it became religious and philosophical; all the aspirations of mankind are in his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of Life itself, and that is why we give him our love."

Concerning the artistry of these "gitanjali," or song offerings, which Rabindra Nath has rendered into such

*GITANJALI (SONG OFFERINGS). By Rabindra Nath Tagore. Printed at the Chiswick Press, London, for the India Society.

exquisite English prose that a writer in the *Athenaeum* wonders what finer effects they can possibly possess in the original. W. B. Yeats, in his enthusiasm, has spoken the just and beautiful word. "These lyrics," he tells us, "which are in the original full of subtlety of rhythm, of untranslatable delicacies of color, of metrical invention, display in their thought a world I have dreamed of all my life long. The work of a supreme culture, they yet appear as much the growth of the common soil as the grass and the rushes. . . .

These verses will not live in little well-printed books upon ladies' tables, who turn the pages with indolent hands, that they may sigh over a life without meaning, which is yet all they can know of life; or be carried about by students at the university, to be laid aside when the work of life begins. But as the generations pass travelers will hum them on the highway and men rowing upon rivers. Lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth. . . . A whole people, a whole civilization, immeasurably strange to us, seems to have been taken up into this imagination; and yet we are not moved because of its strangeness, but because we have met our own image, as tho we had walked in Rossetti's willow wood, or heard, perhaps for the first time in literature, our voice as in a dream." For a like voice, Yeats concludes, we must go to Saint Francis or to William Blake.

But Tagore is more modern. His mystical vision is not passive. It is surely significant that he is educating a son in America. "The flux of life, the living changeable, onward-pressing universe of modern vitalistic thought, is the stuff from which this seer has woven his vision of truth," says a writer in the *London Nation*. "For those interested in the spiritual history of man—the continuance in our own day of that living tradition of intercourse with reality which we owe to the mystical saints—the appearance of these poems [the 'Gitanjali'] is an event of great importance." It is the opinion of this writer that only the classics of mystical literature provide a standard by which they can be appraised or understood. "They are of-

ferings," he continues, "from finite to infinite—oblations, as their creator holds that all art should be, laid upon the altar of the world. . . . This is not the 'Via Negativa' of the Neoplatonists, but a positive mysticism which presses forward to a 'more abundant life.' The idea of God which informs it is far from that concept of a static and transcendent Absolute which we have been taught to regard as the center of Hindu mysticism. The Deity to whom these songs are offered is at once the striving spirit of Creation,



From a Drawing by William Rothenstein

THE CREATOR OF A NEW AGE IN LITERATURE

Rabindra Nath Tagore, who is now visiting America, voices the aspirations of 50,000,000 souls. His songs are known and repeated from the west of India into Burmah, wherever Bengali is spoken.

and that Creation's eternal source and end."

We quote in full this song of true patriotism, which expresses all that is contained in the most modern sociology:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not

lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

There is certainly no shadow of Oriental passivity in the following verses:

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of thy wine of various colors and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.

My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame and place them before the altar of thy temple.

No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight.

Yes, all my children will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.

There are many songs of pure joy in this volume, personal and impersonal, but none, we think, to equal the one which follows:

Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the center of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The

heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

Finally, the very essence of all fellowship is found in the verses beginning nobly, "I know thee as my God and stand apart," and ending:

Thou art the Brother amongst my brothers, but I heed them not, I divide not my earnings with them, thus sharing my all with thee.

In pleasure and in pain I stand not by the side of men, and thus stand by thee. I shrink to give up my life, and thus do not plunge into the great waters of life.

Further excerpts from the poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore will be found on the following page.

RECENT POETRY

AT LAST the "yellow peril" assumes definite shape: England is invaded by Hindoo poets. America, it is to be presumed, is about to be. Two of them in particular are creating a stir in London. In preceding pages we tell of Rabindra Nath Tagore (now in America), and of Mr. Yeats's enthusiasm over his poetry. Mr. Edmund Gosse is only a little less wrought up over the poems of Sarojini Naidu. As Mr. Yeats writes a glowing introduction for Rabindra Nath, in which we learn that he is the foremost poet of India, and that this is called "the epoch of Rabindra Nath," so Mr. Gosse writes an introduction for Sarojini Naidu, proclaiming her "the most accomplished living poet of India." Both poets have given us their work in English, lucent and beautiful; but while Sarojini Naidu handles rhyme and rhythm with admirable skill, Rabindra Nath contents himself with the prose form.

The latter's work comes to us in a volume entitled "Gitanjali" (Song Offerings). We know of nothing with which to compare it but the Psalms of King David. These Song Offerings, 103 in number, constitute a sequence as full of divine adoration as the Psalms themselves. They are saturated with the Hindoo traits of humility and passivity, and the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and the cycle of being is much in evidence. The very essence of Hindoo religiosity is compressed in them. They were originally written for India and are now translated into English from the Bengali by the author. Here are a few extracts, which are fair samples of the work but which fail to show the cumulative force of the volume.

SONG OFFERINGS.

BY RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life.

This little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales, and hast breathed through it melodies eternally new.

At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

Thy infinite gifts come to me only on these very small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still thou pourest, and still there is room to fill.

When thou commandest me to sing it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to thy face, and tears come to my eyes.

All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony—and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.

I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence.

I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach.

Drunk with the joy of singing I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.

The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.

I came out of the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

The traveler has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said "Here art thou!"

The question and the cry "Oh, where?" melt into tears of a thousand streams and deluge the world with a flood of the assurance "I am!"

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? I move inside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my Lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.

"Prisoner, tell me, who was it that bound you?"

"It was my master," said the prisoner. "I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house."

"Prisoner, tell me who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?"

"It was I," said the prisoner, "who forged this chain very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides, thus casting col-

ored shadows on thy radiance—such is thy *maya*.

Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me.

The poignant song is echoed through all the sky in many-colored tears and smiles, alarms and hopes; waves rise up and sink again, dreams break and form. In me is thy own defeat of self.

This screen that thou hast raised is painted with innumerable figures with the brush of the night and the day. Behind it thy seat is woven in wondrous mysteries of curves, casting away all barren lines of straightness.

The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me.

Unlike Rabindra Nath Tagore, Sarojini Naidu writes for an English audience, but writes to interpret India unto it. She gives us songs about love, songs about flowers, songs of life and Indian folk-songs. "There is," says the London *Academy*, "the unmistakable ring of sincerity, the personal appraisal of life, the lyric fervor that is so rare and conclusive an accomplishment." Her volume is entitled "The Bird of Time" and is published by John Lane Company. We quote from it the following:

A RAJPUT LOVE-SONG.

BY SAROJINI NAIDU.

[PARVATI at her lattice]

O Love! were you a basil-wreath to twine among my tresses,

A jewelled clasp of shining gold to bind around my sleeve,

O Love! were you the *keora's* soul that haunts my silken raiment,

A bright, vermilion tassel in the girdles that I weave;

O Love! were you the scented fan that lies upon my pillow,

A sandal lute, or silver lamp that burns before my shrine,

Why should I fear the jealous dawn that spreads with cruel laughter,

Sad veils of separation between your face and mine?

Haste, O wild-bee hours to the gardens of the sunset!

Fly, wild-parrot day to the orchards of the west!

Come, O tender night, with your sweet, consoling darkness,

And bring me my Beloved to the shelter of my breast!

[AMAR SINGH in the saddle]

O Love! were you the hooded hawk upon my hand that flutters,

Its collar-band of gleaming bells atinkle as I ride,

O Love! were you a turban-spray or floating heron-feather,

The radiant, swift, unconquered sword that swingeth at my side;

O Love! were you a shield against the
arrows of my foemen,
An amulet of jade against the perils of
the way,
How should the drum-beats of the dawn
divide me from your bosom,
Or the union of the midnight be ended
with the day?

*Haste, O wild-deer hours, to the mead-
ows of the sunset!
Fly, wild-stallion day, to the pastures of
the west!
Come, O tranquil night, with your soft,
consenting darkness,
And bear me to the fragrance of my
Beloved's breast!*

A decidedly unusual poem by an
American writer appears in the Janu-
ary number of Miss Harriet Munroe's
little magazine, *Poetry*. It is one of
the boldest efforts we have seen in the
way of versification for a long time,
and a stronger contrast between it and
the noisy, robust religion it depicts and
that of Rabindra Nath could hardly be
conceived.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH EN- TERS INTO HEAVEN.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

Booth led boldy with his big brass drum.
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*
The saints smiled gravely, and they said,
"He's come."
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

(Bass drums.)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends
pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers
frail!
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of
death—
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over—Booth had
groaned for more.
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent
dyes.
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang!
Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and
sang,
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

(Banjo.)

Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land make
free!
Loons with bazoos blowing blare, blare,
blare—
On, on, upward through the golden air.
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

(Bass drums slower and softer.)

Booth died blind, and still by faith he
trod,
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God,
Booth led boldy and he looked the chief:

Eagle countenance in sharp relief,
Beard a-flying, air of high command
Unabated in that holy land.

(Flutes.)

Jesus came from out the Court-House
door,
Stretched his hands above the passing
poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones
there
Round and round the mighty Court-
House square.
Yet in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered
limbs uncurled,
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet
world.

(Bass drums louder and faster.)

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the
jowl;
Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

(Grand chorus—tambourines—all in-
struments in full blast.)

The hosts were sandalled and their wings
were fire—
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*
But their noise played havoc with the
angel-choir.
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*
Oh, shout Salvation! It was good to see
Kings and princes by the Lamb set free.
The banjos rattled, and the tambourines
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of queens!

(Reverently sung—no instruments.)

And when Booth halted by the curb for
prayer
He saw his Master through the flag-filled
air.
Christ came gently with a robe and
crown
For Booth the soldier while the throng
knelt down.
He saw King Jesus—they were face to
face,
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy
place.
*Are you washed in the blood of the
Lamb?*

Here is another robust and rather
unconventional poem, which we find,
without the name of the writer, in the
American Magazine. We are glad to
see that New York City and its won-
derful sky-scrappers are getting hold of
the imagination of our poets as they
should.

HYMN TO NEW YORK.

ANONYMOUS.

O let some young Timotheus sweep his
lyre
Hymning New York. Lo! Every tower
and spire
Puts on immortal fire.
This City, which ye scorn
For her rude sprawling limbs, her
strength unshorn,—
Hands blunt from grasping, Titan-like,
at Heaven,

Is a world-wonder, vaulting all the
Seven!
Europe? Here's all of Europe in one
place;
Beauty unconscious; yes, and even grace.
Rome? Here all that Rome was, and is
not;
Here Babylon—and Babylon's forgot.
Golden Byzantium, drunk with pride and
sin,
Carthage, that flickered out where we
begin . . .
London? A swill of mud in Shake-
speare's time;
Ten Troys lie tombed in centuries of
grime!
Who'd not have lived in Athens at her
prime?
Or helped to raise the mighty walls of
Rome?
See, blind men! Walls rise all about you
here at home!
Who would not hear once more
That oceanic roar,
"Ave! Ave Imperator!"
With which an army its Augustus
greeted?
Hark! There's an army roaring in the
streets!
This spawning filth, these monuments un-
couth,
Are but her wild, ungovernable youth.
But the sky-scrappers, dwarfing earthly
things—
Ah, that is how she sings!
Wake to the vision shining in the sun;
Earth's ancient, conquering races rolled
in one,
A World beginning,—and yet nothing
done!

The horse and the dog have been
celebrated time and again in poetry;
but the cat has been sadly slighted.
We find a very sweet and tender
tribute to pussy in the *Atlantic*:

IN MEMORIAM—LEO, A YELLOW CAT.

By MARGARET SHERWOOD.

If, to your twilight land of dream,—
Persephone, Persephone,
Drifting with all your shadow host,—
Dim sunlight comes with sudden gleam,
And you lift veiled eyes to see
Slip past a little golden ghost
That wakes a sense of springing flowers,
Of nesting birds, and lambs new-born,
Of spring astir in quickening hours,
And young blades of Demeter's corn;
For joy of that sweet glimpse of sun,
O goddess of unnumbered dead,
Give one soft touch,—if only one,—
To that uplifted, pleading head!
Whisper some kindly word, to bless
A wistful soul who understands
That life is but one long caress
Of gentle words and gentle hands.

Probably the worst sentence ever
written in English was written not long
ago by Madison Cawein, in a reply
appearing in the *N. Y. Times* to the
strictures of a critic. It contained 191
words and it would take a whole
academy of grammarians a fortnight to
get it parsed. But if Mr. Cawein can
write atrociously in prose, he can write

most delightfully in verse. This from *Poetry* seems to us not so much delightful as vivid. It etches a scene very deeply into the mind:

WASTE LAND.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

Briar and fennel and chincapin,
And rue and ragweed everywhere;
The field seemed sick as a soul with sin,
Or dead of an old despair,
Born of an ancient care.

The cricket's cry and the locust's whirr,
And the note of a bird's distress,
With the rasping sound of the grasshopper,
Clung to the loneliness
Like burrs to a trailing dress.

So sad the field, so waste the ground,
So curst with an old despair,
A woodchuck's burrow, a blind mole's mound,
And a chipmunk's stony lair
Seemed more than it could bear.

So lonely, too, so more than sad,
So droning-lone with bees—
I wondered what more could Nature add
To the sum of its miseries . . .
And then—I saw the trees.

Skeletons gaunt that gnarled the place,
Twisted and torn they rose—
The tortured bones of a perished race
Of monsters no mortal knows,
They startled the mind's repose.

And a man stood there, as still as moss,
A lichen form that stared;
With an old blind hound that, at a loss,
Forever around him fared
With a snarling fang half bared.

I looked at the man; I saw him plain;
Like a dead weed, gray and wan,
Or a breath of dust. I looked again—
And man and dog were gone,
Like wisps of the graying dawn. . . .

Were they a part of the grim death there—
Ragweed, fennel, and rue?
Or forms of the mind, an old despair,
That there into semblance grew
Out of the grief I knew?

George Sterling's poetry seems to be growing a little less adjectival and consequently a little less colorful. But what it loses in color it gains in action. The following poem—from *Harper's Monthly*—is markedly different from "The Wine of Wizardry" in this respect. It is much more compressed and more dynamic, but there is less glow of color:

NIGHT SENTRIES.

BY GEORGE STERLING.

Ever as sinks the day on sea or land,
Called or uncalled, you take your kindred posts.
At helm and lever, wheel and switch, you stand,
On the world's wastes and melancholy coasts.

Strength to the patient hand!
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

Now roars the wrenching train along the dark:

How many watchers guard the barren way
In signal-towers, at stammering keys, to mark
What word the whispering horizons say!

To all that see and hark—
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

On ruthless streets, on byways sad with sin—
Half-hated by the blinded ones you guard—

Guard well, lest crime unheeded enter in!
The dark is cruel and the vigil hard,
The hours of guilt begin.
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

Now the surf-rumble rides the midnight wind,
And grave patrols are on the ocean edge.

Now soars the rocket where the billows grind,
Discerned too late, on sunken shoal or ledge.
To all that seek and find,
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

On lonely headlands gleam the lamps that warn,
Star-steady, or ablink like dragon-eyes.
Govern your rays, or wake the giant horn
Within the fog that welds the sea and skies!

Far distant runs the morn:
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

Now glow the lesser lamps in rooms of pain,
Where nurse and doctor watch the joyless breath,
Drawn in a sigh, and sighing lost again.
Who waits without the threshold, Life or Death?

Reckon you loss or gain?
To all, alert and faithful in the night,
May there be Light!

We are rather fond of Berton Braley even when he is doing vaudeville stunts in verse. There is a refreshing genuineness about his work even when he gives us the "Lyrics of a Lobster." This from *The Designer* is on a different plane entirely, and seems rather good to us:

THE PHONOGRAPH.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

I am the voice of sadness; I am the voice of mirth;
I carry the magic message to the uttermost ends of earth;
And tho the critics mock me with many a bitter sneer,
Out in the distant places my song is good to hear.

And what do I care for critics cooped up in a four-walled pen?
Out in the desert spaces I comfort the souls of men;
To pioneers on the border the message of Home I bring.

By wizardry of a record, a vibrant steel and a spring.

I stir the heart with old songs
And light the eyes with new;
I chant the more-than-gold songs
Which thrill you through and through:
The gentle and the bold songs—
I sing them all to you.

Into the tenement dingy I carry the songs of May;

I bring a flush of color to faces pinched and gray;

And out in the lonely farmhouse I warble my gayest air,
Bringing the voice of the city for the country dwellers to share.

When men are weary of toiling and their hearts are heavy as lead
I rattle a song in rag-time till the dreariest blues are fled.

You may say my voice is raucous and the music I make is "canned,"
But you'll hear me singing my carols in every clime and land.

I know the meek and brave songs,
The songs of east and west,
The mountain and the wave songs,
The love songs tenderest,
The laughing and the grave songs—
Whatever suits you best.

Now hark to my proclamation, oh, you of the critic court!

I have taught more people music than all of your carping sort;

I have made the work of the Masters, their mighty, marvelous spell,
Not only the rich man's pleasure but the poor man's joy as well.

While you in your cynic wisdom your poisoned shafts have hurled,
I have been spreading gladness and beauty over the world.

In palace and hut and cabin, from pole to the Tropic Line,
Wherever your feet may wander, the Voice you will hear is MINE.

With classics and with light songs,
With songs of pain and glee,
With morning, noon or night songs,
With songs of land or sea,
But ever with the right songs,
I bring you Arcady.

Here is as appropriate a place as any, perhaps, to call attention to the unexpectedly large representation of the younger American poets in "The Home Book of Verse," compiled during three years of assiduous and competent labor by Burton Egbert Stevenson and published by Henry Holt and Company. The richness of this latest of all anthologies is due in part to a purely mechanical detail—the use of India paper. The aim of the compiler has been to give poems entire. Even "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Oscar Wilde, and the Fitzgerald Omar Khayyam are complete. The circumstance that this ambitious volume is the work of an American compiler and issued by an American publisher renders it an additional satisfaction to find that it is fuller, finer and seemingly more discriminating than anything of the sort coming to us from England.

Finance and Industry

The Average Motor Car of 1913.

THE National Automobile Show, conducted this year simultaneously at Madison Square Garden and Grand Central Palace, New York, is as old as the present century as an institution. The exhibition, the thirteenth of its kind, is pronounced the best of all. In the two buildings together there were no less than 467 exhibitors and 88 different types of pleasure cars, ranging from miniature runabouts to the immense Berline limousine with its drawing-room interior. One glance at the wealth indicated by the upward swing of the automobile industry in a period of industrial hesitancy must reassure those who despair of the prosperity of the American people in the immediate future. The composite car, or the average of all cars on the market for 1913, costs \$77.00 more than its predecessor in 1912, the average price for 1913 being \$2,585 as against \$2,508 in 1912, \$2,560 in 1911, and \$2,214 in 1910. The latest model, according to *Motor Age*, compares favorably with previous makes. The difference in price is more than accounted for by taking into consideration the added equipment. The bore of the average 1913 car is 4.19 inches, a considerable decrease from the 1912 figure—4.34 inches. The stroke, on the other hand, has increased from 4.97 to 5.15. The 1912 figures show that the average piston displacement was 316.6 cubic inches as against 345.0 this year. This long-stroke motor, developing more actual power than the average

motor of the year before, is much more flexible and quiet than its predecessor.

Important Modifications in Motor Cars.

THE composite car of 1913 has a four-cylinder motor. The water circulation is by a pump and through a cellular radiator. The tendency toward the pump circulation of water has not, we are told, appreciably increased. *Motor Age* says:

"A year ago 63 per cent. of the cars on the American market were equipped with dual ignition and this year sees this rise to 68 per cent. The motor is fed by gravity. The running gear of the average car on the market this year embraces a disk clutch, three-speed selective gearset located amidship. The drive is through a shaft to bevel gears to a floating rear axle. The gear ratio is 3.57 to 1, a slight decrease in respect to the 1912 ratio which was 3.62 to 1. Due to the greater percentage of sixes on the market this year the average weight has increased to 2,660 as against 2,290 in 1912. This increase in weight is of course accompanied by an increase in tire size. In 1912 the average car had 35x4 tires and 1913 sees 35x4½ as the average tire size.

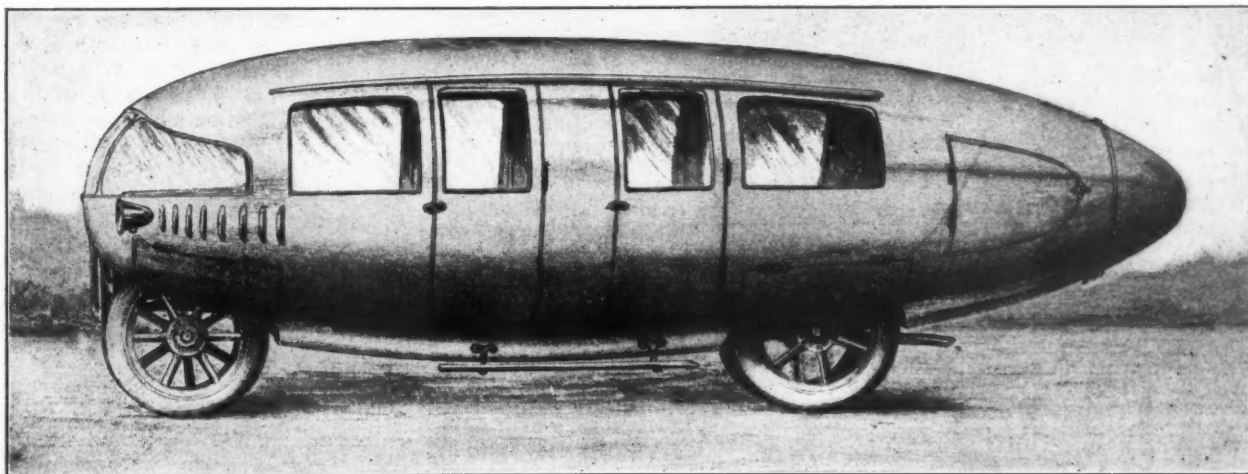
"Starting the motor by electricity seems to be in favor, since 37 per cent. of the cars on the 1913 market are so equipped, while the acetylene starter follows with 14 per cent. A great number of cars, 31 per cent. to be exact, are not equipped with starters, perhaps due to the fact that experimenting in this direction has not resulted favorably. The demountable wheel has taken a firm grip on the buying public, for its demands have resulted in a 400 per cent. increase in this feature since 1912."

The Automobile of To-morrow.

IF THE motor publications give us a picture of the car of to-day, Walter Bannard, more imaginative than they, forecasts, in the *Scientific American*, the automobile of to-morrow. The first automobile bodies, he remarks, were in all respects nothing but adaptations of the older carriage bodies. They were a compromise, and, like all compromises, unsatisfactory. While thoughtful designers realized the necessity of striking out in different directions, the natural inertia of the majority of the human race militates against too radical departures. The change from the carriage body to the automobile body had to be made slowly, and even at the present time we have only arrived at the half-way station. The automobile of the future will look no more like the motor car of to-day than the limousine of 1913 looks like the *dos-à-dos* of 1896. The limousine or torpedo touring car of the present year, Mr. Bannard maintains, basing his prediction on the evolution of the automobiles of the past, is but a link in the gradual transformation of the horse-drawn buggy into the completely enclosed, dust-proof, silent and comfortable "car of the future."

"In outward appearance the 'car of the future' resembles a submarine boat more than it does a carriage. Its long cigar-shaped body incloses everything except the wheels, and even they are covered for almost half of their diameter. To the eye of the motorist of 1913 it may present too 'squat' an appearance, owing chiefly

(Continued on page 242.)



Courtesy of the Scientific American

THE TORPEDO-SHAPED AUTOMOBILE OF THE FUTURE

In outward appearance, declares a prophetic writer, Walter Bannard, basing his calculations on the evolution of the automobile in the past, the automobile of to-morrow resembles a submarine boat more than it does a carriage.

WHAT AND WHY IS THE INTERNAL BATH?

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M. D.

THOUGH many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present unconquerable American Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself—who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the American, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and

energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

The accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physical Culturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsements of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drugshop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of our functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing, as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means: causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all American men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this in CURRENT OPINION.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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The housewife who knows the nutritive value of Shredded Wheat and the many delicious fruit combinations that can be made with it may banish kitchen worry and household care.

Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. It is a natural, elemental food. It is not flavored or seasoned with anything and hence does not deteriorate in the market. The consumer flavors or seasons it to suit his own taste. It is delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal with fruits.

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(Continued from page 239.)

to the low position of the body. The car has no running boards, no hood, no mudguards, no windshield and no flapping top. The motor is carried in front of the driver, as in the ordinary motor car, while the various indicators are placed within easier reach of the driver's hand than is possible in the orthodox vertical or sloping dashboard arrangement. The curved plate-glass front of the body affords a clear view of the road ahead, while giving absolute protection from wind, dust and rain. Ventilation is achieved by narrow slits in the sides and top of the car. Conforming to the shape of the body, the doors are curved, reaching so close to the ground that an 11-inch step is all that is necessary to enter the car. Ample space is provided in the rear of the hollow body for baggage and the carrying of spare tires and other parts, while the seating arrangements allow each passenger more room than he would have in a modern limousine, and far more than in the various seven-passenger models of the present day. Wind resistance and the danger of skidding are reduced to a minimum in this design, and a number of racing cars constructed on these lines have proven that greater speed can be attained."

The Money Kings of
Yester-Year.

FINANCING seems to be by no means a healthy occupation. The death-rate among multi-millionaires is indeed astonishing. Seven years ago Mr. Sereno S. Pratt, analyzing the control of "big business" in the United States, named seventy-six men who at that time collectively dominated industry, transportation, finance and trade. Of these seventy-six men, according to the calculations of C. M. Keys in the *World's Work*, twenty-eight are now dead and ten have retired from active business. Says Mr. Keys:

"What names may one write in the list of those who are powerful as time erases the names of Harriman, of Cassatt, and of Hawley in the railroad world? What merchant princes have assumed the tasks laid down by Marshall Field and Bliss? Where are the insurance moguls to replace McCall, Dryden, Hyde and McCurdy dead or retired? Who holds the money bags dropped by Russell Sage? Where is the second generation in traction finance to compare with that band of experts—good or bad—headed by Yerkes, Ryan, Brady, Widener, Elkins and Dolan? Who holds the scepter of Havemeyer, the King of Sugar? Who in the steamship world succeeds Griscom and Morse? What names of steadfast pioneers of capital may we write over the erasures made in the roll of power as D. O. Mills, John S. Kennedy, Samuel Sloane and Samuel Thorne have dropped by the wayside? What predatory captain of industrial finance assumes the rôle of H. H. Rogers?"

In addition, the number of men in that famous list of seven years ago,

who have since practically retired from leadership, includes James J. Hill, Adrian Iselin, Henry C. Frick, R. A. McCurdy, Levi P. Morton, C. W. Morse, George W. Perkins and Thomas F. Ryan.

Shifting Empires of Finance.

THE questions as to the successors of these men, Mr. Keys goes on to say, almost answer themselves. There is no Cassatt on the Pennsylvania Railroad. There is no new Harriman in the United States. There is not in the industrial world, and there probably never will be in our generation, a new Havemeyer or a new Rogers. The syndicate has taken the place of the individual. The money-lending trade is gathered into syndicates and played across the counters of the great trust companies. The entire insurance dynasty has fallen and the insurance business has been put back where it belongs and effectually abolished as a power in control of finance, transportation and industry. In merchandise no man is supreme today, not even Mr. John Claflin, probably the most powerful merchant of this generation. In traction finance alone a new school of men has arisen who are carrying forward on an entirely different plan the attempt to regulate the traction, electric light and power business. If there have been sweeping changes in what Mr. Pratt called the Senate of Business, the changes in business methods have been even more sweeping.

"Seven years ago, as now, the name of Mr. J. P. Morgan led the list of the American oligarchy. At that time, however, the House of Morgan was generally described as a magnificent promotion institution. The frame of the flotation of almost all the greatest Trusts in the country lingered around it. The finest fruits of its power were the United States Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Company, the North American Company, the International Mercantile Marine, and a dozen other promotions and re-organizations, like those of the Southern Railway, the Northern Pacific, and the Erie, which would have been almost impossible in the hands of any other house. The strong and active partners of the firm were Mr. Morgan himself and perhaps Mr. George W. Perkins, a skilful and agile promoter of the better type.

"To-day it is a different story. The panic of 1907 probably put a stop for many years to that particular kind of banking activity. At the same time it brought home to the greatest of our financial leaders the absolute necessity of assuming a dictatorship in the financial banking business outside of pure promotion which has never been exercised in this country by any firm or any institution. Morgan and his partners are the only group of individuals exercising greater power to-day than seven years ago.



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The astronomer, by the power of his telescope, becomes a reporter of the movements of a hundred worlds greater than ours, and the student of celestial activities millions of miles away.

He points his instrument at any spot in the heavens, and his sight goes rushing through space to discover and inspect a star hitherto unknown.

Up to the power of his lenses, his vision sweeps the universe.

As the telescope may be focused upon any star, so the telephone may be focused upon

any person within the range of its carrying power.

Your voice may be directed anywhere in the Bell System, and it will be carried across country at lightning speed, to be recognized and answered.

The telescope is for a very limited class, the astronomers. The telephone is for everyone.

At the telescope you may see, but cannot be seen. At the telephone you may speak and be spoken to, you may hear and be heard. By means of the Bell System this responsive service is extended to the whole nation.

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What's the Matter with This Man?

Ask him, and he would say, "Nothing's the matter with me."

He is a wide-awake, prosperous American business man—virile, energetic, useful, forceful.

And yet—

He is taking on weight.

He is becoming nervous. He doesn't sleep near as soundly as he used to. He is troubled now and then with little attacks of indigestion and sometimes has headaches. He finds it necessary to take longer vacations each year.

Like thousands of other business men, he is dropping off a shade, then just a shade more, from perfect health. *He is shamefully below par.*

Are you like this man?

If you are, if you will own up that you are not the man you might be, I can help you to regain a physical and mental snap and fire that you may not have known since a schoolboy.

The Thompson Course puts back in tune the jangled nerves of tired men. A man whose liver has slowed up, imperceptibly perhaps, but *slowed up*; whose digestion is beginning to quit, ever so little; who now takes a car to ride distances that would seem short to younger legs—such a man is not really old, but his sedentary life is demanding the same toll that age takes.

The system of movements known as the Thompson Course is merely a brief daily substitute for the forms of exercise that civilization has outgrown. It establishes a healthy balance between the life the business man leads and the life Nature planned him to lead.

The Thompson Course requires about fifteen minutes of your time each day. It will stand the most drastic test to which any set of exercises can be put—you want to keep it up. From the very first you enjoy the feeling of increased health that it brings.

Properly speaking, the Thompson Course is not "exercises." It consists of a series of easy, natural movements that start the circulation, and encourage elimination. It develops and strengthens the stomach, lungs, intestines, etc., for these are muscular organs. Carried to its conclusion, the Course brings clearness of mind, strength of nerves, decision, hopefulness, courage and joy in living.

Let Me Give You Human Energy

My free book is a real contribution to the science of right living. It has shown men the way to postpone their retirement and increase their capacity for work. It explains why the Thompson Course requires no apparatus and does not force you to leave off your regular habits, yet induces physical condition that you may be well satisfied with—a cheerfulness that is winning and the ability to work, eat, sleep and live in greater comfort. I will give you this book if you will read it.

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CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 West 29th Street, New York City.

Shattered Autocracies of Rails and Oil.

IN 1907 the Harriman dynasty was the dominating power in the railroad world, both east and west of the Mississippi. Where now, Mr. Keys asks, is the kingdom of Harriman? All men know that the authority of the one man who by his genius and courage created the greatest of all railroad systems is split up among a dozen men and delegated to officers in the four corners of the United States, so that to-day no man may boast that he controls the policy or dictates the destiny of the Union Pacific itself, much less that of the dozen other great corporations that hung on the word of Harriman.

"Without the intervention of bankruptcy, I do not think that there has ever been a more complete dispersal of autocratic power than has been witnessed in the Union Pacific. It is enough to say that hardly half a dozen men in the United States, outside those immediately interested, could name more than half the men who to-day are exercising on these lines the authority once held in the hand of Harriman. Here an autocracy has become almost a democracy.

"In the industrial world nothing, perhaps, is so striking as this railroad incident, but there have been plenty of sweeping changes; and, whether by accident or by the operation of some economic law, they all seem to point to exactly the same conclusion. For example: Seven years ago the Standard Oil group was practically intact. The unique genius of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the solid, substantial wisdom of his brother William, the agility and daring of Rogers, the acumen of Flagler, and the marvelous merchandizing ability of Mr. Bedford, still ruled the oil business not only of the United States, but to a more or less striking extent of the whole world. It is a different story now. Roger is dead, Mr. William Rockefeller has been partially an invalid for more than a year and is not active in business. Mr. John D. Rockefeller is only an adviser now. One finds it hard to say whether Mr. Bedford belongs to the Standard Oil or to Corn Products in these latter days. The old phalanx is broken."

The New Business Democracy.

THE key-note of modern business, according to this author, is decentralization and the destruction, more or less complete, of everything that looks like autocracy. Business has tended more and more toward democracy. Men have been robbed of imperial powers, sometimes by death, sometimes by rebellion. In practically no case has a despotism continued from one administrative generation to another.

"The result has been an end of the making of trusts. Not a single new combination of great importance has been

organized and floated in the last seven years. Even in the automobile business, which was new enough to lend itself to almost any form of development, the attempts to make overwhelmingly powerful aggregations were only two in number. One of them resulted very well; but everybody knows that the General Motors Company has exercised but little the kind of power that the Trusts of the former generation exercised. The other, the United States Motor Company, resulted in a quick and painful collapse. And many of the best and strongest motor manufacturing companies remain to this day independent entities and are likely to remain so indefinitely."

The negative result of the development of the last seven years, we are assured, has been that no more trusts of importance have been created.

An Era of Reaction in
Big Business.

WHEN the headlines were busy with the tremendous doings of Harriman, Morgan and their compeers in railroad finance and in industrial borrowing, the raising of such sums as \$50,000,000 was almost a picayune job. Nowadays Wall Street bankers consider \$3,000,000 quite a penny, dicker for a month over a \$5,000,000 bond issue, worry about raising \$10,000,000, gasp at \$25,000,000 of railroad financing, and throw up their hands in despair when a \$50,000,000 proposition confronts them. If, Mr. Keys goes on to say, the little sums in which Wall Street deals these days are astonishing, the names and characters of the borrowers are even more astonishing. "A few years ago it would have been ridiculous to suggest that the smaller rivals of the Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company, the National Biscuit Company, the International Harvester Company, or the so-called Fertilizer Trust could have come into Wall Street and borrowed, right under the noses of the bankers who stood sponsors for these Trusts, all the money that they wanted. Yet this year smaller concerns in competition with each of these combinations have sold their securities in this market not only without interference from the bankers of the big combinations, but with their consent, even assistance."

"To sum it all up, we are passing through what looks in some of its aspects to be almost a reactionary era. The big manufacturing industries are decentralizing rather than combining. The buying in of railroads to make gigantic systems has almost disappeared, unless one considers the somewhat humble ambitions of Mr. Newman Erb a parallel to the Harriman campaign. In insurance we have gone far backward from the days when Mr. Perkins and his friends conceived a plan that was ultimately to make the New York Life Insurance Company practically the arbiter of life insurance throughout the



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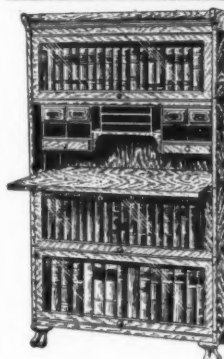
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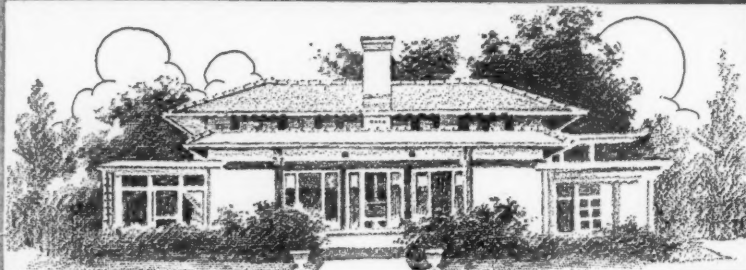
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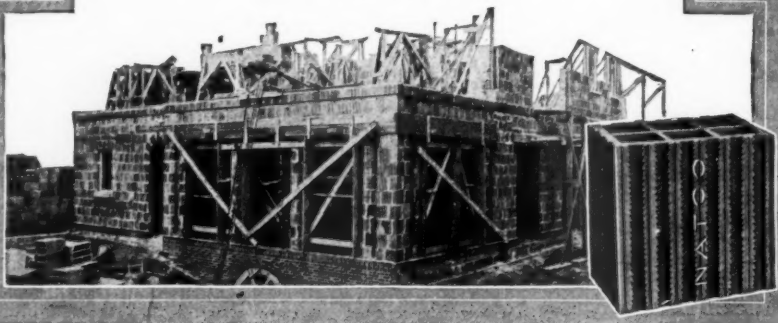
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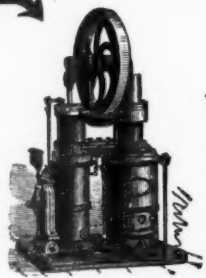
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"Only in the banking world in New York and Chicago the process of centralization seems to go forward in the shape of bigger and bigger mergers of commercial banks and trust companies; but even here one notes that in financial banking it is an era of little things. And there is a reasonable conviction that when Mr. Morgan retires from active business it will not be possible to hold together the banking power that now centers at his desk."

Reforming the Stock Exchange.

THE pursuit of the dragon of the Money Trust by Samuel Untermyer and Congressman Pujo will lead undoubtedly to a regulation of the Stock Exchange by the State if not by the federal authorities. Already, in fear of such action, the Stock Exchange makes desperate attempts to reform itself. Up to the present, as A. W. Ferrin remarks in *Moody's Magazine*, the New York Stock Exchange has continued to be, next to the United States Senate, the most exclusive club in the country, recognizing duties of members to each other, but neglecting its duties toward the public for whose benefit the Exchange is supposed to exist. "The violation of the commission law," said Frank Sturgis, of the Governing Committee, at the Pujo hearing, "is one of the most infamous crimes a man can commit against a fellow member of the Exchange—a gross breach of faith and wrongdoing of the most serious nature, a crime that we should punish as severely as, in the judgment of the governing committee, the constitution permits." Fortunately, Mr. Ferrin goes on to say, there has risen a progressive party on the Exchange, rather inchoate at present, which believes that the Exchange owes a greater duty towards the public than seeing that it pays full commission. This progressive element believes in the justice of short selling, and similar practices, but is willing to encourage publicity in auditing the books of members. One Stock Exchange house has already established this reform. Enlarging the membership of the Exchange, modifying the boycott on the Consolidated Exchange and the possible cancellation of the American Note Company's monopoly of the business of printing stock certificates,—all these changes, we are told, are under consideration by the governors.

An Advocatus Diaboli.

NONE of these changes are impossible or even absurd as, in Mr. Ferrin's opinion, the proposed prohibition of short selling cer

tainly is. Mr. Moody, in his own magazine, hastens to the defence of the practice, altho he must remember the historical lines of Dan Drew:

"He who sells what isn't his
Must buy it back or go to prison."

Mr. Moody defends even the manipulation now frowned upon by the Exchange itself commonly known as "wash sales." This is carried on by pools of large or small degree who make a fictitious market for stocks through the matching of orders, that is by buying and selling at the same time. The same practice, he pleads, on precisely the same principle, is carried on in all other lines of trade, even in those utterly divorced from Wall Street. The real estate agent who is trying to sell you a house always fills you full of the notion that several others are itching to get an option on it if you don't take it; when you try to buy a horse others are always bidding for it, according to the seller; when you plan to lease an apartment or a dwelling, the agent produces rumors, if you hesitate, that he has other inquiries and can only give you a 24-hour option, etc. If you are buying an automobile, the story always is that you must take it on the spot, or it will be gone before sundown, etc.

The Real Estate Agent
and the Broker.

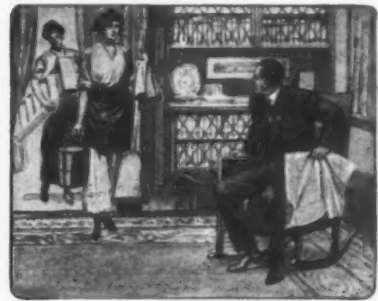
IN fact, Mr. Moody goes on to say, "trading between buyer and seller in any walk of life is never frank; the buyer is always trying to get the best of the seller, and vice versa, and fictitious appearances are always regarded as an incident of the trade."

"It is traditional, for example, that the Hebrew always asks far more than he expects to get and offers far less than he expects to pay, which reminds one of the story of the shrewd Hebrew who went into a Bowery clothing store to buy a suit of clothes. The suit he chose was marked \$10. Thought he, 'They ask ten; they want eight; they'll take six; it's worth four; I'll offer two.' He didn't expect to get the suit for \$2, nor did the seller expect to get \$10; but they were both good judges of human nature, and the real bargain was no doubt made between \$4 and \$6, which was somewhere near the true value.

"It is the same way with stock manipulation which is based on false rumors and the effects of 'wash sales.' The manipulators are pretty good judges of human nature; they do not expect to get the full price, and never do—unless the eagerness of their public to 'get rich quick' enables them to build better than they knew. They create a false appearance of demand, it is true, but not more false than the fellow who lands you with a corner lot at double its value by making you think that the lots are going like hot cakes."



"Don't disturb yourself!"

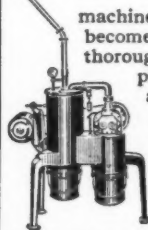


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Manipulating the Ticker.

THE redoubtable Dan Reid, one of the triumvirate in whose hands, through a voting trust, tremble the destinies of the Bankers' Trust Company, is said to be one of the most skillful manipulators of stocks and wash sales. In the same magazine in which Mr. Moody defends the methods of manipulation employed by these overlords of pool speculation, Mr. Ferrin terms the stock market Mr. Reid's football. It was from Mr. Reid's nocturnal headquarters at the Waldorf Astoria that the famous order came to buy 40,000 shares of Rock Island common at the opening which caused the flurry of December 27, 1910, when Rock Island common shot up 30 points and down again in two hours, and resulted in the suspension from the Exchange of two members of the firm of S. B. Chapin & Company. Different versions of that episode obtained currency, but the generally accepted one was that Mr. Reid forgot to give to some other house the order to sell 40,000 shares which would have matched the Chapin order and would have kept up interest in Rock Island without upsetting the market.

"There is never any lack of action in the so-called Reid stocks. Lehigh Valley, after its rise from 120, the price at which the unfortunate Pearson-Farquhar syndicate had to unload in July, 1910, to 186 on November 28, just before the dividend was raised to 10 per cent., pursued a checkered career through the spring and summer of 1911, accompanied by rumors of melons alternating with reports that the road was not earning its dividends, down to 151½ in September and back to 185 in December, catching the speculators coming and going.

"American Can, common, a stock which sold at 4 in 1908 and which has ahead of it preferred stock with 33 per cent. accrued and unpaid dividends, has risen in 1912 from 11¼ to 47¾ in the course of a campaign which has revived the memory of the late lamented Hocking Coal and Iron pool, and which has led some cynical market writers to suggest that Cans ought to be kicked off the board."

Playing Football with the Market.

YET on November 1st, 1912, 237 out-of-town correspondents had on deposit with Dan Reid's Trust Company \$22,861,000. On that date the Bankers' Trust Company had loans on stock exchange collateral for these correspondents amounting to \$31,232,000, and loans of its own on stock exchange collateral amounting to \$65,961,000, a total of \$97,193,000. It might interest the customers of the country banks, Mr. Ferrin suggests, to know how much of their money was loaned on Can common. The case of California Oil, as explained in the *World's Work*, the perfectly legitimate from the point of view of the Stock Exchange, illus-

trates in a similar manner the danger of manipulation to the public and justifies Lawson's demand for more stringent regulations of those who control the pulse of the money market.

Collapse of the Sterling
Debenture Corporation.

WARNINGS writ in oil and warnings writ on water seem to have little effect on the never-diminishing tribe of lambs. The line of demarcation between legitimate enterprize and fraud cannot always be drawn exactly. The Sterling Debenture Corporation, whose officers are at present under indictment for fraudulent use of the mails, acted at first entirely "within the law." Even in their days of decline they invariably allied themselves with one or two legitimate enterprizes to shield the character of their business. They were a group of talented men who, having made a success in the mail order business, applied the methods they had learned in that branch of business to stocks and bonds. The name itself, as a writer of the C. M. Keys syndicate remarks, was a masterpiece. "Sterling" means solid, substantial and true; in finance it means gold of quality. "Debenture" is an English term of excellent repute and carries with it the underlying idea of a bond, something to rely on, something intrinsically sound. "Corporation" is a high sounding substitute for "company." The combination of the three words was one of the strongest assets that these promoters had when they started in business.

Sowing the Wind in
Finance.

THEIR first big venture, the writer goes on to say, belied the name. They made a deal with a struggling company that was trying to finance a new invention made by a Dane, namely the telegraphone.

"Under their contract they got this stock for a price under \$2 a share. When they came to determine at what price they should sell it they went all the way at once, and determined for all time the character of their new institution. They set the price at \$10 a share, or more than \$8 above their contract price. In other words, out of every \$10 that the public would contribute, less than \$2 would go to work. The rest would represent expenses and profit.

"In exactly the same way they have been sowing the wind for the past six years. They have been assailed, criticized, called harsh names and generally set down by intelligent critics as devious, crooked and unscrupulous promoters. They have not paid much attention to these criticisms. On the contrary they have worn an air of virtue most becomingly and have even, at times, published circulars and pamphlets criticizing, in no uncertain terms, the wicked ways of Wall Street and of the banking fraternity. It seems strange now to contemplate the



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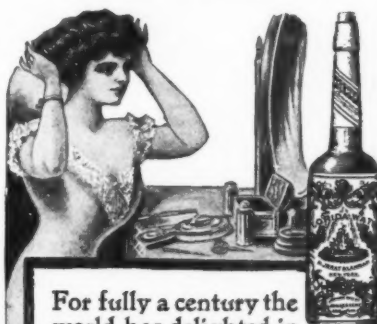
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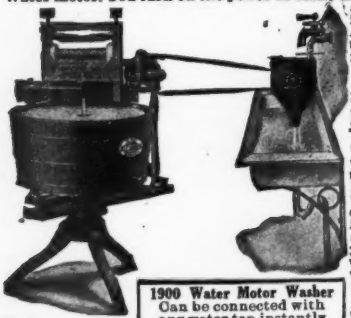
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[11]

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very large number of people throughout the country who have not only believed in these promoters and in the concerns which they floated, but have been willing to champion them against their critics. Some of the most acrimonious correspondence that the writer has ever received came from deluded victims of this particular syndicate.

"The amount of actual money that has passed through the hands of the Sterling Debenture Corporation during the six years or so of their activity is largely a matter of guess work. It is loosely estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$20,000,000. It is probable nearer to the former than the latter. At any rate, most of it undoubtedly went for advertizing and other expenses; a little of it found its way into the important industries that were supposed to feed at this trough and the rest of it represents profits to the promoters."

The Largest "Sucker List" in the World.

THE most prosperous period of the Sterling Debenture people was in 1910. In those days, according to John Grant Dater, whose virile pen, wielded in Mr. Munsey's magazine, was one of the first to prick this financial bubble, the corporation occupied an entire floor in the Brunswick building at an enormous rental, and maintained an army of four hundred employees. On its pay-rolls were fiction writers whose task it was to sing the praises of Telepost, Oxford Linen Mills, Bartica Company, and similar concerns in polished phrases.

"Tons, literally tons, of letters, circulars, and other literature vomited forth from the Sterling stock-selling factory. It is said that at one time the corporation mailed more first-class postal matter than any other in New York. Its correspondence was so large that it contracted for a special variety of paper bearing its own watermark, and took the entire product of one paper-mill.

"It had enough printing to support one fair-sized concern, and sufficient lithographing and engraving to maintain another—both of which, by the way, it capitalized, when hard times came, selling the stock to inexperienced persons at a job price in assorted packages, which contained an odd mixture of securities. It worked off much dead stock by the process, but by that time the Sterling had fallen from its high estate.

"All 'fiscal agency' concerns provide themselves with mailing-lists, or 'sucker lists,' as the promoters themselves term them, for these are essential in the business. The Sterling people's list was the most extensive in the world. They frequently boasted of it; and it made other stock-selling companies green with envy. Not to be on the Sterling list was to admit oneself unknown. It was made up of three million names, which, the corporation asserted, had been culled out of about ten million."

The Agitation for American Fashions.

FROM Philadelphia, out of the office of Mr. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, came the first intimation of an American Declaration of Independence from the thralldom of Paris Fashions. The New York Times and others are employing weekly reams of paper to assist the valiant editor in his war against French milliners. The movement thus initiated is not so quixotic as it may appear on the surface. It is significant, as Franklin Clarkin points out in the *Boston Transcript*, that just as a special session of Congress is about to tackle the custom houses, consular reports declare that Paris fashions are getting to be no longer the fashion. The moment the prospect is held out that a Paris gown may be had, maybe, duty-free, women are informed that American fashion is soon to supplant the French in this country. If, this writer goes on to say, America is to be released from the tyranny of Paris-made Fashion, it means a great deal to American manufacturers, merchants, designers, and dressmakers, not to mention what it will do to the cost of living. Mr. Clarkin took pains to obtain the views of the chief buyer of a large Broadway store on the subject.

"What do you buy when you buy Fashion? What is it Paris is to lose and America gain, tariff or no tariff?" he was asked. It was pointed out to him that 'Fashion decrees' and 'Fashion rules' and 'Paris says' are well-worn phrases, which seem to mean nothing and derive from nowhere. Yet to nearly all women these commands are a terror. Mainly because, like most things which are terrors, the source of them is clad in mystery. Fashion is thought of as impalpable, incredible, yet irresistible, a veiled and hidden potentiality which is all-powerful. 'There's no mystery about it,' he answers, 'no more, at least, than there is about the tariff, the reason for Pittsburgh, the cause of the price of beef, or the commercial usefulness of vanity. It is an immense business, working under voluntary agreements and the interplay of interests, but otherwise as systematized as Standard Oil. Indeed, a "Trust of Trusts" might be formed by capitalizing in a single concern the "inherent submissiveness of woman" as regards dictation in dress and decoration.'"

The Fashion Trust.

FIELDS and mills and markets are nearly as busy with clothes as with food and shelter. The *Dry Good Economist* has reckoned that 33 per cent. of family expenditure is for clothing. Those expenditures have grown so inordinately because the need which Eve imposed on humanity burgeoned long since into something more than a cloak for modesty or a defence against the inclemencies of the weather. Fashion, ever shifting, much to the



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profit of its originators, like the Beast of the Apocalypse, seems to have seven heads. Seven persons, in Paris, so Mr. Clarkin's Buyer assured him, can fix the lines on which women shall have their gowns cut. These seven are: Mme. Paquin, the Callot sisters, Mme. Cheruit, Doucet, Worth, Francis. Among the hieratic seven, as Mr. Clarkin points out, four are women. The man milliner is disappearing. The art of gown-designing is becoming feminized with so much of our civilization. American manufacturers, the Buyer thinks, cannot compete with the Mystic Seven. "If they could," he adds, "I would lose my job." To quote further:

"Here originators of style would be likely to be anonymous. Over there they have the pride of creating, and have position as artists. They minister to phazes of human longings—vanity and desire for triumph. While they are what they are for what there is in it, nevertheless they regard themselves superior to the 'man of barter and bargain.' They compete on the same terms painters or sculptors compete—not for prices, but for excellence and name. Their satisfactions are ordinary—yacht, automobile, a house or two. One sees them in the Bois in a motor car; afloat on the Solent or Mediterranean in a yacht; playing piquet of a quiet afternoon at a country house; about the tables at Monte Carlo; in a box at Longchamps races; loitering in the foyer at the first night of opera; assisting back-of-stage direction of the Comédie Française; frequenting art shops in quest of Old Masters; meeting formally with silk and wool and linen and muslin and corset makers and listening to commercial appeal to make skirts fuller, or restore petticoats. Finally, you may find these who constitute Fashion in ateliers, hedged about and throned here, while women throng in piteous homage, offering—well—what will they not offer?—for an original.

"The men are artist-business men. Should it happen that a gown put together by one of them is painted in a picture bought for the Luxembourg to be transferred eventually to the Louvre—that is supreme satisfaction. It is the satisfaction of having beautifully dressed a beautiful woman of the period—to be admired by other periods."

The Manufacturers and the Fashion Bund.

THERE are times, Mr. Clarkin goes on to say, on the authority of the Broadway Buyer, when the manufacturer in France brings stiff influence to bear upon Fashion. Some recent popular designs disappeared suddenly. No mandate of throne or pulpit had accomplished this miracle. Fashion had duly imposed and decreed these styles, but for once the Deadly Seven were thwarted. For these styles did away more or less with articles the mills made. "So the mill men met under the leadership of the Lyons manu-

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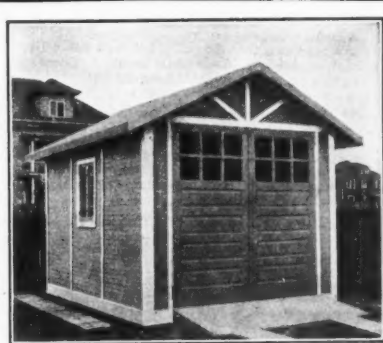
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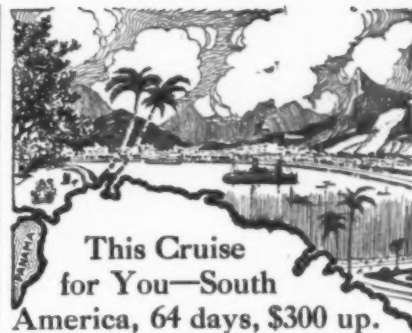
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facturers of silk, and by showing that the styles were hurting business, these particular orders of Fashion were immediately countermanded. It would be better for American manufacturers," the Buyer continued, "if there were an American Fashion Bund, of course. Then they might control somewhat the consumption of their manufactures. There would be some wire pulling, for instance, before corsets were banished. But you see how powerful is the confederacy of Fashion in Paris. Its invisible empire is the desire of woman to dress similarly to those of the world's smartest society."

Business Mortality in 1912.

THE past year, according to *Bradstreet's*, was notable for the number of small embarrassments reported. It was a year where the shortcomings of the individual himself, rather than outside stress, occasioned his ill fortune. Reported failures in 1912 numbered 13,812, a total which exceeded that of 1911 by 9.2 per cent., rose above that of 1910 by 19 per cent., fell behind that of 1908, the year of after-panic strain, by only 1.5 per cent., and, with the latter single exception, stands ahead of the total for any previous year back to 1896. Compared with 1906, a year when failures sunk to the lowest point in over a quarter of a century, the failures tabulated for last year were 47 per cent. greater in number. The resultant liabilities, aggregating, as they did, \$198,902,188, increased only 36 per cent. over those of 1906, and were 5.7 per cent. greater than in 1911 or 1910 and 42 per cent. larger than in 1909, but 32 per cent. smaller than in 1908, and 48 per cent. less than in 1907. That there was less of what might be called outside strain, and that failures were more truly failures—that, to quote exactly, "the percentage of solvency of those failing was lower than in some other years"—was shown by the fact that aggregate assets were \$98,468,796, or only 49.5 per cent. of the liabilities, as against 54.2 per cent. in 1911, 49.8 per cent. in 1910, 56.9 per cent. in 1908, 75 per cent. in 1907 and 50 per cent. in 1906.

"It has always proved interesting to mark the annual business death rate from year to year to see how the business community as a whole has fared. In 1912 the percentage of those in business failing was eighty-two hundredths of 1 per cent., which compares with seventy-seven hundredths of 1 per cent. in 1911, seventy-two hundredths in 1910, seventy-six hundredths in 1909, ninety-four hundredths in 1908 and seventy hundredths in 1907. There is here shown an expansion in the annual business mortality as compared with any year since 1908, and with that exception it is necessary to go back to 1901 to find a higher annual rate. The record year in this respect, it might be



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recalled, was 1893, when the rate was 1.46 per cent., and in no year since 1898 has the annual death rate exceeded 1 per cent."

**Why Men Fail in
Business.**

THE large majority of failures, *Bradstreet's* insists again and again, occur because of deficiencies in the traders themselves. Eight leading causes are grouped under this heading, while only three are given as existing apart from the individuals themselves. These causes are tabulated as follows:

A.—DUE TO FAULTS OF THOSE FAILING.
INCOMPETENCE (irrespective of other causes).
INEXPERIENCE (without other incompetence).
LACK OF CAPITAL.
UNWISE GRANTING OF CREDITS.
SPECULATION (outside regular business).
NEGLECT OF BUSINESS (due to doubtful habits).
PERSONAL EXTRAVAGANCE.
FRAUDULENT DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY.

B.—NOT DUE TO FAULTS OF THOSE FAILING.
SPECIFIC CONDITIONS (disaster, etc.).
FAILURE OF OTHERS (of apparently solvent debtors).
COMPETITION.

In 1912 80 per cent. of the number of failures and approximately the same percentage of liabilities were attributed to the shortcomings of those who failed. In 1911, we are told, 78.9 per cent. of the failures were charged to the individual, while 21.1 per cent. proceeded from the outside. In 1910 the proportions were 82 and 18 per cent., respectively; in 1909 they were 81 and 19 per cent., and in 1908 they were 77.5 and 22.5 per cent., respectively. As regards liabilities, the feature was the increase shown in 1912 over 1911 in the proportion charged to the individual. "Therefore," to quote again, "in 1912 the percentage of 80 compares with 70.3 per cent. in 1911, 73.9 in 1910, 72.5 in 1909 and 62 per cent. in 1908. Thus, since the after-panic year 1908, the proportion of liabilities due to the individual's fault has risen, and between the two years 1908 and 1912 the proportion increased by 18 per cent."

"Nineteen hundred and twelve stands distinguished from some other years, in that the excess in failures over the other years is credited to the increased amount of harm wrought by Incompetence and Inexperience, two essentially personal faults. For the first time since the records were compiled in the year 1890, the percentage ascribed to Incompetence stands first in injuriousness with 30.2 per cent. of all failures, as against 29.7 per cent. attributed to Lack of Capital, hitherto the most hurtful source of trouble, but which fell from 31.4 in 1911 and 33.9 in 1910. Incompetence, on the other hand, moved up from 27 per cent. in 1911 and 26.6 per cent. in 1910 to the figure of 30.2 given above. Inexperience (without other incompetence) rose to 4.6 per cent. in 1912 from 4.1 per cent. in 1911, and these two causes together accounted for the increased failures; while Fraud, the third most important personal cause, fell to 10.3 per cent. from 10.6 per cent. in 1911."



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Summarizing the Lessons
of Failure.

THE following two tables summarize the failures in business in the United States since 1881 and the causes of failures in the last two years, as classified by *Bradstreet's*:

FAILURES, ASSETS, LIABILITIES AND
NUMBER IN BUSINESS IN THE
UNITED STATES YEARLY
SINCE 1881.

Year.	No. of Failures.	Actual Assets, Millions.	Total Liabilities, Millions.	Per Cent. Assets to Liabilities.	Per Cent. Failing.
1912...	13,812	\$98.5	\$198.9	49.5	.82
1911...	12,646	102.0	188.1	54.2	.77
1910...	11,573	94.2	188.7	49.8	.72
1909...	11,845	69.3	140.7	49.2	.76
1908...	14,044	168.4	295.9	56.9	.94
1907...	10,265	287.9	383.7	75.0	.70
1906...	9,385	63.1	127.2	50.0	.66
1905...	9,967	65.0	121.8	53.3	.73
1904...	10,417	75.7	143.6	52.7	.79
1903...	9,775	84.1	154.3	54.5	.76
1902...	9,073	50.4	105.5	47.7	.80
1901...	10,648	61.1	130.1	46.9	.88
1900...	9,912	60.1	127.2	47.2	.85
1899...	9,642	60.1	119.8	50.1	.85
1898...	11,615	73.1	141.6	51.6	1.06
1897...	13,083	86.5	158.7	54.6	1.20
1896...	15,094	147.8	246.9	59.9	1.40
1895...	12,958	87.6	158.7	55.2	1.23
1894...	12,724	83.2	151.5	54.9	1.21
1893...	15,508	231.5	382.1	60.6	1.46
1892...	10,270	54.7	108.6	50.3	.99
1891...	12,394	102.9	193.1	53.3	1.21
1890...	10,673	92.7	175.0	52.9	1.07
1889...	11,719	70.5	140.7	50.0	1.20
1888...	10,587	61.9	120.2	52.0	1.10
1887...	9,740	64.6	130.6	50.0	1.04
1886...	10,568	55.8	113.6	49.0	1.15
1885...	11,116	55.2	119.1	46.0	1.25
1884...	11,620	134.6	248.7	54.0	1.32
1883...	10,299	90.8	175.0	52.0	1.20
1882...	7,635	47.4	93.2	51.0	.93
1881...	5,929	35.9	76.0	47.0	.76

CAUSES OF FAILURES IN 1911 AND 1912:

Failures due to	1912	1911
Incompetence	4,176	3,419
Inexperience	641	522
Lack of capital	4,110	3,970
Unwise credits	281	252
Failures of others	177	171
Extravagance	91	108
Neglect	275	277
Competition	264	360
Specific conditions	2,262	2,132
Speculation	112	94
Fraud	1,423	1,341
Total	13,812	12,646

Arson as a Business.

INCENDIARISM destroys each year \$4,000,000 of New York property—more than \$10,900 a day. Such are the startling figures given by Fire Commissioner Joseph Johnson in his report on incendiarism. Nowhere else in the world, the Commissioner declares, is the fire-bug so active. In Europe incendiarism does not exist, because insurance policies cannot be obtained without previous inspection of property and close inquiry into the character of all applicants. Everyone in America can get a fire insurance policy for the mere asking. The New York Fire Department has obtained no less than \$127,000 of fire insurance, in the form of 135 different policies, on property worth only \$3.96. The De-



The PURITANS, PIONEERS of NEW ENGLAND



The ANGELUS

The Pioneer PLAYER-PIANO

There is something more than historical significance in the statement of the U. S. Census Bureau proclaiming the Angelus the Pioneer Player-Piano.

To be the first—the pioneers—is to lead the way, and the Angelus enjoys the same distinction of leadership today that it had from the beginning.

The only Player-Piano in the world equipped with the marvelous

PHRASING LEVER

(Patented)

This exclusive Angelus device is essential to the perfect player as are the keys to the piano—the only device enabling you to play music that glows with life and animation; a sensitive, vibrating lever, immediately under your finger, that forms the connecting link between you and the piano, enabling the novice to play with spirit and dash.

Supplemented by the Melodant—which gives distinctiveness to the Melody, the Sustaining Pedal device, the Graduated Accompaniment and the Melody Buttons—the music of the whole world can be played by anyone.

Knabe-Angelus—Grand and Upright, the celebrated Knabe piano and the Angelus.

Emerson-Angelus—Grand and Upright, the sweet toned Emerson piano and Angelus.

Angelus-Piano—An upright piano built expressly for the Angelus. In Canada—The Gourney-Angelus and Angelus Piano.

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Business Established 1877 **MERIDEN, CONN.**

233 Regent Street, LONDON Agencies All Over the World

OFFICIAL REPORT UNITED STATES CENSUS BUREAU

"In 1895, Messrs. Wilcox and White of Meriden, Conn., began manufacturing an interior attachment, and in February, 1897, built their first 'Angelus,' a cabinet piano player. This instrument, the invention of E. H. White, may be regarded as the pioneer of the various similar attachments that have since been placed on the market."

Municipal Building,
New York City,
being equipped with
three 20 H. P., 8-
sweeper *Spencer*
Cleaners



When you build, or decide to install a Vacuum Cleaner, choose the machine of greatest recognized efficiency, simplicity and durability.

SPENCER TURBINE VACUUM CLEANERS

are in hundreds of beautiful homes, as well as in the greatest structures. They accomplish the most difficult cleaning tasks more thoroughly and in only a fraction of the time usually expended. Any unskilled housemaid can operate the Spencer.

Machines are for basement installation; made in 12 sizes, from ½-H.P., 1 sweeper, to 40-H.P., 16 sweeper capacity. On request a Free Catalog and list of installations furnished as references.

Spencer Turbine Cleaner Co.

632 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.
Branch Offices or Selling Agencies in all Principal Cities

\$5,000 a Year from Ten Acres

With Six Months Vacation



**Independence and a Competence
for Life**

Five Thousand Dollars a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the frostless and wormless Bitter Root Valley with a home and six months vacation annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will investigate this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of today. This is not an offer of something for nothing. It is an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with Nature. We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.

\$5,000 Yearly For Life From Ten Acres

A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, 10 acres should net you an income of \$5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE ORCHARD HOME TRACT (spring of 1913 planting) best standard varieties apples and cherries—with the Company's definite written contract to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth, conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, \$1,000 an acre. There is a clean profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a \$300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten-year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for:—recession of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

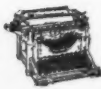
INVESTIGATE by using this coupon TODAY

BITTER ROOT VALLEY IRRIGATION CO.

612 158 First National Bank Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Robert B. Lemon, General Sales Manager
Please send me full information concerning your Bitter Root Valley Orchard Tracts in Bitter Root Valley.

Name _____
Street No. or Rural Route _____
Town _____ State _____



SAVE 65 TO 85 PER CENT. ON TYPEWRITERS

REAL VALUES in all makes of Typewriters. Guaranteed two years—Oliviers, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, Underwoods, etc. Choice of 500 Typewriters, \$10.00 to \$15.00. Send for catalogue. Dearborn Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 133, Chicago

Wedding Invitations, Announcements

Visiting Cards and Stamped Stationery. Correct Styles from an Elegant Shop at Moderate Prices. Samples upon request. Our New Book, Social Etiquette, \$1—free with every order. LYCETT, 317 NORTH CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your song poems or melodies. They may become big hits and bring thousands of dollars. Past experience unnecessary. Available work accepted for publication. Instructive booklet and information free.

MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 14, Washington, D. C.

partment's method of trapping the companies was to rent tenements and place therein a chair or two or a few plates, and then apply for fire insurance. On two bare rooms at 208 East Seventy-third street, containing 12 cents' worth of property, the Department obtained \$8,000 insurance. It got \$19,000 insurance on bare rooms at 220 East Thirty-sixth street, containing articles worth 20 cents. On two chairs, a gas heater and a spittoon in an empty flat on another street, the insurance companies issued policies carrying \$59,500. Evidently fraudulent claims based on spurious property can be collected only with the guilty complicity of certain agents of the insurance companies themselves. There may be method in the madness of the fire-bugs, who infest our American cities. Willis O. Robb, president of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange, and other officers of the insurance companies, however, pooh-pooh Mr. Johnson's report as sensational, and his figures as unreliable. "There are fire bugs in action," remarks *Insurance*; "there are fire-bugs in desire; there are persons whose record ought to preclude them from obtaining any insurance; there are possibly some incendiaries who sell or are ready to sell their services. So much is not denied. But that companies' officers are sharers in the fraud, or that companies are willing victims, is just a little too absurd."

Defending the Fire Insurance Companies.

THE insurance organ reminds Mr. Johnson that in the State of New York the obtaining of other insurance policies after the first automatically puts an end to the first and subsequent policies. Insurance often acts as an incentive to arson because, if there were no such things as insurance, all motive for arson except malice would cease. But, adds Mr. Shallcross, manager of the Royal, mercantile credit is also an incentive to fraud. "Discontinue insurance and credit, and there would be less arson and less mercantile fraud and bad debts undoubtedly." Inspection in advance would not interfere with making a "plant" of property for insurance purposes and then removing it. It is easy to say, the editor of *Insurance* continues, in that the companies should inspect; but if the fraudulent burning of insured personal property (or of any property whatever) is to be prevented by inspection it would be necessary for the companies to keep a man or men on the spot day and night, and more men to watch the watchmen. The most effective discouragement of incendiarism, the writer maintains, is successful resistance to the claims and conviction of the criminals.

The Great Roosevelt Dam in the Salt River Valley, Arizona is watering a farm for you

Not a big farm, perhaps, but an orchard home of ten or twenty, or even forty, acres, if you feel equal to the undertaking. And this is superlatively good land, deep, durable, rich and easily worked, the kind that allows the owner to ride in big automobiles and have pianos in the parlor.

The soil is prolific. Every acre, intelligently handled, will produce from four to ten times the average returns of the best land in the corn belt, and the local market takes everything raised at profitable prices.

You who look to the West for a home can do yourself no greater benefit than to investigate the money-making opportunity offered by this wonderful valley, with its twelve months' growing season.

It is located in the center of the most highly mineralized country on earth. Miners must be fed—hence good prices for all produce.

Fruit ripens early, beating other sections by from twenty to sixty days, and brings "top prices." Thousands of cattle and sheep fatten on alfalfa grown here, and they, too, "top the market."

Land watered by this great dam may be had at about \$150 an acre on good terms. The tremendous electrical power which is being developed is expected to pay the entire expense of maintenance.

If you want to locate on unsurpassed soil, in a perfect climate, with abundant water, splendid living conditions, and a market that will take all you can raise, write to me to-day for a copy of our new folder, "Arizona and the Salt River Valley."

C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway
2335 Railway Exchange, Chicago

I'll gladly give you also full information regarding Twice-a-month Homeseekers' Excursions.

You may secure authoritative information by addressing Harry Welch, Secretary Board of Trade, Phoenix, Arizona.

FOR ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

we will send you, express prepaid, a handsome and very convenient BINDER for your copies of CURRENT OPINION. You can slip each number of the magazine into this Binder as it arrives. It will keep your copies in good condition ready for handy reference. After the volume is complete you can place the Binder on your library shelf just as you would a book; or transfer the old copies and use it for a new volume.

Current Literature Pub. Co.,
140 West 29th Street,
New York City.

Uses of the New Psychology in Business.

PSYCHOLOGY is to-day the handmaiden of "big business." No modern captain of industry may hope to cope with the new competition without resort to the psychological laboratories. In the choice of working methods, in the selection of men, in gauging the whims of the public, we need to-day the delicate appliances used by such men as Hugo Münsterberg for his experiments at Harvard. The psychologist, as Professor Münsterberg remarks in a brilliant study of Psychology and Industrial Efficiency (Houghton, Mifflin and Company), may point out the methods by which an involuntary confession may be secured from a defendant; but whether it is justifiable to extort involuntary confessions is a problem which does not concern the psychologist. If such an end is desirable, the psychological student can determine the best means. The same holds true for the application of psychology in economic life. "The psychologist is not entangled in the economic discussions of the day; it is not his concern to decide whether the policy of the trusts or the policy of the trade-unions or any other policy for the selection of laborers is the ideal one. He is confined to the statement: if you wish this end, then you must proceed in this way; but it is left to you to express your preference among the ends. Applied psychology can, therefore, speak the language of an exact science in its own field, independent of economic opinions and debatable partisan interests. This is a necessary limitation, but in this limitation lies the strength of the new science. The psychologist may show how a special commodity can be advertised; but whether from a social point of view it is desirable to reinforce the sale of these goods is no problem for psychotechnics. If a sociologist insists that it would be better if not so many useless goods were bought, and that the aim ought rather to be to protect the buyer than to help the seller, the psychologist would not object. His interest," the Professor goes on to say, "would only be to find the right psychological means to lead to this other social end. He is partisan neither of the salesman nor of the customer, neither of the capitalist nor of the laborer, he is neither Socialist nor anti-Socialist, neither high tariff man nor free-trader."

Professor Münsterberg
on the Psychology of
Advertizing.

PRESENT-DAY society is so organized that the economic advertizing serves a very definite need, and the intensity of this need is emphasized by the fact that every year billions are paid for advertizing. Meas-

Reaping Rewards from Resolutions

By FRANKLIN O. KING

Do You Remember That Old Story about Robert Bruce and the Spider? Robert was Hiding in a Cave. His Enemies Had Him "In the Hole." Temporarily, So to Speak, As It Were. While Reflecting on the Rocky Road to Royalty, Robert the Bruce Espied a Spider Spinning His Web Over the Entrance to the Cavern. Nine Times Did the Spider Swing Across the Opening in a Vain Attempt to Effect a Landing, but the Tenth Time he Touched the Home Plate, and Robert, admiring the Persistence of the Insect, Cried Out Loud—"Bravo," Two or Three Times, One Right After the Other. Shortly After That Bruce Got Busy and Captured a Kingdom.

All of This Preamble is Intended to Point a Moral, which is—"If At First You Don't Succeed, Slap on More Steam, and Sand the Track." In This Connection I want to Inquire about Your New Year's Resolutions, and to Ask If You Have Kept the Faith, and If Not—Why Not? I Believe the Pathway to Prosperity is paved with Good Resolutions. Therefore, let Us Resolve, and Keep Resolving until Victory is Perched on our Banners. Remember, You Have Fought Many a Victorious Waterloo that the World Knows Nothing About. The Man who Gets Up every Time He Falls Down Will Some Day Cease to be a "Fall Guy." Good Resolutions Will Be Rewarded with Rich Realizations, and It Shall Follow as the Night the Day.

How Much Better Off are You than Last Year, or the Year Before That? Perhaps Your Wages are a Little Higher, but Have not Your Expenses More than Kept Pace with That Increase? Aren't You Paying a Little More for Your Clothes and Your Meals, and don't You Smoke More Expensive Cigars and more of Them than Formerly? If It isn't Cigars, It may be Something Else—Some More Expensive Habit.

A Man Begins To Go Down Hill at Forty, and the time may come when a Younger Man—perhaps a *Cheaper Man*—will fill your job. The Man Who Looks Ahead will prepare himself for that time by getting a Home. My advice to You, therefore, is to Get a Home while you are able to do so—and Begin Now. I would further advise you to Get a Home in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas.

Since Investigating Conditions in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, I have no Fear of

Old Age or Poverty, because I know I can Take up a Few Acres down there and be Absolutely Independent. I am Firmly Convinced that with Average Intelligence and Average Industry, any Man who is now Working His Head off in the North to make a Bare Living, where they Snatch One Crop between Snowstorms and Blizzards, can soon Lay Up a Nice Bank Account in the **Winter Garden of America**. Come to the Land of Least Resistance, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year on the Same Soil and Without a Dollar's Worth of Expense for Irrigation or Fertilization.

I believe you could save Twenty-Five Cents a Day if You Tried. I know you would Try if you Realized that our Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre. Men have Realized more than \$1,000 an acre growing Oranges in our Country. Remember that our Early Vegetables get to Northern Markets in Mid-Winter and Early Spring, when they command Top Prices.

One German Truck Grower on adjoining lands last spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of Strawberries. You could do as well if you only Tried, and on a Ten-Acre Tract Find Financial Freedom.

The Biggest Price paid for a car of watermelons on the Houston Market last year was \$140. The car was shipped by the Danbury Fruit and Truck Growers' Association.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter or Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

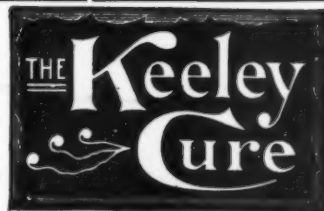
Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You Die or become totally disabled, Your family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of Another Penny. If you should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 Photographs of Growing Crops, etc. Fill Out the Blank Space below with your Name and Address, plainly written and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1468 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Read it Carefully, then use your own Good Judgment.

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products



For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.	Portland, Me.	Oklahoma City, Okla., 918 N. Stiles st.	Waukesha, Wis.
Atlanta, Ga.	Omaha, Neb.	Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad st.	Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Dwight, Ill.	Manchester, N. H.	Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth ave.	Guatemala City, Guatemala.
Marion, Ind.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Dallas, Tex.	Puebla, Mexico.
Des Moines, Ia.	Greenboro, N. C.	Salt Lake City, Utah.	London, England.
Crab Orchard, Ky.	Columbus, Ohio.	Seattle, Wash.	

Smoke Five With Me

Here is the sweetest smoke that I ever knew, and I've smoked for 40 years.

The tobacco grows in a mountainous district of Cuba. A resident expert—a rare connoisseur—picks it out for me. I have it made up for my private use as a Panatela, the size of this picture. It bears my own monogram band.

The aroma is rare, mild, sweet and exquisite. I have never found anything like it in a ready-made cigar.

I have long supplied these cigars to my friends, and the circle of users has grown into thousands. Now it occurs to me that many others would be glad to share this discovery. So I have decided to let some of them do it. Not for profit so much as a hobby.

I will supply a few men who love good Havanas, and who want something exceptional, at close to my cost. I send them by Parcel Post.

If you crave big, heavy, strong cigars, these of mine won't please you. But men who enjoy something mild and exquisite can find nothing like these, I think.

Five Cigars Free

I will mail you as samples five cigars free. Just send me 10 cents to partly cover expenses and I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people.

If you are delighted, then order as wanted. The price is \$5 per hundred—\$2.60 for 50—all charges paid. If you wish, I will open a charge account. Write now for the five cigars. (24)

J. ROGERS WARNER

712 Marine Bank Building, Buffalo, N. Y.



250 styles

Ask your stationer

All pens may look alike, but expert inspection and wear show the real qualities. Esterbrook pens stand the test of constant use.

Their reputation extends over half a century. A style for every writer.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John St., New York. Works: Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook Pens

ured by the expenditure, Professor Münsterberg goes on to say, advertizing has become one of the largest and economically most important of human industries. It is surprising that this industry could reach such an enormous development without being guided by the spirit of scientific exactitude which appears as a matter of course in every other large business. An advertisement may attract the attention of the reader strongly, yet, for reasons discoverable by the psychologist, may be unfit to force on the memory its characteristic content, especially the name of the firm and the article.

"The pure memory value is especially important, as, according to a well-known psychological law, the pleasure in mere recognition readily attaches itself to the recognized object. The customer who has the choice among various makes and brands in the store may not have any idea how far one is superior to another, but the mere fact that one among them bears a name which has repeatedly approached his consciousness before through advertisements is sufficient to arouse a certain warm feeling of acquaintance, and by a transposition of feeling this pleasurable tone accentuates the attractiveness of that make and leads to its selection. This indirect help through the memory-value is economically no less important than the direct service.

"In order to produce a strong effect on memory the advertisement must be easily apprehensible. Psychological laboratory experiments with exact time-measurement of the grasping of various advertisements of the same size for the same article, but in different formulations, demonstrated clearly how much easier or harder the apprehension became through relatively small changes. No mistake in the construction of the advertisement causes so much waste as a grouping which makes the quick apprehension difficult. The color, the type, the choice of words, every element, allows an experimental analysis, especially by means of time-measurement. If we determine in thousandths of a second the time needed to recognize the characteristic content of an advertisement, we may discriminate differences which would escape the naive judgment, and yet which in practical life are of considerable consequence, as the effect of a deficiency is multiplied by the number of readers."

The Value of the Full-Page Advertisement.

NO LESS important than the size, the originality, the unusual form, the vivid color, the appeal to humor, sympathy or antipathy, is the frequency of repetition. The decisive factor is, however, not the mere repetition of the impression but rather the stimulation of the attention which results from repetition. Professor Münsterberg cites an experiment made by W. D. Scott. He constructed a book of a hundred pages from advertise-

TYPEWRITERS

COST TOO MUCH

You can save all and more than the agent's profit by acting as your own agent. No money down.

You surely will have a typewriter when you know for how little money you can get one.

With the positive promise that we will not send a salesman to bother you and that you will be under no obligation whatever, we ask your permission to send you a letter (personally typewritten) in which we will tell you why typewriters cost so much and how you can get a price on a standard Visible Writer that you will be willing to pay.

How you can decide whether or not you will accept our offer, after using the typewriter. No advance payment required—no deposit—no obligation.

Now, if you like, you can instead of paying all at once, rent the typewriter at the current rates of rental and every cent that you pay in this manner will be applied on the purchase price.

Over 10,000 people have sent their orders to us.

Our price and terms will be a revelation to you. Our methods have created a sensation in the typewriter world; agents simply cannot comprehend how we do it. The secret lies in our immense purchasing power and our method of selling.

Write your name and address on a postal if you have one handy, if not, just write it on the margin of this page, tear out and send today. By the first return mail we will send you the information. Don't neglect this, you are under no obligation and our proposition is just what you want.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 D14 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Turkish Baths at Home

Do Wonders for Health and Beauty



This treatment endorsed by
Lillian Russell
and
leading medical
authorities

There is internal body waste always going on. An over accumulation of this poison means nerve-exhaustion. Drugs cannot drive it out. Take a scientific Turkish Bath at home, at cost of only 2 cents a bath by means of the

ROBINSON TURKISH BATH CABINET

and feel the rapid change in your condition inside of 30 minutes. It has produced astonishing results in men and women, nervously exhausted and afflicted with rheumatism, blood, stomach and other troubles. Prominent physicians in many cases are abandoning drugs for this new treatment. THE ROBINSON BATH CABINET is the only scientifically constructed Bath Cabinet ever made—a model of ingenuity. Sold by dealers or sent direct at prices to fit any purse. Send for illustrated booklet of astonishing facts, free with full information.

THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO.

376 ROBINSON BLDG.

TOLEDO, O.



OH, FOR A MEMORY!

WEST'S IDEAL MEMORY SYSTEM will add 50 per cent. to your mental efficiency, by GIVING YOU A DEPENDABLE MEMORY. It will develop concentration and accuracy, make you ready and confident in thought, and GIVE YOU THE POWER TO WRITE AND SPEAK SO THAT YOU CAN MAKE OTHERS ACT. Our free booklet tells how, gives proof; also tells how to obtain the beautiful and masterful book, "HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC." THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, DEPT. D, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



200 Kinds Iron, Wood, PUZZLES
Wire and Steel
Sample with Catalog, 10 cents
or a leader, for 25 cents.
WESTERN PUZZLE WORKS-16
St. Paul, Minn.

Globe-Wernicke

Sectional Bookcases



A GLOBE-WERNICKE Bookcase in the home encourages the whole family to reading habits. Its unit principle encourages library building as it permits of classifications according to topics or authors and extra units can be purchased as needed at a few dollars each. Its beauty and utility have made this the Globe-Wernicke period in bookcases.

Globe-Wernicke

Sectional Bookcases

are made in many styles and finishes to suit the color scheme of different interior trims. Sold by 1500 authorized agencies. Where not represented goods will be shipped on approval, freight prepaid.

Booklovers' Shopping List—FREE

This little book lists the works of great authors and gives their prices in sets. The list includes the low-priced popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every book buyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke Catalogue.

Address Dept. E

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Branch Stores—New York, 380-382 Broadway, Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut Street, Boston, 91-93 Federal Street, Washington, 1218-1220 F Street, N. W., Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Avenue, Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Avenue, E.

ments which had been cut from various magazines and which referred to many different articles. Fifty persons who did not know anything about the purpose of the experiment had to glance over the pages of the book as they would look through the advertizing parts of a monthly. The time which they used for it was about ten minutes. As soon as they had gone through the hundred pages they were asked to write down what they remembered. The result from this method was that the fifty persons mentioned every full-page advertisement six and a half times, every half-page less than three times, every fourth-page a little more than one time, and the still smaller advertisements only about one-seventh time. This series of experiments suggested accordingly that the memory value of a fourth-page advertisement is much smaller than one-fourth of the memory-value of a full-page advertisement, and that an eighth-page again much smaller than one-half of the physical value of a fourth-page. The customer who pays for one-eighth of a page, Professor Münsterberg goes on to say, receives not the eighth part but hardly the twentieth part of the psychological influence which is produced by a full page.

The Psychological Value of Repetition.

IN HIS own laboratory, Professor Münsterberg supplemented Scott's experiments, and the records of his investigation are of interest to the reader as well as the advertizer. He outlines as follows the successive steps of his experiment:

"I constructed the following material: 60 sheets of Bristol board in folio size were covered with advertisements which were cut from magazines the size of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We used advertisements ranging from full-page to twelfth-page in size. Every one of the six full-page advertisements which we used occurred only once, each of the twelfth half-page advertisements was given two times, each of the fourth-page size four times, each of the eighth-page size eight times, and each of the twelfth-page size twelve times. The repetitions were cut from twelve copies of the magazine number. The same advertisement never occurred twice on the same page; every page, unless it was covered by a full-page advertisement, offered a combination of various announcements. It is evident that by this arrangement every single advertisement occupied the same space, as the eight times repeated eighth-page advertisement filled a full page too. Thus no one of the sixty announcements which we used was spatially favored above another.

"Thirty persons took part in the experiment. Each one had to devote himself to the sixty pages in such a



Is Largely a Matter of U

You know that a fine job and a big salary are not going to fall into your lap with no effort on *your* part. You've got to be ready by making *yourself* ready.

You can easily prepare yourself for a good paying position through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. In your spare time you can acquire training that will qualify you for whatever occupation most appeals to you. It doesn't matter where you live, what you do, what you earn, or what schooling you have had—so long as you can read and write the I. C. S. way is open.

Just mark the coupon opposite the occupation you desire, and mail it *today*. The I. C. S. will send all the *facts* showing just how I. C. S. training is adapted to *YOUR* particular need. *It costs you nothing and puts you under no obligation* to find out how the I. C. S. can help you.

Every month over four hundred salaries raised are *voluntarily* reported by successful I. C. S. students of all ages. *YOU* can join these men.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1006 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenography & Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering and Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Repairing
Civil Engineer	English Branches
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture
Gas Engines	Chemist
	Spanish
	French
	German

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



PERFECT HEARING

brought to sufferers from severe or mild deafness by the marvelous new invention, just perfected—the

NEW 4-TONE Mears Ear Phone

The great, new electrical hearing device for those afflicted with deafness. Improved hearing at last! This remarkable instrument has four different sound-strengths, four different adjustments, instantly changed by a touch of the finger. You regulate the instrument by a tiny switch to meet any condition of your ear or to hear any sound—low-pitched conversation near you or sounds from any distance. The whole range of hearing of the healthy, natural ear is covered by this new 4-Tone Special Model Mears Ear Phone.

SPECIAL Limited Offer

Write at once for our Special Introductory Offer on this new wonder. To advertise and quickly introduce this greatest of all inventions for the deaf, we are going to sell the first lot of these new four-tone phones direct from our laboratory to users.

This offer applies only to the first lot finished—a limited number. Write today—send the coupon—and you can save more than one-half the retail price. A few dollars, payable on easy terms if desired, secures you complete relief from your affliction. We will name the price only in direct, personal letters. So write today. Do it now—save both Wholesaler's and Retailer's profits.

Try It 10 Days in Your Own Home FREE

Every Mears Ear Phone is sold only on Free Trial. Ask about our great free trial offer. Test this remarkable instrument on your own ears, under any conditions of service for ten days. Nothing to pay for the trial. The Mears Ear Phone must give satisfaction or we take it back. That is our guarantee. Already 14,000 Single-Tone Mears Ear Phones have been sold.

Send Coupon Now For FREE Book

Coupon

Mears Ear Phone Co.
Suite 1313
45 West 34th St.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Please mail me, free and post-paid, Your Mears Ear Phone Booklet and particulars of your Special introductory Offer on your new model Four-Tone Mears Ear Phone and Free Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....

The Mears Ear Phone Book explains all the causes of deafness; tells how to stop the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Send the coupon at once for Free Book and our great Confidential Introductory Offer. Send at once.

Mears Ear Phone Co.
Suite 1313
45 West 34th St.
New York N. Y.

way that every page was looked at for exactly twenty seconds. Between each two pages was a pause of three seconds, sufficient to allow one sheet to be laid aside and the next to be grasped. In twenty-three minutes the whole series had been gone through, and immediately after that every one had to write down what he remembered, both the names of the firms and the article announced. In the cases where only the name or only the article was correctly remembered, the result counted one half. We found great individual differences, probably not only because the memory of the different persons was different, but also because they varied in the degree of interest with which they looked at such material. The smallest number of reproduction was eighteen, of which fourteen were only half remembered, that is, only the name or only the article; and as we counted these half reproductions half, the memory-value for this person was counted eleven. The maximum reproduction was forty-six, of which six were half remembered."

The Lesson to the Advertiser.

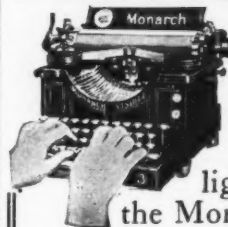
IF THE calculated values are added and the sum divided by the number of advertisements shown, that is sixty, we obtain the average memory value of a single advertisement. The result showed that this was 0.44. If we make the same calculation, the writer goes on to say, not for the totality of the advertisements but for those of a particular size, we find that the memory-value for the full-page advertisement was 0.33, for the two times repeated half-page advertisement 0.49, for the eight times repeated eighth-page advertisement, 0.44, and for the twelve times repeated twelfth-page advertisement, 0.47. Thus we come to the result that the four times repeated fourth-page advertisement has one and one-half times stronger memory-value than one offering of a full-page, or the two times repeated half-page; but that this relation does not grow with a further reduction of the size. Two-thirds of the subjects of Professor Münsterberg's experiment were men and one-third women. On the whole, he remarks, the same relation exists for both groups, but the climax of psychical efficiency was reached in the case of the men by the four times repeated fourth-page, in the case of the women by the eight times repeated eighth-page. The four times repeated fourth-page in the case of the women was 0.45; in the case of the men, 0.51. The eight times repeated eighth-page, women, 0.53; men, 0.37.

Professor Münsterberg's Surprising Conclusions.

NOT content with these investigations, Professor Münsterberg examined the relations for the

Monarch

Light Touch



THE extremely light action of the Monarch Typewriter endears it to all operators who use it.

The typist who takes pride in her position finds great satisfaction in being able to turn out as much work, and as good work, per hour, toward the end of the working day as during the morning. Other conditions being the same, she can always do this on a Monarch. There is



"No Three O'Clock Fatigue"

for users of this machine. The mechanical reason for the Monarch light touch is found in the action of the Monarch type bar, an exclusive and patented feature which gives this remarkably light touch. We would remind the business man that Monarch light touch means more work and better work, because less physical strength is expended by the operator. Therefore, cost per folio is reduced, making the Monarch a business economy.

SEND FOR MONARCH LITERATURE

Then try the Monarch and be convinced that Monarch merit rests in the machine itself, not merely in what we tell you about it.

Monarch Department
Remington Typewriter Co.
(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere

first ten names and articles which every one of the thirty persons wrote down. The first ten were mostly dashed down quickly without special thought. They also included only a few half reproductions. When we study the three hundred answers which the thirty persons wrote as their first ten reproductions, and calculate from them the chances which every one of the sixty advertisements had for being remembered, we obtain the following value:

"The probability of being remembered among the first ten was for the full-page advertisement, 0.5; for the half-page two times repeated, 1.2; for the fourth-page four times repeated, 2.9; for the eighth-page eight times repeated, 2.3, and for the twelfth-page 12 times repeated, 2.4. The superiority of repetition over mere size appears most impressively in this form, but we see again in this series that the effect decreases even with increased number of repetitions as soon as the single advertisement sinks below a certain relative size, so that the twelve times repeated twelfth-page advertisement does not possess the memory-value of the four times repeated fourth page advertisement. If Scott's experiments concerning the size and these experiments of mine concerning the repetition are right, the memory-value of the advertisements for economic purposes is dependent upon complicated conditions. A business man who brings out a full-page advertisement once in a paper which has 100,000 readers would leave the desired memory-impression on a larger number of individuals than if he were to print a fourth-page advertisement in four different cities in four local papers each of which has 100,000 readers. But if he uses the same paper in one town, he would produce a much greater effect by printing a fourth of a page four times than by using a full-page advertisement once only."



KREMENTZ

Collar Buttons

are worn by men who know, because they are perfect in finish, and made in shape and size to suit every need. Unbreakable in wear. A new one free in exchange for any Krementz Collar Button broken or damaged from any cause.

14k Rolled Gold Plate, 25c
10k Solid Gold, 1.00
14k Solid Gold, 1.50

LOOK FOR THE NAME
KREMENTZ ON THE BACK

and be sure to get the genuine
At leading jewelers and haberdashers
KREMENTZ & CO.
125 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.
Largest manufacturers of high grade jewelry in the world



"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE home builder knows that when "Standard" Plumbing fixtures are installed in his bathroom, they represent the highest sanitary experience and skill—that better equipment could not be bought. They make the bathroom modern and beautiful and assure a *healthful* home. "Standard" fixtures should be specified always in preference to all others because of their unquestioned superiority.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the re-

quirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label*. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 24 PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York . . . 35 West 31st Street	Nashville . . . 315 Tenth Ave., So.	Hamilton, Can., . . . 20-28 Jackson St. W.
Chicago . . . 900 S. Michigan Ave.	New Orleans, La., . . . Baronne & St.	London, . . . 57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
Philadelphia . . . 1215 Walnut Street	Joseph Sts.	Houston, Tex., . . . Preston and Smith Sts.
Toronto, Can., . . . 59 Richmond St. E.	Montreal, Can., . . . 215 Coristine Bldg.	Washington, D.C., . . . Southern Bldg.
Pittsburgh . . . 106 Federal Street	Boston . . . John Hancock Bldg.	Toledo, Ohio . . . 311-321 Erie Street
St. Louis . . . 100 N. Fourth Street	Louisville . . . 319-23 W. Main St.	Fort Worth, Tex., . . . Front and Jones Sts.
Cincinnati . . . 633 Walnut Street	Cleveland, . . . 648 Huron Road, S.E.	

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of the necessity of sterilizing his Fever Thermometer. Have a "Tyco's" Fever Thermometer of your own in the house. One for every member of the family—that's the sanitary way. If your druggist hasn't it, send us \$1.50 for a 1-minute "Tyco's" Fever Thermometer. **Accept no other.**

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611 West Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.
"Where 'Tyco's' Thermometers Come From."

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Rich, Unusual Tasty Things from Many Lands



For a two-cent stamp we will send our palatable color booklet giving full particulars as well as many suggestions for menus and a host of distinctive, rare recipes. Address:

CRESCA CO., Importers, 365 Greenwich St., N. Y.



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It is quite reasonable to suppose that the great financial institutions of the country are the most careful and judicious purchasers of bonds and mortgages. If this is true, it is obvious that securities selected by such buyers must possess all the qualifications necessary for the correct disposal of funds.

We have a number of bonds, yielding as high as 5.40%, which have been purchased by many of the most important banks, insurance companies and trustees and which we feel are suited to conservative private investors.

These bonds are included in our Circular No. 64, which will be sent on request.

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Chicago Philadelphia Boston London

INVESTORS' RIGHTS

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As brokers our chief aim has been to protect our clients and no matter how well legislative acts fulfil their purpose there will always be need of expert advice such as we are able to give concerning present conditions and future prospects of the corporations in which you invest.

HISHOLM & CHAPMAN

Members New York Stock Exchange

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True Investment

Insist on safety, reasonable market and fair income, such as can be obtained in solid mortgage bonds on good properties.

Remember that every chance for large profit is balanced by an equal chance for large loss.

My business is that of a *consulting broker, with nothing to sell but service.*

Correspondence Invited

C. M. KEYS

35 Nassau Street, New York



The financial and investment editorial matter printed in the advertising section of CURRENT OPINION is written by a financial expert of the highest reputation for ability and integrity, without any reference whatever to advertisers.

Confidential answers to specific questions, based on an intimate knowledge of all accessible records, will be made to our subscribers who are looking for safe investments. Current Opinion Financial Bureau, New York City.

WHEN YOUR STOCK GIVES YOU "RIGHTS"

EVERY now and again, the happy owner of good stocks, representing very prosperous companies, gets what he considers a present from his company in the form of "Rights," more familiarly known in the market place as "melons." These gifts take various forms. Sometimes they are an out and out gift involving no expenditure whatever on the part of the stockholder; as when, for instance, the General Electric declared a thirty per cent. stock dividend so that any one who held ten shares of the stock had his holdings increased to thirteen shares without any additional payment.

More usually, however, the stockholder is notified that on and after such a date he may have the privilege of buying a certain number of new shares of stock at one hundred or some other specified price; or he is privileged to buy some new bonds of the company at a stated price. The value of the "rights" in that case depends upon the difference between the price he has to pay and the price at which the stock or bonds will be selling after he has bought them. This value therefore is problematical right up to the very moment at which the purchase of the new securities can be made.

The methods used to distribute "rights" to stockholders vary somewhat. The normal method is that the directors make an announcement that the privilege will be given, and announce what the privilege is. Sometime after this the stockholders receive a written notice. Sometime later, again, the stockholders receive certificates, usually called "warrants," which they have to fill out if they want to take the new securities, but which they can sell if they want to sell.

As a result of this clumsy method, the small stockholder does not usually realize that he can sell his "rights" until he has received the "warrant." So, about the time the "warrants" are issued by the company there is apt to be quite a rush to sell "rights" and they may decline materially in price at that time.

As a matter of fact, in the case of well-known stocks the "rights" are dealt in as soon as they are announced. Traders make a market for them "when as and if issued," the price being based on the price at which the parent stock is selling at the time. As a rule, in recent years, these early prices have been about the best prices at which "rights" sell during their lifetime. Big stockholders, who study the ways of the market, are in the habit of selling their "rights" at that time, expecting to buy them back again later on when the public get the "warrants" and begin their belated selling.

The real question for the stockholders to answer, of course, is the question what to do with those "rights." From a market point of view, it is probably wise in

three cases out of five—and that is an ample margin upon which to make a rule in the market—to sell the "rights" as soon as they are announced. If, however a man has money to invest and wants to get the full benefit of his "rights," it is not always wise to follow the market rule; but is much more sensible to hold his "rights" and exercise them, taking the new stocks or bonds at the offered price.

It is always wise, however, to make up your mind immediately. If you are going to sell your "rights," sell them as soon as possible. A good many people forget about them until the last moment, and they usually find themselves receiving about the lowest price on record. Of course, there are many exceptions, but in the majority of cases this rule will hold good.

There has always been a confusion in the minds of investors about the use of money derived from the sale of "rights." People are apt to regard it as a sort of an extra dividend, and to spend it accordingly. It might almost be said that this is the general practice except among large stockholders. Probably nine-tenths of the people who receive "rights" dissipate their proceeds in this way.

It is always well to know the law on such a point as this. The law is perfectly clear. Of course, there are no laws governing the actions of the ordinary individual stockholder in spending either his income or his principal. He may do as he likes with his money. The only law upon which one can rely therefore is the law that governs the actions of trustees, incorporated funds and other investors of the special type for whose guidance the law is translated.

Under the law "rights" given to stockholders to subscribe to new stock at a discount from the market price, or to make any other subscriptions at a profit belong to the principal of the investment, and if they are sold the proceeds also belong to the principal. They are not dividends. The new stock does not represent a division of earnings, but increases the number of shares that are entitled to share in the earnings.

When the "rights" represent a stock dividend, that is stock distributed to stockholders without being paid for as in the case of the General Electric, the question is not by any means so simple. In Massachusetts it is usual to regard such a dividend as belonging altogether to principal. In Pennsylvania the tendency is the other way. The same general rule holds in New Jersey, Tennessee, New Hampshire and several other states. If this extra stock dividend is based on earnings the New York rule seems to be that the extra stock dividend belongs to income.

It will be seen that there is some ground for either procedure. The pru-

dent man, who wants to increase his principal as much as he can, will probably take advantage of a chance like this to make his investment bigger rather than to enjoy a large but fleeting increase in his income. Even in a case where some cumulative preferred stock suddenly pays up a large accumulated dividend, which should have been received as income for years past, the conservative investor hesitates to regard the whole dividend as part of his income, and is more likely to turn around and invest some of it in other securities.

There is a point here that it would be well to emphasize by repetition. It lies in the fact that any "rights" or extraordinary dividends that are received by stockholders come out of the market value of the stock. For instance, General Electric stock was worth about \$185 a share the day before the "rights" to receive the thirty per cent. stock dividend came off it. On the next day the old stockholder had thirteen shares instead of the ten which he held the day before. The market value, however, of his thirteen shares was no greater than the market value of the ten shares which he held the day before. Instead of having ten shares worth \$185 apiece, he had thirteen shares worth about \$142 a share. This illustrates the old saying "that you cannot eat your cake and have it too." Clearly, if a man took his extra three shares and sold them for cash and spent the money he would have cut into his capital to that extent.

This article will explain to the layman a good many phrases that are used in the market place and that may have been puzzling to many people. It shows that the word "rights" means a privilege to buy something at less than its market value. It illustrates the common phrase "when as and if issued." It might also be explained that when a stock is said to sell "exrights" it means that the man who buys the stock at that time does not get the "rights," as they have gone to the previous holder of the stock which he buys.

There is an old rule of thumb that traders use to determine quickly the value of "rights," when they are declared. It applies only in the ordinary case where the holder of a certain stock is entitled to buy a specified number of the new shares of a certain company at a stated price. Suppose, for instance, that a railroad whose stock is selling at \$150 a share announces that every holder of five shares will have the right to buy one share of new stock at one hundred. What are these "rights" worth?

If you put that question to a mathematical professor he will work it out in three or four minutes. If you put it to an experienced stock exchange man he will answer off-hand with only a couple of seconds deliberation, that the rights are worth $\$8.33 \frac{1}{3}$ each. He takes the number of shares that are necessary to get one new share, adds the one share, and divides six into the premium at which the old stock is selling, that is fifty. All that he keeps in his head to determine exactly what these "rights" are worth at any moment is the figure "6" and the premium on the old stock. If the stock goes to 154 he knows that the "rights" are worth \$9, if it goes to 148 he knows they are worth \$8, etc.

Any one can work this out by a simple algebraic formula. The Wall Street trader knows little algebra, but he is great on a rule of thumb that saves time, trouble and money.

Big Ben



For that sleep jinx—Big Ben

For that thing that tries to chloroform you in the morning—for that other fellow that pulls the covers up around your neck—claims five minutes won't matter, then double-crosses you and lets you sleep twenty:

For a pleasant on-time awakening, a velvet-like shaving, a Sunday-like breakfast—for a good hard day's work that will put feathers in any old bed—for a little spare time around the evenings and a lit-

tle play with the little ones:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, two good clocks in one. A rattling good alarm to wake up with, a rattling good time-piece to tell time all day by.

Great easy winding keys that almost wind themselves—big, bold hands and figures you can see at a glance in the dim morning light—big, jolly, deep toned voice that greets you on the dot on your drowsiest mornings.

Rings just as you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes.—Sold by 18,000 watchmakers gladly—\$2.50 anywhere in the States, \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Wenclox—set by them anywhere, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

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Remington No. 6—\$25
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Two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you \$25 to \$75 on any machine. BRANCH STORES IN LEADING CITIES.

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IF you should ask one of those dear old ladies whose looks belie their years the secret of her soft, smooth, clear, healthy skin, do not be surprised if she says, "Ivory Soap."

Know what Ivory Soap is and what it does and you will realize that its continuous use is the best beautifier for any skin no matter how delicate.

This is what Ivory Soap is: Ivory Soap is pure, mild, free from alkali and of the highest quality. It contains nothing that can irritate or roughen the skin.

This is what Ivory Soap does: Ivory Soap lathers freely and rinses easily, producing that sweet, glowing, refreshing cleanliness which is Nature's best aid in keeping the skin healthy and beautiful.

Is it not then natural that youthful looks tarry where Ivory Soap is used?

IVORY SOAP 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE